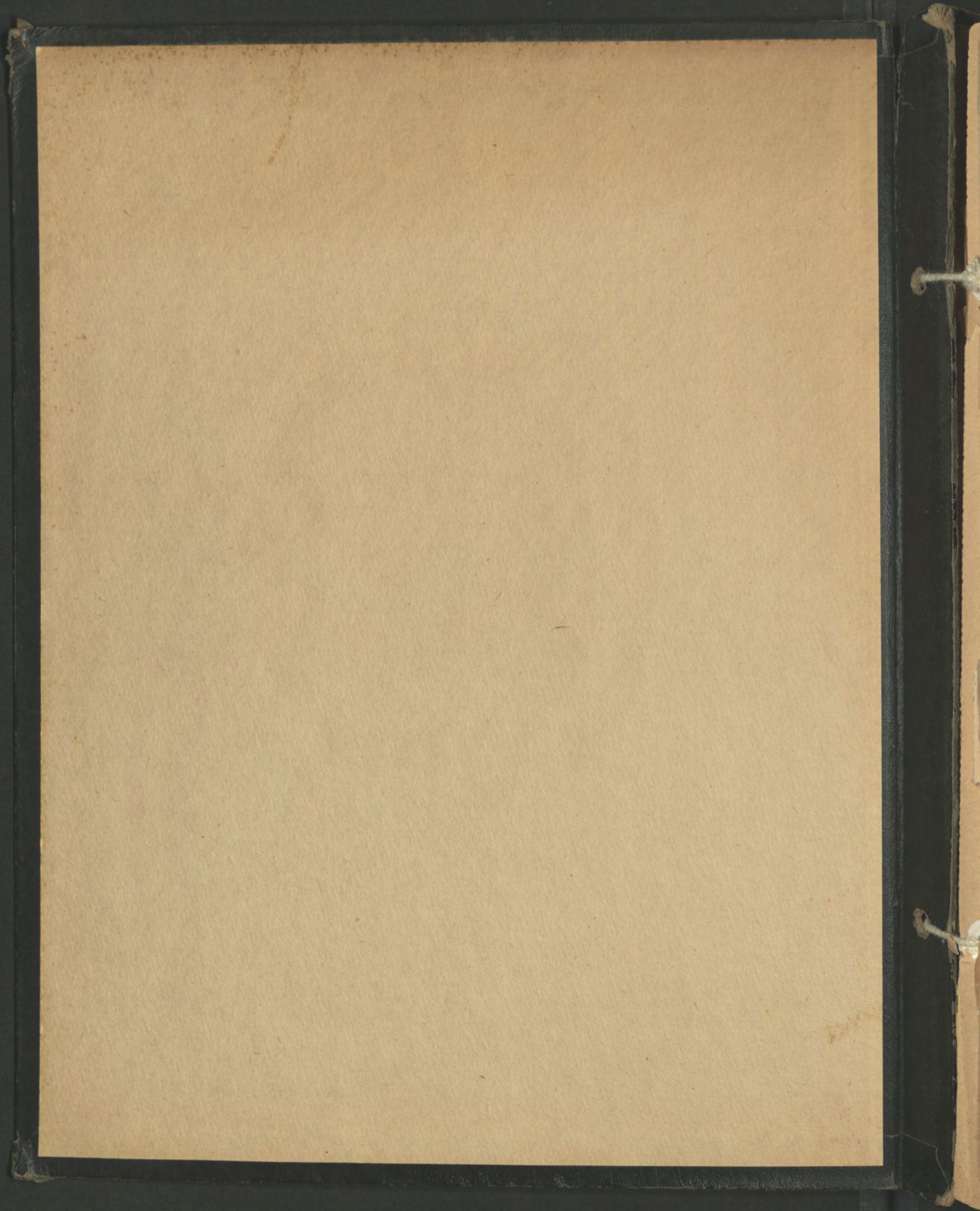


SCRAP
BOOK

72-77a-P.E.M.

(57) #41

Siasconset I-
Evolution of
Siasconset,
General,
Railroad



SIASCONSET

I.

Evolution of Siasconset
General
Railroad

ze, and
early as
"Uncle
and it
it was
from
nintals
rs the
nce to
"Or-
ns, of

was a
arzillai
arzillai's
ev. Dean

re than
in the

ter. It
ed less

it was
rstram
to him-
uld buy
Satur-
hat he

of
up
rior
ned
x6
of

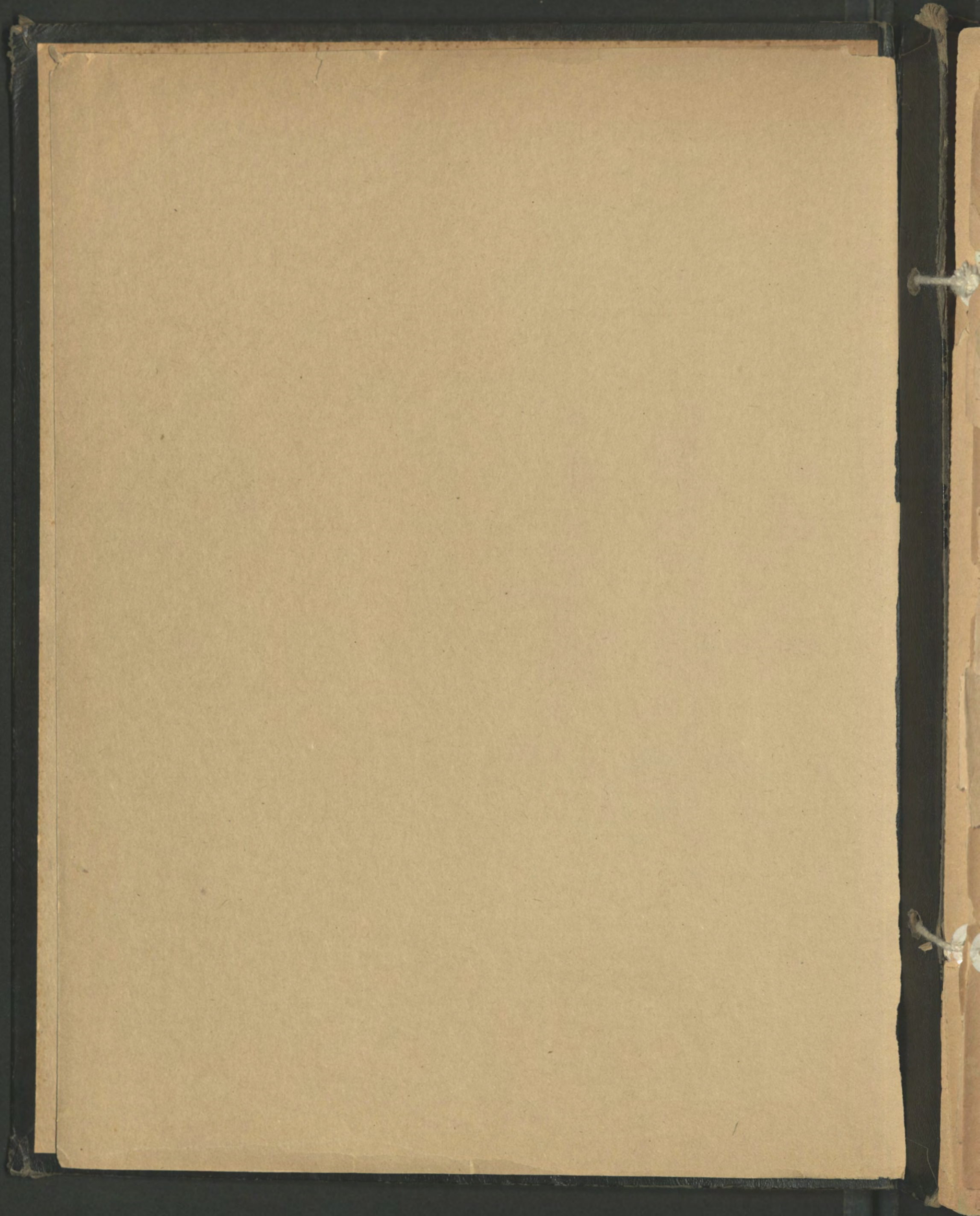
tain
but
of

was
arnard
before
n and
barn
y saw
e, and
great
death.
ealers

george
used
maker
Rich-

two
cond
from
old

ght
las.
be



SIASCONSET AND THE ATLANTIC HOUSE.—By reference to an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the Atlantic House at Siasconset will be opened this day for summer company. To those who have visited Siasconset we need not say a word in reference to its admirable position, and the undisputed claim this spot has to be regarded as the most delightful place for a residence at the sea shore, in New England. We hold this to be literally true, and hence we can advise all who seek such a residence during the summer to visit it. Until quite recently there has been no large public house at Siasconset, and consequently our own citizens for years enjoyed this place at their own private cottages, with little company from abroad; but now we are happy to be able to say that there is a good hotel (the Atlantic House) open at Siasconset, capable of accommodating a large number of visitors, and kept in a very superior manner, as many strangers who have enjoyed its hospitalities will testify. We hope, therefore, that some of those persons who have not visited this island, and who propose to spend the summer at the sea side, will think of Siasconset before they decide where to go. If any wish to look out upon the broad Atlantic and enjoy the delightful bracing air which is wafted over its surface "with healing in its wings," Siasconset is the place for them. Newport, with all its attractions, does not possess the advantages of Siasconset for a healthy, quiet summer residence. We are looking for large numbers from abroad this season, and our hotels in town, as well as at Siasconset, are prepared to accommodate them.


DEPREDACTIONS AT SIASCONSET.—We learn that some five or six of the unoccupied houses at Siasconset have been broken into recently. The Atlantic House was entered, from which cigars and other articles were carried off. The offender should be detected at once.

FISH DINNERS.

PARTIES visiting Siasconset, who desire a real Siasconset Fish Dinner, will be supplied by the undersigned, at any time during the fall months, at 50 cents per head, by giving twenty-four hours' notice. **ELIZA CHADWICK,**
Atlantic House.


AN ENTERPRISING LANDLORD.—Our friend Chase, of the Ocean View House, has purchased a dory and will try his hand at cod-fishing this fall. Verily, our friend sets a good example for the many idle young men in town to follow; and if he turns his hand to this new departure as well as to running a first-class hotel, we predict that he will be high hook on the bank this season. He is not one of the kind to remain idle long, and sit around a back shop stove, and ask himself what he shall do or go fishing. We wish we had more young men of his stamp hereabouts.

SIASCONSET!

 VISITORS to Nantucket, will not fail to pass a portion of their time on the East Side. To such, the **ATLANTIC HOUSE** offers excellent facilities for permanent or transient accommodation. **W. SARGENT.**

PERSONAL.—Miss Sargent, who carried on the Atlantic House, Siasconset, last year, made a visit here Wednesday, returning on Thursday.

ATLANTIC HOUSE AT SIASCONSET.


 The ATLANTIC HOUSE, on the Island of Nantucket, is situated at the village of Siasconset, which is bounded by, and looks directly upon the Atlantic Ocean, and is distant from the Town about seven miles. The air at Siasconset is delightful; coming as it does in all its purity from off the ocean, you get the unadulterated sea breeze. Travellers in pursuit of health or pleasure will find this a most pleasant summer resort. Everything in reason will be done for the comfort of those who patronize this house. **BOWLING, BATHING, FISHING AND FOWLING** are the principal amusements.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the steamer, to convey passengers directly to the ATLANTIC HOUSE, which will be opened on the 1st day of June for the reception of company.

N. B. The President of the United States, and the Governor of Massachusetts, have respectfully invited to visit the ATLANTIC HOUSE. **Nantucket, June 1st, 1863.**

FOR SALE. The Atlantic House at Siasconset. This well known hotel is for sale at a bargain. It is centrally and desirably located and is a good chance for the right party. Apply to **Anthony W. Ayers, Agent.**

Ocean View House, SUNSET HEIGHTS, SIASCONSET, Nantucket, - - - Mass.

 We beg to state to our former patrons and to the traveling public, that the above house will be opened on the 26th of June with increased facilities for the accommodation of summer visitors. The house, which has been greatly enlarged, is pleasantly located within a few hundred feet of the edge of the bluff, commanding an unobstructed view of the broad Atlantic. The addition which has been built on, contains a number of large, well furnished and pleasant rooms; also a large and commodious parlor. The dining room has also been enlarged and is now capable of seating comfortably seventy-five or eighty persons. Attached to the house are a number of bathing houses, affording visitors an opportunity of surf bathing on one of the finest beaches in America. The house will be conducted in the best manner; and nothing that the proprietors can do, pertaining to the comfort of the boarders, will be left undone. Persons desiring to spend a few weeks of the summer months in a quiet place, we feel confident can be suited at the above place.

W. S. CHASE,
M. F. FREEBORN, } Proprietors.
May 27th, 1876.

NOT A HOTEL.

 THE Proprietor of the ATLANTIC HOUSE, at Siasconset, wishes to inform the public that he does not keep a Hotel, his means not admitting of his furnishing the house in a style worthy of being called by that name. But he will furnish as good meals as can be got elsewhere on the island. He will also furnish lodging rooms, at short notice, if early application is made. **REUBEN CHADWICK.**

A Visit to Nantucket in 1872.

W. G. Morse, of Cotuit, is presenting some interesting extracts from the "Cape Cod Journal", that regarding Nantucket in 1872 being especially interesting to the islanders. Mr. Morse precedes the article with the following explanatory note:

(In 1872, a young schoolmaster and poet discovered Cape Cod—and grew old there. In 1878, when a young man of 36, James Herbert Morse bought a house in Cotuit and, with his wife, Lucy, and their children, spent the summers there until the death of James in 1923 and of Lucy, at the age of 96, in 1936. Their graves are in Cotuit's Mosswood Cemetery.)


(What follows are extracts from his journal at the time, as the events occurred.)

After rapping long at the front door of the Atlantic House, I was let in by a side door to the kitchen of Mrs. Chadwick, the keeper of the House in summer, but of the kitchen end only, it appeared, in winter. She assigned me, through Mr. Baxter's kind word as conveyed by me, an inner bedroom, belonging to the summer front, to be warmed, however, if needed as a sitting-room for the cold season.

It was with some reluctance that she opened the house for a lodger, thus anticipating the summer. She did consent to feed and house me over Sunday, and presently I was toasting my feet and unlimbering my half benumbed shoulders at a hot fire. A homely, comfortable den it was and when she brought in tea, with fried ham, pies and small biscuit, I mentally blessed the fat, motherly old lady who took me in.

All night there was the sound of the surf beating on the shore behind some high bluffs. I did not disturb my slumbers until 6 o'clock. I am now again in the cozy sitting-room journalizing. Mrs. Chadwick has gone to Nantucket to bring back the Siasconset school mistress, who, it appears, must have been detained by the snow-filled roads. The young people have left me in possession. The day is not at all promising, a rain is threatened.

Atlantic House, SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET.

 This house is situated in the beautiful village of Siasconset, and commands a fine view of the ocean; is high, dry and cool. Having leased the house, I take pleasure in announcing to the public that I am now prepared for steady and transient boarders, at the most reasonable rates, and by kind attention I trust to merit your patronage.

V. O. HOLMES, Proprietor,
Formerly of the Franklin House.

REST--HAVEN,

SIASCONSET.
For Invalids and Convalescents.

A GROUP of cottages situated on a bluff overlooking sea and moors. For particulars address **MARY F. MANN, M. D., or M. ELLA MANN, M. D.,** Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass.

BUNKER HILL HOUSE.

FOR SALE, that valuable settlement situated at Siasconset, known as the property of Samuel Bunker, having a good Dwelling House, with 8 finished rooms, and a dining room sufficient to seat about 50 persons, brick eastern building 75 ft. long, good barn for about 20 tons of hay, brick cellar under the house and barn, about 10 acres of good land with every convenience for a Public House or a private residence, will be sold a bargain if applied for immediately. Apply to
SAMUEL BUNKER,
or GORHAM MACY.

apl12

OCEAN VIEW

(POWERS' HOTEL)

Siasconset,

Island of Nantucket, Mass.

Open for Season on June 24th.

Send for circulars.

R. M. POWERS, Proprietor.

A NEW HOTEL.—Mr. Charles H. Robinson has shown us the plans for a new hotel at Sunset Heights, Siasconset, which will probably be erected in time to accommodate the guests of next season. It is to be built near the edge of the bluff, will be a gothic style of architecture, three stories in height, with a piazza on the water front of each story. The Ocean View House will be added to the main building and be used as a dining room. It will have twenty-five or thirty rooms clear of the ground floor. On the latter will be the parlor, smoking-room, etc. The building will be surmounted by a tower, and in size will be about three times as large as the present hotel there. Mr. Walter S. Chase, who has so cleverly conducted the Ocean View House the season just passed, will be the proprietor of the new establishment. We hope he will receive a good patronage next summer.

BEACH HOUSE

SIASCONSET,

NANTUCKET ISLAND.

OPEN JUNE FIRST.

Best location on the island. Surf bathing. An up-to-date family house. Every effort made to please guests. Send for booklet. By telephoning ahead when visiting 'Sconset, Dinners, Suppers and Afternoon Teas can be arranged for, promptly, to order, for any number of persons from one to fifty.

G. HERBERT BRINTON, Proprietor.

ATLANTIC HOUSE, SIASCONSET.—As will be seen by reference to the notice in another column, this favorite resort will be open for company on the 10th day of July, under the charge of Mrs. R. F. Parker, whose reputation as an efficient and courteous hostess is well established. Although the village of Siasconset possesses but few of those attractions which characterize many of our renowned watering places, there are few localities where more real comfort and pleasure can be derived. Its isolated position and air of originality, lend to it a charm that at once fascinates the stranger, while the many advantages for bathing, fishing, gunning, and other sports, are excelled by no place on the continent. Free from aristocratic constraint, blessed with a cool and healthful sea air, it offers to the invalid or those who would escape the summer heat of our large cities, a haven of health and comfort, and should claim the attention of the travelling public. The Atlantic House is large and commodious, its rates far below those of other fashionable resorts abroad, and promises to sustain the enviable reputation it has already established with the thousands who have sojourned within its walls.

June 17, 1859

ATLANTIC HOUSE TO LET.



To let on very reasonable terms, the new and elegant Hotel situated at Siasconset, Nantucket. For further particulars apply to

E. G. KELLEY.

1850

Correspondence of the Inquirer and Mirror.

SEA-DRIFT.

SIASCONSET, Sept. 5, 1871.

"FRANKLIN HOUSE."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The chirp of the cricket (a dear little insect immortalized by Charles Dickens in his story of "The Cricket on the Hearth") and the tinkle of the village school-bell tell us who have enjoyed a communion with Nature, that the Summer season is over, and now the hum of business must take the place of the roar of the wave, and that pleasure tourists and sojourners at the sea-side must turn their black-and-tan countenances homeward. But a word for "mine host and hostess:"

The "Franklin House" on Broadway sustains its well-earned reputation. Guests who stop here are furnished with unexceptionable meals at reasonable rates. Nothing that will contribute to the pleasure of boarders is left undone, and full tables attest the appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Holmes as public caterers. The "Franklin House" takes its name from Franklin Folger who formerly owned this estate. Mr. Folger was an apostle of genealogy, and from his historical papers many facts which relate to the settlement of Nantucket and important subsequent history, have been copied by one and another.

1871

A large transfer of real estate in 'Sconset is reported this week, the purchaser being Mr. Hughston, whose family is occupying the Hilliard estate this season. The deal conveys the Atlantic House property and also a piece of property at the rear, thus making a large "square of land." It is stated that plans have been drawn for remodelling the Atlantic House itself, which will be turned around broad-side to the street. It is one of the biggest deals consummated in 'Sconset for several years and transfers a large piece of property which has for some time been somewhat of an "eye-sore." The Atlantic House property was purchased by David Gray at a tax sale several years ago, but nothing could be done with it until the time required by law had elapsed.

Sept. 8, 1923

We hear it rumored that Mrs. R. F. Parker intends opening the Atlantic House at Siasconset the coming season. It is to be hoped that this report is true, as Mrs. Parker has had long experience in hotel keeping at that village, and is well known to the travelers who seek comfort and recreation upon the island.

Aug. 12, 1859

ATLANTIC HOUSE, SIASCONSET,

WILL be opened for Company by Mrs. R. F. Parker, on the 10th of July 1859. 317 Im

1859

FOR SALE.



A COTTAGE, with the Land and Buildings thereto belonging, situated on Siasconset Hill, between the Poor Man's and Rich Man's Road. It overlooks the whole village, the ocean, from Sconset Head to Tom Nivers Head, and the road to the five mile hill.

Any person wishing to purchase it for six hundred dollars, can do so, by calling on

Job Coleman.

Atlantic House.

MRS. PARKER will close the above House on the 20th of September. All wishing to give her a "Benefit" before that time will confer a favor by so doing.

1858

To BE CLOSED.—We regret to learn that the Atlantic House, at Siasconset, is soon to be closed; the excellent hostess, Mrs. Parker, being about to remove to Boston, to take charge of a public house in that city. During her stay at Siasconset Mrs. P. has gained a high reputation as a landlady, and we wish her success in her new and wider sphere of action. See notice.

Sept. 7, 1858

Siasconset.—Perhaps all our readers know that a ride to this village in the month of September will be as much if not more enjoyed than in any other of the year, and as the many who daily visit the place of "golden time" will testify. As is generally known the Atlantic House has not been opened the present year, but persons desirous of passing a day there will find a neat pleasant home and a most excellent meal at the house of Mr. Warren, who is always ready to receive and provide for them. We hear it rumored that Mr. Hooper, of the Ocean House, will next summer open the House at this village. We hope he will, it will be doing the right thing, and he is the right man to do it.

1860

ATLANTIC HOUSE, SIASCONSET.—Already letters are arriving, asking if the pleasant hotel above named is to be opened this season, and from those who wish to engage, not only for themselves, but their families also. A gentleman connected with the Post Office in this place, said a few days since, that if he could judge by the letters directed to the "Landlord of the Atlantic House," which came last year, he should have thought that the House might have been crowded all the season.

There is a hundred or two dollars' worth of furniture now in the house, and with the addition of a little more than an ordinary housekeeper could furnish, the house could be opened.

Now, while the season for planting is right, a person who should take that house, and devote his spare time to the regular business of the village, might do well. He would have ample opportunity to fish and farm till the season for boarders comes, and then he could devote his attention to his customers. Somebody who is industrious and economical can lay up some money in the Atlantic House.

1861

2

There are at present a goodly number of residents at the village of Siasconset. The Atlantic House is in full blast, and all are enjoying themselves finely. A large "squantom" came off at Sessacacha on Wednesday, where a magnificent chicken chowder was served to eighty-six hungry souls. We say hungry, because who ever saw a person in the vicinity of 'Sconset who was not blessed with a good appetite. These "squantom" are lively institutions, peculiar to Nantucket, and one always anticipated with pleasure and reverted to with a feeling of satisfaction. Another comes off next week.

Aug. 1, 1859

The Chanticleer
Siasconset
Where Dining is a Pleasure
And Food is at its Best.



TEL. 'SCONSET 231
For Reservations

We are indebted to Edward G. Kelley Esq., for the following account of

THE NEW HOTEL AT SIASCONSET.

The new Public House at Siasconset is to be located opposite the cottages of Messrs. J. W. Barrett and M. Crosby, on the broad avenue leading to the village. This site chosen is very eligible, and the lot sufficiently spacious, being about one hundred and eight feet front, and two hundred and eight feet rear. The house is to be two stories high, forty feet front and sixty-five feet rear. It is to be surrounded with a piazza, arranged so as to furnish a promenade for the second as well as the first story. A hall, eight feet wide and sixty-five feet long, passes through the centre of the house, above and below. On the first floor the house is to have two parlors in front, on each side of the hall, arranged with folding doors. In the rear of these, there will be two rooms suitable for dining rooms, and still further back, leading out of the hall, on one side will be the office, and on the other side the cook room. The parlors and dining rooms are to be so constructed on each side of the house, that they can be thrown into two rooms, each fifty feet long and sixteen feet wide. The room on the second floor is to be divided into about sixteen lodging rooms. In addition, the house is to have a good stable, with sheds and other suitable out-buildings.

We are informed that the house has not yet been let, but that the Committee are now all ready to let it to a competent and suitable man. Here is certainly a good opening for any one who is qualified for the business of keeping a public house, to do an excellent business. The company from town will no doubt be numerous, and during the summer months, if we are not much mistaken, Siasconset, with a well kept public house, will soon become a fashionable and popular place of resort from abroad.

The Public House at Siasconset, which we spoke of a few weeks since, has now been contracted for, and the work of building commenced. It is to be 46 feet front by 65 rear, two stories high, and when finished, will be what has long been needed in the way of a Hotel at Siasconset.

HOTEL AT SIASCONSET.—We are informed that about \$3,700, of the \$4,000 required for the erection of a public house at Siasconset, have already been subscribed. We are glad to hear this, and hope the amount needed will be made up at once, and the building commenced immediately, so that it may be ready for the reception of company by the 1st of May. Besides being a source of profit to the town generally, we have no doubt that a good hotel at Siasconset will be excellent property to its owners—indeed, we are so confident of this, that if we had \$300, we should be very willing to invest them all in the undertaking. But, being moneyless ourselves, we can only advise some one who is better off than we are, to walk up and subscribe the needed amount at once.

The Atlantic House

AT Siasconset will be closed by Mrs. Parker, on Saturday, 10th of September. The Furniture will be sold at Private Sale until that time. Auction Sales will take place Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the house, Siasconset.



BEACH HOUSE
SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND.

OPEN JUNE FIRST.
Best location on the island. Surf bathing. An up-to-date family house. Every effort made to please the guests. Send for booklet.
By telephoning ahead when visiting 'Sconset. Dinners, Suppers and Afternoon Teas can be arranged for, promptly, to order, for any number of persons from one to fifty.
G. HERBERT BRINTON, Proprietor.

Atlantic House,
SIASCONSET,
NANTUCKET, - - MASS.

ELIZA W. CHADWICK, Proprietress, and owner of the house. This house is in excellent order, and its former reputation will be sustained. 'Sconset affords good facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, etc.
Board from \$10 to \$12 per week, according to location of rooms. m27-4m

ICE CREAM SALOON
AT SIASCONSET.

THE subscriber informs the public that she will open her Ice Cream Saloon, at Siasconset, on the Fourth of July, where will be found at all times, day and evening, Ice Cream of various flavors, and made of the very best materials.
Parties from town coming to Siasconset, can be furnished with cream by sending up their orders one day in advance.
Thankful for the liberal patronage received last summer, she earnestly solicits a continuance of the same.
MRS. ALFRED FOLGER, JR.
Siasconset, June 27th, 1874.

'SCONSET FLAKES.—Mr. Charles H. Robinson commenced work on the Ocean View House, last Monday morning. He will build a piazza around the east and north sides of the building, fit the hotel with blinds, and bring the front fence out on a line with Main street. Another building, nearly as large as the hotel itself, will be built in the rear, to be used as a kitchen, rooms for the servants, and other purposes. When these improvements have been completed, the Ocean View, in the hands of Messrs. Chase & Freeborn, will take rank among the most popular hotels on the Atlantic seaboard.

Mrs. Josephine Comstock.

Mrs. Josephine White Comstock, who died in Detroit, Michigan, on December 13, was a summer resident of Siasconset for many years. Her late mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kirke White, came to the Island 76 years ago. Mr. White, who built his own home on the north bluff in Siasconset, built the twelve houses, formerly called the "White Hamlet", which now constitute the Wade Cottages.

In 1915 she was married to the late William A. Comstock, at one time Governor of Michigan.

She is survived by a son, William A. Comstock, III, his three children and four grandchildren, and by one great-grandchild. She will be greatly missed on the Island, where she had a host of friends.

size, and early as "Uncle d, and it ch it was rn from quintals years the erence to p." "Or-evins, of

, was a Barzillai arzillai's ev. Dean

re than in the

ter. It ed less

4 it was rustram to him-ld buy l Satur-that he nds) of way up interior reached out 8x6 ger, of

Captain re, but sed of

ad was arnard before n and e barn y saw e, and great death, dealers

George s used Quaker Rich-

re two second from ry old

brought holas. ot be

Dec. 24, 1955

3



Part of SITTING ROOM

\$6.00 Daily American Plan June and September.

The INN will open June 15th. The low daily per person rate is offered in view of the many who cannot take their vacation during July or August, our busy season. We feel that this rate will be beneficial to both guests and management. This policy will also apply after Labor Day.

The Old 'Sconset Inn



Siasconset Community Club

Organized April 10th, 1933.
For benefit of 'Sconset residents.
Sends fruit or flowers to those who are ill.
Sponsors movies for children of community.
Children's Christmas Party. Each child receives a gift.
Donates to all worthy causes.



May 17 COCKTAIL LOUNGE 1947

The Old 'Sconset Inn.

Since this paper has been put together by Clem Reynolds, owner of the Old 'Sconset Inn, you should not be surprised to find the Inn prominently mentioned. However, there are other places to stay in the Village of Siasconset and we dare say that you would be happy in 'Sconset regardless of where you decide to spend your holiday.

It is difficult to give you a clear picture of the Inn as it is unique in nature. All the property is on a bluff overlooking the ocean, with a beach in front and the center of the Village a few yards away. The original Inn building accommodates forty persons; scattered on the lawn of the Inn are three small rose-covered cottages. Adjacent to the Inn is the new cottage colony which opens for the first time this season. A separate building houses the dining room, the lounge, and cocktail bar. This is called the Moby Dick and is the center of all social activity.

The popularity of the Inn is due in great measure to its guests rather than its management, as it has always attracted people of interest, many of whom have been coming to 'Sconset for a number of years. The atmosphere is congenial as the Inn is medium-sized and informal.

'Sconset offers many activities that can be enjoyed in a leisurely manner such as bathing, picnicking, bicycling and the usual sports. To add to your pleasure and convenience, the Inn will serve a lunch on the beach every day; this will interest those who do not care to dress and return for lunch in the dining room. Incidentally, you may dress for bathing in your room.

The dining room, lounge and bar have been extensively redecorated and re-furnished this season. Many changes have been made in construction, including a new hot water system, which will add to the comfort of the guests.

The Moby Dick has long been one of the most popular centers and meeting places. In the past it has always had the best of entertainment and this season Ted Black, nationally known to many as an outstanding leader, is sending a talented trio who will furnish light, lilting popular music for cocktails and late evening.

Many of the old staff will return this season as usual. The main change will be that the dining room and bar will use boys from Lincoln University, Chester County, Pa. These boys have been thoroughly trained and are capable of giving the guests efficient dining room service. Bill Folger will be missed at the bar this season as he has ventured on his own in Delaware Water Gap, Pa. However, we believe that Dan Gaffney, the new bar steward, recently of the Roney Plaza, Miami Beach, will fill Bill's shoes before the season is many days old.

Beach House Sold And To Be Razed

The Beach House Hotel on Ocean Avenue in Sconset was sold this week to a group of persons represented by Attorney Roy E. Sanguinetti and is to be razed.

Seller was the Nantucket Institution For Savings Bank which bid the property in at a public auction last week for amount of the mortgage, \$25,850. A second mortgage of \$20,000 held by Joseph Kantor of New York was written off as a loss.

Original owner was the Siasconset Beach House Inc. of which Mrs. Eugene Sweeney of Ridgewood, N. J. its manager for the last few years, was president and treasurer.

The new owners, whose names were withheld pending filing of the property deed plan to erect cottages on the site of the hotel. Considerable land extending from the Ocean Avenue bank to the waterfront was included in the transaction.

The Beach House Property Is Coming Down.

A group of neighbors and other interested 'Sconset residents are at the stage of finalizing plans for the purchase and removal of the former Beach House property. Arrangements are now being made to organize the group which will no doubt encompass others who have not yet been approached.

In the near future plans for the eventual completion of a new project will be announced.

Summer residents are assured demolition will not interfere with their season's pleasure as actual work will not start until the middle of September, although contents of the building will be removed from time to time.

Anyone desiring information with regard to the project may contact Clem Reynolds at The Inn.

May 17, 1947

June 9, 1957

4

Broadway (East Side).

The first house north of The Bridge, "Svargaloka," was put there by the late Elijah H. Alley, about thirty years ago. It occupies the site of an old house brought from Sesachacha early in the century but which was subsequently removed. Alley moved the house from Hawthorne lane, west of Nantucket, where it was the farm house of Charles C. Folger.

On the site of Mrs. H. K. White's residence, "Big Sunflower," there stood until 1884 a little cottage called "The Woodbine," which he purchased in 1879 from the late Dr. John B. King, of Nantucket, and there resided with his family during the summer for several seasons. It was in 1884 taken down and removed to Hills street, corner of Grand avenue, and there put up and enlarged and sold to Mr. Isaac Hills. It is now called "Thornycroft." The original building was brought from Sesachacha in sections by Owen Parker about 1820 and put down on the lot. Owen found he had a white elephant on his hands. A house in sections affords no shelter, and he said he didn't know how to put it up and could not afford to hire anybody. The neighbors said they would help if anybody would show them how. A Captain Joy was selected to take charge, and in a day or so willing hands had put up a residence for Owen and his family.

Henry Paddack's cottage, "Bigenough," was moved from Sesachacha in 1800. It was owned by Abijah Swain, and stood in its present position in 1814. In 1884 it was enlarged by extending the bedrooms to the southward, but these and subsequent alterations have not interfered with its characteristic appearance as a 'Sconset house.

"Casa Marina" had its beginning in one of the most picturesque of the little fishermen's houses. Standing on Broadway, fronting Main street, it is the first of the old dwellings of the strict 'Sconset type to be seen. It was owned by John Russell, and stood in its present place in 1800. A few years since it was remodeled and extended, and there is scarce anything left to remind one of its original form. Excellent views of it, taken years since when the old board fence was in its front, are still to be found. It was owned for many years by "Aunt Sarah Coleman," who was particular about her household goods. Her plates and cups and saucers were marked by filing notches on their edges. A perpendicular ladder led to the little five-foot attic. The property is now owned by Mrs. A. D. Davis, of Great Barrington, Mass., who has considerably changed the appearance of the place, but endeavored to keep as near 'Sconset architectural lines as possible.

Next north is "High Tide," owned by Mrs. Harrison Gardner, of Nantucket, a rather modern cottage which replaced quite recently one of the old type which stood there in 1814, and was owned by Charles Nichols and later by Franklin Folger, the latter selling to Mrs. Gardner. An effort was made to move it to a site west of the schoolhouse, but after it was loaded, it collapsed, when it was discovered the floor joists were made of old fence rails. In 1880 the original "High Tide" was occupied by the family of Judge Northup, of Syracuse, who related in a most charming style his experiences in a little volume entitled, "Sconset Cottage Life."

The George C. Gardner house (now property of the Nantucket Historical Society) was built by Prince Gardner, and is known to have been built prior to 1814. It is larger than the general "Sconset house," and its spacious fireplace has been photographed and painted over and over. At one time, where the small barn stands on this property, stood another house that belonged to Jonathan Chase, and was known as "The Headache House," because of its incurable smoky chimney.

"Dexioma" is the next cottage, and in 1814 was owned by Stephen Hussey, and for many years has been in the family of the late Sanford Wilber, being now the property of his grand-daughter, Mrs. M. F. Freeborn. The south part is nearly two hundred years old, the beginning of the house dating back in the eighteenth century. At one time, while making alterations, Captain Wilber found behind a diagonal beam four copper cents of the dates 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and an old Spanish coin with the pillars of Hercules, worth 6 1/4 cents, and which was a current coin in the early part of this century.

The house of the late Captain George H. Brock, "Snug Harbor," next north, (now owned by his daughter, Miss Susan E. Brock), was owned by Seth Folger in 1814, and it is certain it was built by Seth's father. It had its beginning in a fishermen's shanty, though it lacks the warts in the front.

The Charles H. Rule house, "London Tower," now owned by Mrs. Charles H. Thomas, of Middleboro, Mass., and called "Liberty Hall," had a similar origin. It has been extended by a second story wart, and extensive changes have been made within and without and the fisherman's cottage is no longer seen. It belonged in 1814 to Griffin Barney.

Next to the north is the house belonging to Mr. George F. Mitchell, "Mizzen Top." It was modernized before 1879. Clapboards took the place of shingles; but inside, the joists supporting the second floor show its origin in a fisherman's house. In 1814 it was occupied by Captain George Joy's father when he was building "Castle Bandbox," on Shell street.

"The House of Lords" was a typical 'Sconset house, of large size, and was built by Gershom Drew. It stood in its present position as early as 1812. It was sold by Captain Chandler Brown Gardner (known as "Uncle Brown") to the late Mrs. A. H. Nelson, who caused it to be enlarged, and it no longer has any resemblance to the quaint structure from which it was changed. It was purchased by Captain Gardner after his return from California some time in the fifties for twenty-five dollars and four quintals of codfish. It became known as the House of Lords, for in it for years the fishermen met at night during the season and swapped lies in reference to their experience on shipboard, on the fishing grounds at "Little Rip," "Ork-worwaw," the "Rat Hole," etc. It is now owned by Mrs. N. M. Nevins, of Philadelphia.

"Nonantum," in 1879, when purchased by its present owner, was a modest one-story structure with a wartless front. It was built by Barzillai Folger and was owned by him in 1814. It was always called "Barzillai's house." It is now a pretentious two-story house, and is owned by Rev. Dean Walker.

"Columbia Cottage" belongs to Miss Mary H. Cash. It is more than a hundred years old. It was built by Benjamin Bunker, who died in the forties at the age of 90.

A little house next to the north, was owned by Charles K. Manter. It was very old when razed two years ago, and was probably changed less

within and without than any of the old houses on the Bank. In 1814 it was owned by Eben Gardner. Previously it was held by him and Tristram Pinkham together, but Eben so prospered that he wanted a house to himself, and he proposed to Tristram to name a price at which he would buy or sell. The suggestion came so suddenly that Tristram asked until Saturday to make up his mind. Saturday came and Tristram said that he thought his share was fairly worth a quintal and a half (150 pounds) of fish. At that price it was sold. It later changed hands at prices way up in the hundreds. The house was well worth an inspection. Its interior could be seen by looking in the rear windows. It had a little attic reached by cleats nailed to the partition and had two little bedrooms about 8x6 feet at the south end. The property is now owned by Paul Hellinger, of New York.

"Eagle Cottage" was in its present place in 1812. In 1879 Captain William Baxter was inclined to sell it for \$200, including its furniture, but on second thought changed his mind, and four years after he disposed of it for \$900. E. A. Lawrence is the present owner.

The beginning of the late F. J. Crosby's store was a stable, and was brought from Sesachacha by Elisha Clark. Subsequently Cromwell Barnard added the second story on the south end. For two or three years before this store was built Mr. and Mrs. Crosby used to come from town and occupy the upper portion on Sundays, and keep their horse in the barn which was a part of the building to the north. At last Mr. Crosby saw that there was trade enough in the place to warrant a grocery store, and enlarged the south end, and 'Sconset started in its wild career as a great commercial centre. The store was continued by Mr. Crosby until his death, and is now rented annually to E. A. Lawrence & Co., dry goods dealers of Nantucket.

The next house to the north on Broadway belonged to Mrs. George Richardson, and was brought from Sesachacha by Reuben Joy. It was used as a public house, and kept by Rachel Paddack, widow of Jonathan, a Quaker woman. It is now owned by Mr. Farman, who purchased it of Mrs. Richardson's heirs two years ago, 1910.

On the edge of the Bank, in the rear of the Crosby store, were two quaint old houses, both of which have been enlarged by adding a second story. The one on the south (Horace Hewitt's) was brought from Sesachacha by Nicholas Meader between 1814 and 1820. It was a very old house. It is now owned by Horatio Adams.

The one to the north, owned by Mrs. C. P. Robinson, was also brought from Sesachacha about the same time by George Meader, son of Nicholas. In 1879, by additions, it assumed a changed form, and would not be recognized as the old "Thomas Cannon" place of earlier years.



A View of the Siasconset Casino Grounds.

Broadway (West Side).

The house surmounted by a Nantucket "walk," was built by Mrs. Lucretia M. Folger. It is situated on the corner of Main street, and had its beginning in an old house that was purchased early in the century by Captain Peter Chase. It was a two-storied structure, and in a photograph taken many years ago, a portion of the old building stands in the foreground to the left. It was very dark, with dilapidated shingles, and "canted" to the westward. Capt. David Chase, son of Peter, who recently died at the age of 94, told of the manner in which his father had obtained possession of the property. Captain Peter was engaged in the East India trade, and probably about the time of the last war with Great Britain was on the Island. His wife wanted a home at Sconset. Captain Peter had no money to spare for a house but he had a quantity of tea and he said if she could buy a home with tea she could do so. She thought she saw her opportunity. The house was then owned by Eunice Cole (or Coffin, for she had been married twice) who kept a small store in town. Mrs. Captain Peter told her son David, then a boy, to put the horse in the cart and drive her to Eunice's house. He did so and Mrs. Chase asked Mrs. Coffin if she would sell her house at Sconset and she said she would, and a price was agreed upon if Eunice would take the pay in tea to which she agreed and the sale was made. The place is now the property of Miss Eliza M. Hussey.

"Nauticon Lodge," now owned by Mr. Charles H. Davis, is a very old structure. Over its door are the figures 1735, but there is reason to think it is much older. It was originally owned by Obed Coffin, a very old man, and about 1815 by his son-in-law, Jonathan Colesworthy, and later by



In 1860—The Frederick C. Sanford house, with that of Henry Paddock just showing out by. John W. Barrett stands at the right; Mrs. Sanford next; Chas. B. Worth next; F. Willets Folger on the fence; Capt. and Mrs. Samuel Wyer in the centre; with others who may be recognized by some of our readers.

Joseph Sheffield. It is built and arranged in accordance with the strict Sconset type. A few years since its bedrooms were extended in length.

The next house "Auld Lang Syne," now owned by the heirs of Gorham Colman, is without doubt the oldest on the Bank. It was first owned by Micah Coffin, who employed several Indians to fish for him during the season, while he remained ashore to do the cooking. Micah was the great-grandfather of the late Captain Edward C. Joy. The house is as it has appeared as far back as human memory can go, except that within it was at sometime lathed and plastered. Its rough and ragged shingles, the depressions in the roof and the uneven floors tell of its antiquity. In its battered front door are three worn-out key holes. Within are large fireplaces leading into a heavy chimney. The house is claimed to have been built in 1675, and before a building had been erected on the site of the Town. In 1814 it was owned by Jonathan Upham.

But probably older was "Rose Cottage," a little four-room house that was on the lot next north. It was taken down in 1881 by Charles H. Rule. It was a squat, tumble-down structure, but each year was occupied in the summer, and in the fishing seasons. In 1814 it stood in the same position, and was owned by Benjamin Paddock. It had been twice removed from the edge of the Bank. It was so small that the change of site was easily effected by rolling it on spars. There is a tradition it was once an Indian wigwam, but this is discredited.

The next house belonged to Capt. William Baxter. Views of it have been taken by the hundred. It has a double history. The smaller portion is near 230 years old, and was brought from Sesachacha. It was owned by Uriah Swain, grandfather of Mrs. Baxter. The higher portion was built about a hundred and thirty years ago, and the building was in its present position in 1811. Its exterior illustrates the completed Sconset house of the large size. The interior has been little changed, except to put on lath and plaster and paper, but its rude beginning can be seen in the exposed joints overhead, some of which, in the oldest part, are the trunks of young trees. Mrs. Cary, the mother of Mrs. Baxter, for years used the building for a public house. For years before 1883, when the first Sconset post-office was established there, it was used for the distribution of the mail matter brought from Town by Capt. William Baxter, who, as he came over Bunker hill, on Main street, tooted his horn, and the event of the day was the gathering of the people at the window to await their mail matter; and for each letter or paper received, one whole cent went into the coffers of the ancient mariner. An old barn that stood in the southwest corner of the lot is gone. It was probably what was left of a house once owned by an old man named John Beard.

(To be continued in our next issue.)

THE EVOLUTION OF SIASCONSET.

A History of the Place, from Its Inception to the Present Day.
From Original Notes by E. F. Underhill, Revised and
Enlarged Upon by R. B. Hussey.

Copyright, 1912, by R. B. Hussey.

Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's house, next north of the old post-office, was owned in 1814 by Latham Gardner, who had lands to the westward, back of Samuel P. Pitman's place on the hill. The land was covered with entangled brush and had to be plowed by means of a tackle to get the necessary power. The highest part of the house is probably the oldest, for in it are doors hung on wooden hinges. It is very old. In it the late Joseph W. Clapp, Collector of the port of Nantucket, by grace of President Cleveland and the Senate of the United States, for a time—the memory of man goeth not to the contrary—abused the Republican party and quoted scripture and Dr. Watts with a vigor that aroused the ire of his political antagonists and excited the admiration of orthodox believers by reason of his pious erudition. It is now owned by Mrs. Ozro W. Humes, of Nantucket.

The little house of Aaron Coffin "The Martin Box," now owned by Mrs. Horace Folger—probably better than any illustrates the gradual growth of a Sconset fisherman's cottage of the oldest shape. It was built by Obadiah Folger and its origin was a single room extending from the chimney to the south. It is but ten feet high to the peak of the roof. The little bedrooms were then added. Then it was extended a few feet to the northward, and when old Aunt Folger saw it she was so startled by its proportions that she said it as a "perfect rope walk." Then an extension containing two rooms was made to the westward, and still later an old boathouse was moved and added to the east side, the wide door of which is flush with the street. It is one of the quaintest cottages on the Bank, and was occupied by Henry Barnard, a great uncle of Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.

"Clifton Cottage," (now known as "Driftwood") is another of the old houses, but it has been enlarged by putting on another story. It was built by George Folger, about 1818. George sent his son Philip to oversee the building. Philip said he knew nothing about the business and hence had an easy time. Mrs. Herbert C. Gardner, of West Medford, is the present owner.

"Nonquit," (now "Come Aboard"), is owned by Mrs. Agnes Shand, and is another of the oldest houses enlarged by a second story, which was extended to the front. In 1814 it was owned by Obed Mitchell.

"Felicite," formerly owned by the late Benjamin Lawrence and Capt. Charles McCleave, and sold by the latter to Richard E. Burgess & Sons, is a two-story house with gable flush with the street, and a wing extending to the north. It was a very old house in 1814, and then, or soon after, was owned by John Emmitt. The second story was added about twenty years ago, and since then the Messrs. Burgess have added quite a pretentious grocery and provision store. The north section of the Burgess property was once the assistant lighthouse keeper's residence at Sankaty.

"Sans Souci," on Broadway, owned by Mrs. J. H. Belcher of Providence, has a singular history. It was originally erected in Trader's Lane, in Town, and was a part of a duck or twine factory. The kitchen was a boat-house, belonging to Mr. Brown, Mrs. Belcher's grandfather, and the brick in the chimney were in the British ship "Queen" when she was wrecked on the Island. A portion of the house was taken to Madaket and thence brought to Sconset. It was moved here in 1811. It was the first house in Sconset to have its height increased by a second story. In 1879 it had 13 windows, no two of which were alike.

The little house east of John Pitman's lot, at the head of Broadway, was moved by Frederick Pitman from "Guinea" in Town. It was located on or near the site of a barn which Mr. George F. Mitchell, when a young man, brought from Shimmo in 1866.

d-
me.
with
contact

Dec. 28, 1912

'Sconset Has Another "Fire" on Its Records.

In the early hours of Sunday—1:30, a. m., to be more exact—another of 'Sconset's mysterious fires had its beginning between the north outside wall of the main building at "The Tavern-on-the-Moors" and the south outside wall of the Fire Department building used for storing the chemical engine, one hose reel, with 450 feet of fire hose, and one of the old-time hand pumpers.

The guests and employees of The Tavern had left the main building some time after midnight, without thoughts of being aroused within an hour to witness and help fight a fire on the Tavern property. No one seems to know just how the blaze started.

About 1:30 a. m., Frank Holdgate, member of the chemical crew and living next block east from the scene of the fire, was awakened by a crackling noise; looking from the window he saw sparks falling in his yard and the flames shooting sky-ward from between the Fire House and the Tavern.

Calling his family, he 'phoned to the Fire Department Headquarters in town that a fire had started at "The Tavern". His sons, hurriedly dressing, rushed for the chemical and when they opened the door of the smoke-filled building sparks were falling from inside of the burning roof. Although a little fearful that the sparks might suddenly ignite the gas in the tank, they succeeded in getting the machine outside.

In the meantime, Oscar Folger had been aroused by the crackling sounds and soon found out the cause. He rushed to the Fire house to assist. Night Watchman Eldredge came upon the scene soon after. By that time, that particular section of the village was aroused, the Coffin boys joining the fighting force and the Tavern employees were called to help protect the property.

George Rogers, foreman of the Chemical Company, and his sons George and Warren, had been aroused by the Chapel bell rung by Martindale Coffin and all hands worked hard to keep the flames from eating their way inside the main building or spreading to the stables of Mr. Gouin to the west.

The two tanks of chemical, four hand extinguishers from the fire house and four other extinguishers from near-by boxes soon had the flames under control. In addition a line of fire hose was attached to the hydrant at the corner of New and School streets; also a line of garden hose was run from the Gouin stable and one from the Tavern.

With such a deluge of chemical and hydrant water, added to the fact that the fire was discovered before it had reached very alarming proportions, there was little chance for the fire to spread beyond the point where it started.

One man was stationed at the stables with orders that as soon as there was any sign of smoke having reached the horses, they were to be instantly released, it being almost impossible to get horses out of a burning building.

Box 145 was rung in town and the motor-pumper, in charge of Asst. Chief Blair, made a quick run, but the 'Sconset volunteer forces had conjured the blaze by the time the town crew arrived.

When the fire started the wind was from the south-west and the main Tavern building prevented it blowing directly on the fire. Had the wind been from the east or north-east the flames would have been fanned toward the Tavern and the stables and the result of the fire would probably make a different story.

The damage caused by the fire was to a portion of the "lean-to" at the Tavern, the shingles, window and casing on the south side of the Fire House and part of the roof.

Had the blaze burned undiscovered another five minutes the interior of the Fire House would have been a mass of flames, making it impossible for the members of the 'Sconset Volunteer Department to save the chemical truck, the hose and reel and the old hand pumper. Such a condition would have caused not only a serious financial loss for the town, but the delay in getting the No. 3 Hose from Wm. Mitchell Barrett's barn and the No. 1 Hose from the north end of the village would have given the fire such headway that some of the Tavern property and possibly the Gouin stables would have been destroyed.

During the progress of the fire a call was made for extinguishers and no one seemed to know there were several on the Tavern property. Employees of the Tavern used buckets, dippers and other handy water containers to dash water where they thought it was needed.

From the fact that the fire started outside of the buildings, probably in the grass and among some old shingles and wood in a pile between the Tavern and Fire House, every one seems to make the guess that a carelessly thrown burning cigarette was the cause of the blaze.

It is a great wonder there is not a fire every day when one counts the burning cigarettes thrown from speeding machines by careless smokers along the village streets and lanes; or dropped on the grass walks or even thrown into the grass in yards.

There is always the funny side to any fire. When the danger of the fire spreading to disastrous proportions had passed and one could relax from the strain of being a fire fighting hero, it was amusing to see among the spectators, ladies in evening clothes; night robes covered with kimonas; riding costumes; bathing suits; bath robes, in fact, whatever was wearable and handy when the alarm was given was just the thing to wear at a fire, and it mattered little if the south half did not match the north half of the costume.

AUGUST 11, 1928

FIGURE.—A small shed at Siasconset caught fire a few days since from the cinders of a neighboring chimney. It was extinguished by Mr. Reuben Ramsdell and a few lads. The shed was a part of the premises of Mr. Franklin Folger, who was absent with his family at the time. We are glad that this was discovered so early, as there is no fire engine at the village, and although a fire cannot destroy much property at Siasconset it might "raise hob," with lots of fun and frolic, and materially aid the doctors.

FIRE IN SIASCONSET.

The 'Sconset Fire Department has had its baptism of flame. On Saturday evening last, about half-past six o'clock, Mrs. Finch, who with her family have been occupying the cottage of Mrs. Walker, of Auburndale, while sitting in her chamber up stairs, heard the crackling of flames below. She ran down stairs to find the centre of the house ablaze. The alarm was quickly sounded, and the engine was hauled to the supply cistern near the pump. Connection was had as quickly as possible, and firemen, residents and visitors manned the brakes, and soon a stream of water was being poured within the building. In the meantime the flames had made considerable headway. Partitions within prevented the hosemen reaching the centre of flame, and it was only when, by a ladder put inside from an open window and manned by a dozen men, a partition was broken down, that the firemen were able to reach the fire with the water. While this was being done, several of the Harden hand grenades, furnished by Mr. Charles H. Robinson and Mr. H. K. White were thrown within the building. Those which were broken outside were wasted. Two or three which were broken within, disengaged sufficient of the gas to partially stifle the combustion till the water could be efficiently played on the fire. A heavy north-east wind was blowing at the time. The situation of the burning building was such that if the flame should get beyond its limits it would set fire to and destroy near a score of houses to the southward between it and the gully in front of the Ocean View Annex.

The engine was doing effective service, when it was announced that the water in the cistern was getting low. But fifty barrels had been put in it, though its capacity was three times that amount. At this time Miss Emily Folger, of Medway, of her own motion, had already begun carrying water in a bucket from the pump to the cistern. Her activity in this direction suggested the forming of a bucket line to keep the cistern supplied from the pump. It was the work of a few minutes to organize the effort by men and boys. Seeing their opportunity, Miss Folger, the Misses Lambertson, of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss Chipman and Miss Burke, of New York, and Miss Ballentyne, of Washington, took places in the line, and their example was followed by others who replaced the men and left them to relieve those who were exhausted in working at the brakes. Some of the ladies even attempted to take places at the brakes.

The excitement attending the event was intense, but the unrelaxed efforts of firemen, volunteers and ladies, within an hour brought the fire in subjection. Three cheers were heartily given for the fire department and the ladies. To the latter, especial praise is due, for their aid was as timely as it was unexpected. They did even manly service oblivious to the discomfort of garments asoak and feet wet by standing ankle deep in the mud and handling heavy buckets of water for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Several of them have been quite lame and even ill from the results of the evening's efforts.

The origin of the fire remains a mystery, which doubtless will not be solved. The loss on both building and furniture is covered by insurance in the Providence Equitable, effected by Joseph B. Swain. Already the Company have arranged to restore the building to its previous condition. The 'Sconset firemen have reason to be proud of the result of their first venture in battling the flames, and the good judgment they showed in a sphere of usefulness in which they had little or no experience. The only casualty resulting that we have heard of, was an injury sustained by Mr. Frederick M. Pitman, who was severely injured in his right hand.

Beach House Garage on Fire at 'Sconset.

'Sconset has had another fire—and quite a serious one, too. The garage at the rear of the Beach House caught fire in some unknown manner, Thursday evening, and before it was under control did damage estimated at \$6,000 or \$7,000. The alarm was sounded in town at 11.02 o'clock and the new motor-pumper was sent out to 'Sconset. The village fire department was on its job as soon as the blaze was discovered, and by the time the apparatus reached there from town, the fire was under control, the 'Sconset department having four lines of hose in use, with an abundant supply of water to draw from, and excellent pressure from the stand-pipe.

The garage was a long building, with wooden frame-work and metal sides, 190 feet in length and with room for twenty-four cars. There were no partitions and the flames swept through with nothing to check them. Fortunately the roof was covered with fire-resisting shingles, which confined the fire from breaking through and saved a more serious disaster. In short, had the roof been covered with wooden shingles sparks would have been flying and endangered not only the hotel but cottages in the immediate vicinity.

Three cars in the garage—a Ford, a Dodge and a Pierce Arrow—were totally destroyed. Two others a Marmon sedan belonging to Mrs. Webster, and a Studebaker belonging to A. M. Wangler—were both very badly damaged.

The garage was a total loss. It was valued at \$5,000 and there was \$1,500 insurance on the building. There was also \$500 insurance on the Dodge car.

Chief Blair made a thorough investigation of the fire, yesterday (Friday) morning, but was unable to determine the cause. It was unquestionably due to some condition inside the building, but the fact that the flames made a clean sweep the entire length prevented any clues being left to work upon and the cause of the fire will be listed as unknown.

The Chief speaks very highly of the excellent work done by the 'Sconset department, which had the situation well in hand before the apparatus could reach there from town. The village department was managed with efficiency and proved that it is well organized, and, with the excellent stand-pipe pressure and abundant hydrant service it is able to meet the emergency when it arises.

JUNE 7, 1930

The house of Lucretia M. Folger, its beginning in Captain Peter C. taken many years to the left. It is the westward. age of 94, told of the property probably about Island. His wife to spare for a buy a home with. The house was married twice her son David Eunice's house sell her house upon if Eunice sale was made "Nantucket" structure. It is much of and about

Oscar Folger

Oscar Folger, who for over half a century has been one of 'Sconset's most beloved and popular business men, passed away about noon on Wednesday of this week, at his home in 'Sconset. Although he has been in ill health for several years, he had been active until the end, and on Christmas Day had enjoyed a family party with his children and grandchildren. He was seventy-one years old in October.

Mr. Folger was the son of Sidney and Mary Folger, of 'Sconset, and had resided in the village all his life. He had been a member of the 'Sconset branch of the Nantucket Fire Department for fifty-four years and for the past twenty years has been Deputy Chief. He was a member of the Nantucket Firemen's Association and of Wauwinet Tribe No. 158, I.O.R.M.

In 1941 he was awarded the contract for carrying the mail to and from 'Sconset and began that work on July 1 of that year. In addition he has carried on his own trucking business in 'Sconset for many years.

In addition to his widow, the former Marion Folger of 'Sconset, he leaves an aunt, Mrs. Nellie Appleton, of Nantucket, a son, Oscar, Jr., and two daughters, Mrs. Mary Bunting of 'Sconset, and Mrs. Josephine Therberge, of Nantucket, and several grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon at the Lewis Funeral Home, the Rev. Bradford Johnson officiating. Interment was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Dec. 29, 1951

Kenneth Eldridge Is Appointed 'Sconset Water Superintendent.

At a meeting of the Siasconset Water Commissioners held Tuesday evening, Kenneth C. Eldridge, of San-katy Avenue, Siasconset, was appointed Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the Siasconset Water Department. Mr. Eldridge is to take charge of the water department operations starting on Tuesday, April 16, 1957.

The appointment was made following the receipt of a legal opinion from Town Counsel Roy E. Sanguinetti regarding the legality of combining the posts of Superintendent of the Siasconset Water Department and Chief Engineer. Mr. Eldridge, who was a member of the Nantucket Finance Committee, resigned from that committee last week in order to accept the appointment.

Apr 13, 1957

The "Milestone" Road.

Chairman Gardner of the County Commissioners went to Boston last week to confer with the State Highway Commissioners relative to the milestone road to Siasconset and presented the petition for its acceptance by the state, together with the plan and profile thereof. The matter was discussed in all its details and the commissioners after a thorough and minute inquiry relative to the condition of the road, the present resources and necessities of the island and possibility of future development, appeared very favorably inclined towards the petition. They were especially pleased with the assurance that there would be no land damages to meet.

The plan and profile, which was prepared by Mr. William F. Codd, they declared could not be surpassed in excellence and thoroughness of detail, stating that it furnished them every requisite data upon which to base their computations. They further volunteered the information that Nantucket was the first town in the state to forward a complete petition and that it would receive consideration at their next meeting sometime the present week.

Mr. Gardner was delegated Wednesday evening to go to Boston with the petition, left here Thursday morning, proceeded to the office of the commissioners directly upon arrival in the city that afternoon, and was just in time to meet them, as they were to leave early next morning on an extended tour of several days through the western part of the state.

A favorable recommendation by the commissioners is almost equivalent to assuring the construction of the road, by the state in accordance therewith, as the project was inaugurated last year as an experiment, to a trial of which there will hardly be opposition at the outset, and Nantucket is among the first to apply.

The question is often asked what will be the cost to Nantucket of the state's building roads as proposed? In round sums the state tax last year was \$2,500,000. Nantucket's proportion was \$3,350. Suppose the total state tax be augmented \$500,000 to build roads as proposed. Nantucket's proportion of the increase will be \$630, whether we get any benefit therefrom or not.

Nov. 23, 1893

BIRTH DAY SURPRISE.—On Wednesday evening of last week, a company of about twenty-five were invited to celebrate the 80th birth day of Capt. John Pitman of Siasconset. It was intended for a surprise to the captain, and so it proved to be, as he had no intimation of anything of the kind until the company walked in. There was vocal and instrumental music, and an address by one of the company, after which a table was spread with all the good things, and all were invited to walk out and partake, the worthy captain and his lady heading the procession. The whole affair passed off pleasantly. The following lines read during the evening, were composed for the occasion by Mrs. Eliza Maxey:

We meet to-night, your kindred friends,
To mark that natal morn
When your pure eyes beheld the light,
When life was in its dawn.

Eighty years of your life have passed,
How truly, tell none can
But He who marks the sparrow's fall
And reaches down to man.

Eighty years o'er the backward track—
Can you its memory trace?
Your feet to-night, on the border land,
So near the end of the race?

Yes, gather up the pearls, my friend,
Scattered all along;
But let your heart breathe out the song
"Tis better farther on."

Eighty years! The wife of your youth
Is yours as in days of old.
How all along your pathway
Are scattered threads of gold.

Golden ties of home and friends,
This is your birthnight.
Kindly has God dealt with you
Eighty years to-night.

Around you yet as life moves on
We would weave a garland fair,
Holding each leaf as we firmly twine
With Charity, Faith and Prayer.

Farther on as your feet shall tread
That city beyond the river,
May the spotless robe fold you around
And hold you secure forever.

Apr. 23, 1879

Summer House at 'Sconset Totally Destroyed.

The large residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Waggaman, on Morey Lane, in the village of Siasconset, was totally destroyed by fire, Friday evening week. Situated in a part of the village somewhat removed from the sections occupied by the year-round residents, the fire was not discovered until it had gained considerable headway. The local ('Sconset) department, under Chief Oscar Folger, responded as soon as notified, and the central station in town was immediately informed of the blaze. But the firemen could only keep the fire from spreading to other nearby structures, so great a headway had the flames gained within the building.

The raucous blaring of the fire horn, sounding 145 for several rounds, and rising above the sweep of the gale, was one which promptly alarmed the town and sent the various members of the fire department swiftly to duty.

The blaze was breaking out through the windows of the dwelling when it was discovered by Mrs. Frank Murray, who happened to glance out of her own home about 7:30 o'clock that evening. She saw a great crimson ball of fire, reflected by the deep snow, and promptly called Chief Folger.

With the headway gained by the flames, and the high wind fanning the blaze, the firemen were helpless to save any part of the dwelling. One of the big pumpers was dispatched from the Central Station in town, driven by Archie Cartwright, who managed to get a crew together quickly. The snow plow had cleared the road of the heavy fall of snow, and the apparatus made swift passage to the village, although it was a cold ride in the open truck into the teeth of the easterly gale.

Hose-lines were laid and the flames confined to the fiercely burning structure. Many valuable furnishings were consumed, including some rare pieces which the Waggaman's have collected during their residence on the island and which they had brought here from their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Waggaman have been residing in town this winter. The origin of the fire is still unknown and, as the insurance adjusters have not arrived on the island as yet, no estimate of the damage has been announced.

Through the fact that the highway department was close to its job when a heavy snowfall came, the fire apparatus had an open road when the alarm came on Friday evening week. The plows had the road clear and the apparatus was able to reach the village in time to prevent the fire from reaching near-by property. The house which was on fire could not be saved, as the fire was too far advanced when it was discovered, but the department kept it confined to the building and poured enough water onto the surroundings to check the spread of the flames.

Feb. 19, 1944

The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY E. F. UNDERHILL.

The first house north of the bridge, "Svargaloka," belonging to the estate of Elijah Alley, occupies the site of an old house brought from Sesachacha early in the century, but which was subsequently removed.

On the site of Mr. H. K. White's residence there stood until 1884, a little cottage called by him the "Woodbine," and which he purchased in 1879 and there resided with his family during the summers for several seasons. It was in 1884 taken down and removed to the corner of Grand Avenue south of the gulley, and there put up and enlarged and sold to Mr. Isaac Hills. It is still called the Woodbine. It was brought from Sesachacha about 1820, and put up on the Bank, and stood there until its removal. It was a quaint little dwelling.

Mr. Henry Paddack's cottage, now occupied by Mrs. Reynolds, was owned by Abijah Swain and stood in its present position in 1814. Three years since it was enlarged by extending the bedrooms to the southward, but the alteration has not interfered with its characteristic appearance as a 'Sconset house. It is always admired both in its exterior and interior.

"Casa Marina" had its beginning in one of the most picturesque of the little fishermen's houses. Standing opposite the foot of Main street, it was the first of the old dwellings of the strict 'Sconset type to be seen. It was owned by John Russell, and stood in its present place in 1814. A few years since, it was remodeled and extended, and there is scarce anything left to remind one of its original form. Freeman and Wyer have excellent views of it taken years since, when the old board fence was in its front. It was owned for many years by "Aunt Sarah Coleman," who was particular about her household goods. Her plates and cups and saucers she marked by filing notches on their edges. A perpendicular ladder led into the little five-foot attic, and Mrs. Almy, the postmistress, in her girlhood days, many a time climbed up the ladder and slept in an old-fashioned cot bed, when visiting her aunt.

Next north is the house of Mrs. Harrison Gardner. It was owned by Charles Nichols and stood there in 1814 and was sold to Charles Mitchell before 1820. Within nine years it has been twice enlarged, and each enlargement has made it even more 'Sconsety in appearance than before. It was occupied in 1880 by Judge Northrup, of Syracuse, and his family, and his experience was told in a charming little book printed the next year called "Sconset Cottage Life," now out of print.

George C. Gardner's house is the next to the north. It is a large one, without blinds, and for two seasons has not been occupied by reason of the advanced years of Mrs. Gardner. It was built by Mr. Gardner's grandfather, Prince Gardner. In the kitchen is the fire-place which was photographed by Wyer, and from which picture so many drawings have been made and printed. The house stood there in 1814.

At that time there was to the north, where Mr. Gardner's small barn now is, another house. It belonged to Jonathan Chase. It was known as the "Headache House," because of its inextinguishable smoky chimney.

Capt. George Wilber's house, with the name in Greek letters over the door, and occupied by the Misses Wheeler, was owned in 1814 by Stephen Hussey. The south half is over a hundred years old. It was conveyed by him to Sylvanus Ewer, the grandfather of Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Ewer, the distinguished ritualistic clergyman of New York, who died a few years since. Mr. Wilber states that the beginning of the house dates far back in the 18th century. When, some years since, he was making some alterations, he found behind a diagonal beam four copper cents of the date of 1800, 1801, 1802 and 1803 and an old Spanish coin with the pillars of Hercules, worth 64 cents, and which was a current coin in the early part of this century.

"Snug Harbor," owned by Capt. George H. Brock, was owned by Seth Folger in 1814, and Capt. Joy thinks that it was built by Seth's father. It had its beginning in a fisherman's shanty, though it lacks the "warts" in the front.

Mr. Riddell's house, opposite the post office, had a similar origin. But it has been extended by a second story "wart," and extensive changes have been made within and without, and the fisherman's cottage is no longer seen. It belonged in 1814 to Griffin Barney.

Next to the north is the house belonging to the late Capt. Jos Mitchell—"Mizzen-top." It was modernized before 1879. Clapboards had taken the place of shingles. But inside, the joists supporting the second floor show its origin in a fisherman's house. In 1814 it was occupied by Capt. Joy's father when he was building "Castle Bandbox" on Shell street.

The "House of Lords" was a typical 'Sconset house of a larger size, and was built by Gershom Drew. It stood in its present position in 1814. It was sold by Capt. Brown Gardner to the present owner, who caused it to be enlarged, and it no longer has any resemblance to the quaint structure from which it was changed. It was purchased by Capt. Gardner after his return from California some time in the fifties for twenty-five dollars and four quintals of cod fish. In it, for years, the fishermen met at night during the season and swapped lies in reference to their experience on ship-board.

"Nonantum," in 1879, when purchased by its present owner, was a modest one-story structure with a wartless front. It was built by Barzillai Folger and was owned by him in 1814. It was always called "Barzillai's" house.

"Columbia Cottage," belonging to Mrs. Cash is more than a hundred years old. It was built by Benjamin Bunker, who died forty years ago at the age of 90.

The dilapidated little house next to the north, and now owned by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy of New York, is very old, and has probably been changed less within and without than any of the old houses on the Bank. It is now being re-shingled. In 1814 it was owned by Eben Gardner. Previously it was owned by him and Tristram Pinkham together, but Eben so prospered that he wanted a house to himself, and he proposed to Tristram to name a price at which he would buy or sell. The suggestion came so sudden that Tristram asked until Saturday to make up his mind. Saturday came and Tristram said that he thought his share was fairly worth a quintal and a half (150 pounds) of fish. At this price it was sold. It has since changed hands at prices way up in the hundreds. The house is well worth an inspection. It is not now occupied. Its interior can be seen by looking in the rear windows. It has a little attic reached by cleats nailed to the partition, and has two little bedrooms about 8x6 feet at the south end.

"Eagle Cottage" was in its present place in 1814. In 1879 Capt. William Baxter was inclined to sell it for \$200 including its furniture, but on second thought he changed his mind, and four years after he sold it for \$900.

The beginning of Mr. Crosby's store was a stable, and was brought from Sesachacha by Elisha Clark. Subsequently, Cromwell Barney added the second story on the south end. For two or three years before his store was built, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby used to come from town and occupy the upper portion on Sundays and keep their horse in the barn, which was a part of the building to the north. At last Mr. Crosby saw that there was trade enough in the place to warrant a store, and he enlarged the south end and 'Sconset started in its wild career as a great commercial center!

The last house to the north on Broadway, belonging to Mrs. George Richardson, was brought from Sesachacha by Reuben Joy, a cousin of Capt. Joy's father. It was used as a public house, and was kept by Rachel Paddack, the widow of Jonathan Paddack, and a Quaker woman.

On the edge of the Bank, in the rear of Crosby's store, were two quaint old houses, both of which have been enlarged by add-

ing a second story. The one to the south, Mrs. McCleave's, was brought from Sesachacha by Nicholas Meader, between 1814 and 1820. It was a very old house. The one to the north, owned by Mr. Crosby, was also brought from Sesachacha about the same time by George Meader, the son of Nicholas. In 1879, by additions, it had assumed an incongruous form, it being an open court to the west, and with a wart to the east at the northern end.

The white clapboarded house surmounted by a Nantucket "walk," belonging to Mrs. Lucretia M. Folger, situated on the corner of Main street, had its beginning in an old house belonging to Peter Chase. It was a two-storied structure, and in a photograph taken by Freeman many years ago, a portion of the old structure stands in the foreground to the left. It was black, with dilapidated shingles, and canted over to the westward. Capt. David Chase, the son of Peter, is still living in town, and is in his 93d year.

"Nauticon Lodge," now owned by Mr. Davis, is also a very old structure. Over its door are the figures 1735, but Capt. Joy thinks it is much older. It was owned by Obed Coffin, then a very old man, and then about 1815, by his son-in-law, Jonathan Colesworthy. It is built and arranged in accordance with the strict 'Sconset type.

"Auld Lang Syne" owned by the heirs of Gorham Colman, is without doubt, the oldest house on the Bank. It was built on its present site. It was first owned by Michael Coffin, who employed several Indians to fish for him during the season, while he remained ashore to do the cooking. Michael was the great-grandfather of Capt. Joy who is now in his 83d year. The house is as it has appeared as far back as human memory can go, except that, within, it was at some time lathed and plastered. Its rough and ragged shingles, and depressions in the roof tell of its antiquity. In its battered front door are three worn out key holes. Within are large fire places leading into a heavy chimney. The house is claimed to have been built in 1675, and before a building had been erected on the site of the Town. In 1814 it was owned by Jonathan Upham.

But probably older was "Rose Cottage," a little four room house that was on the site of Barnaby Lodge. It was taken down in 1881 by Capt. Charles H. Rule. It was a squatty, tumble down structure, but each year was occupied in the summer, and in the fishing seasons. In 1814 it stood in its present position and was owned by Benjamin Paddack. It had been twice removed from the edge of the Bank. It was so small that the change of site was easily effected, by rolling it on spars. There is a tradition it was once an Indian wigwam, but Capt. Joy discredits it.

The present post office belonging to Capt. William Baxter, views of which have been taken by the hundred, has a double history. The smaller portion is near 200 years old, and was brought from Sesachacha. It was owned by Uriah Swain, the grandfather of Mrs. Baxter. The higher portion was built about a hundred years ago, and the building was in its present position in 1814. Its exterior illustrates the completed 'Sconset house of the larger size. The interior has been little changed, except to put on lath and plaster and paper, but its rude beginning can be seen in the exposed joists overhead. In the corner of the room where the business of the post office is carried on is an ancient clock that has marked the hours for four or five generations. Mrs. Cary, the mother of Mrs. Baxter, for years used the building for a public house. For years before 1873 when the post office was established, it was used for the distribution of the mail matter brought from town by Capt. Baxter, who, as he came over the hill on Main street, tooted his fish horn and the event of the day was the gathering of the people at the window to await their mail matter, and for each letter or paper received, one whole cent went into the coffers of the grasping old mariner! And yet there are those who boldly assert that he did not get rich!

The old barn in the southwest corner of the lot is probably what is left of a house once owned by an old man named John Beard.

The
Lucretia
its begin
Captain
taken m
to the l
the west
age of 8
of the
probabl
Island.
to spare
buy a h
The ho
married
her son
Eunice
sell he
upon
sale w
struct
It is
and

The white house next north of the post-office and belonging to Mrs. Eliza Mitchell, was owned in 1814 by Latham Gardner, who had lands to the westward, back of Capt. Robert Pitman's place on the hill. The land was covered with entangled brush and had to be plowed by means of a tackle to get the necessary power. The highest part of the house is probably the oldest, for in it are doors swung on wooden hinges. It is a very old house. In it Capt. Joseph H. Clapp, Collector of the Port of Nantucket, by grace of President Cleveland and the Senate of the United States, has for a time, the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, abused the Republican party and quoted scripture and Dr. Watts with a vigor that has aroused the ire of his political antagonists and excited the admiration of orthodox believers by reason of his pious erudition!

The little house owned by Mrs. Aaron Coffin—"the Martin Box"—is very old and probably better than any on the Bank illustrates the gradual growth of a "Sconset fisherman's cottage of the oddest shape. It was built by Obadiah Folger and its origin was a single room extending from the chimney to the south. It is but ten feet high to the peak of the roof. The little bedrooms were then added. Then it was extended a few feet to the northward, and when old Aunt Ruth Folger saw it she was so startled by its proportions, she said it was a "perfect rope walk." Then an extension containing two rooms was made to the westward and still later an old boat house was moved and added to the east side, the wide door of which is flush with the street. It is one of the quaintest cottages on the Bank.

"Clifton Cottage" is another of the old houses, but it has been enlarged by putting on a half story. It was built by George Folger, about 1818. George sent his son Philip to oversee the building. Philip said he knew nothing about the business and hence had an easy time.

"Nonquit," Capt. Charles C. Mooers, is another of the old houses enlarged by a second story which was recently extended to the front. In 1814 it was owned by Obed Mitchell.

"Felicite," owned by Capt. McCleave, a two story house with gable flush with the street, was a very old house in 1814, and then or soon after was owned by John Emmett. The second story was added about 20 years ago.

"Sans Souci," the last house on Broadway and owned by Mrs. J. H. Belcher has a singular history. It was originally erected in Traders Lane in Town, and was a part of a duck or twine factory. The kitchen was a boat house, belonging to Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Belcher's grandfather and the bricks in the chimney were in the British Ship, Queen, when she came ashore on the island. A portion of the house was taken to Madequet and thence brought to Sconset. It was moved here in 1814. It was the first house on the Bank to have its height increased by a second story. In 1879 it had 13 windows, no two of which were alike.

[It is the desire of the writer to get further details of the history of any of the old houses on the Bank, and he will esteem it a favor if any old resident or others will give him information for future use.]

AUGUST 25, 1888.

A Fortune for a Flower.

Mr. Thomas F. Galvin, the well-known Boston florist, and one of 'Sconset's summer visitors, has this week sold to Thomas W. Lawson of that city the sole right to the Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson carnation pink and the 8,000 plants he held of it, for the sum of \$30,000. There was a lively rivalry for the ownership between Chicago, New York and Boston parties, and the latter won the prize. The carnation is wonderful for size, exquisite beauty and lasting qualities.

FURNISHED SEASIDE COTTAGES,

AT SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET.



AN ANCIENT 'SCONSET COTTAGE.

Life is undisturbed by the clank of machinery, the creak of ship's timbers or the roll of the vessel.

No fear of drifting on land in darkness or in fog, or being driven on a lee shore in gales.

Cool and quiet by night and by day 'SCONSET is a haven of rest for brain workers and tired out business men, and is a natural sanitarium for those suffering from nervous exhaustion, hay fever or malaria. It is a paradise for children.

Laziness drifts into sleep and sleep awakens into laziness; so gradual is the change, it is hard to tell where one ends and the other begins.

The most restful climate for invalids and convalescents.

Influenced by the tonic properties of the ocean air extinct appetites are born again and manifest aggressive activity. It is not unusual for an invalid to gain 25 to 40 pounds during a season.



UNDERHILL.



'SCONSET BEACH COTTAGE.

NANTUCKET is the island of long lives. More than half of its people live to from 70 to 100 years. The average duration of life is 64 years, nearly double that in any other part of the world. 'SCONSET is its most wholesome spot.

Life is passed basking in the sun, on the grass, or on the beach, resting in hammocks or under awnings, riding or sauntering over moors redolent with a perfume of wild flowers, fishing, or playing the current outdoor games, viewing the gorgeous sunsets or the ocean in sunshine or in storm, laying in surf of a uniform temperature of 70 degrees in July and August, while the average highest of the air is from 68 to 70.

Picturesque cottages with six to nine rooms fully furnished are to let there at from \$90 to \$175 for the season.

If you want to know anything more about 'SCONSET write for a circular, containing a brief history of the place with maps, views and ground plans of the houses.

108 Fulton Street,
New York.



'SCONSET BEACH COTTAGE.

Underhill's Fad.

Mr. E. F. Underhill, of New York, has become so thoroughly identified with Nantucket, particularly with Siasconset, that he might almost be put down as a veritable 'Sconseter, except for the distinguishing features of white hair and spectacles, which are not included among the infirmities of the true-born citizens of the "bank." But none to the manor born are more interested in or harder workers for the best interests of the little hamlet than is the said Underhill. He is awake all day and a part of the night, and always concocting some new attraction that will interest citizen, cottager, hotel guest or visitor alike. His latest scheme is his museum—no dime affair, but a free blow to all who may apply at the door of "The Helm" (which inappropriate name, by the way, is soon to give place to "The Pantry")—which is proving a decidedly attractive rendezvous, and the evidences are that he will be a strong competitor for fame of the ablest curio lecturer in the land. In his little cottage he has collated a large amount of antique pewter, platters, plates, pitchers, pottery, etc., of many designs, besides a quantity of other articles of historic interest and ancient manufacture. The walls are decorated very artistically with this antique chinaware, and from the ceiling is suspended more of the same kind of goods. The place impresses one as an arsenal, a marine exhibit, an antique furniture shop—the impression depending upon the direction of one's glance. Two rare old books form a very interesting feature of this exhibition, viz: a Breeches Bible, printed in 1607, and a copy of King James' Bible printed in 1613. It is useless in a limited space to attempt to particularize; and it will be sufficient to say that Mr. Underhill's museum is one of the places every visitor to 'Sconset should see. They will find the latch-string always out, and will be given a cordial welcome and first-class ear-ache, all free of charge.



WILLIAM BAXTER,

SENIOR CAP'TN OF THE NANTUCKET ISLAND FLEET AND COMMANDER OF THE STANCH SIDE-WHEEL CRAFT "SWIFTSURE."

He may sometimes spin yarns in talking with old mariners, but confiding strangers he never deceives by the utterance of questionable statements. Long may we have his genial face among us. This is the sentiment of natives and strangers alike.

I shall leave Port with the "Swiftsure" for the season's cruise, June 10, 1894.

Very truthfully yours,
WILLIAM BAXTER.

je2-tf

The same Old Sixpence and the same old place.

We shall be on deck for business on and after Monday, June 17th, and shall be pleased to fill passenger orders.

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Stand at H. S. Wyer's.

je5-tf

The Nantucket Journal

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1890.

From N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.
Unique Seaside Resort.

AN ANCIENT FISHING VILLAGE CONTEMPORIZED—SIASCONSET PAST AND PRESENT—ITS CURIOUS HISTORY AND EVOLUTION—SIMPLICITY, QUIET AND REST SOUGHT AND ENJOYED—SHOW AND FASHION DESPISED.

SIASCONSET, Nantucket, July 19.—Sixteen or eighteen years ago this unique village was scarcely known off Nantucket Island, and now, although its reputation is confined mostly to the New England seaboard, it has become a summer resort of some general distinction. It is a resort, however, of a peculiar, indeed, of an unprecedented, wholly unfashionable sort, as unlike the ordinary significance of the word as may easily be imagined. Nobody comes to the island without visiting this queer settlement from sheer curiosity, if from no other cause. The town of Nantucket is quaint; but 'Sconset, as the islanders invariably call it, with a constitutional tendency to abbreviating terms, is far quaint—in truth, an embodiment of quaintness. So very little is known of or about it in the west that an account of it ought not to be without a degree of interest just at this time.

For a century and a half, 'Sconset, on the southeast corner of the island, nine miles direct from Nantucket Town, enjoyed complete obscurity, so far as the great world was concerned. It had absolutely no history, and was happy in its indistinctness. A mere fishing hamlet, it was without a post office, church or shop until eight years since; and to-day but few innovations are discernable, would not be discovered, unless diligently looked for. At first it had, perhaps, a score of primitive habitations, such as piscatorial pioneers alone would put up. More than two centuries ago what is named a fishing stage was begun here, in consequence of the excellent fishing in the immediate waters, in the form of a number of rude huts, consisting generally of single rooms, often without floors. These were along the bluffs, some thirty feet high, that they might be near, and yet beyond the reach of the sea, which, during storms, dashed far over the beach. The fishermen, brave and hearty sailors, were doubtless attracted, also, by the dangerous character of the adjacent waters, full of shoals, in which vessels, especially in early days, were frequently wrecked. Their humanity, as well as their thirst, through salvage, was appealed to. They saved many lives and made considerable money. Well as mariners now know this shore, a ship is lost every few months to the south of this, as one or two visible wrecks usually attest. The hamlet had no noticeable growth for several generations, particularly as fishing declined. Some dozen years since the Continentalists, as the natives still dub dwellers on the main land, began to come here during warm weather, because of the quietness and quaintness of the locality and its pure, cool, healthful air. And the number has steadily increased, and it is increasing still. The rudimentary huts naturally evolved in time. Floors were laid down; doors and windows were introduced—they were generally brought from the town—kitchens and sleeping rooms added, until the houses were fairly comfortable, albeit still very queer. The windows and doors, having been used in other houses, did not fit the new structures, of course; nor did they correspond in any way. What they lacked in proportion and harmony they made up in originality, which was augmented, as occasion offered, by fragments of wreck, employed as decorations, notably parts of bowsprits, bits of stern, figure-heads and painted titles of vessels. The combination presented, as may be inferred, a strangely incongruous and diversified order of architecture, which has been carefully preserved by the successors of the fishermen.

One of the first to find out the desirableness of 'Sconset as a summering spot was Edward F. Underhill, a New Yorker, on the *Tribune* staff before the civil war, and now a prominent court phonographer in that city. An enthusiast by way of temperament and a man of ideas, he is yet as fresh hearted, vigorous and acute as when a boy. He determined to spend his vacations here, and to build a number of cottages as much like those of the fishermen as possible. It was an odd conceit, but he faithfully carried it out, sparing neither time nor pains in his purpose. Many persons regarded it as a whim which would prove very expensive to him, but it has on the contrary, been remunerative. He owns more than thirty cottages in all, every one of which is rented, summer after summer, at from \$120 to \$250 a season, furnished and fully equipped for housekeeping. They are curious structures, in which space is admirably economized. Very small, they are far more pleasant and better arranged than those at Martha's Vineyard, consisting usually of a tiny parlor, dining room, kitchen and from two to six chambers one of which may be overhead to which a ladder, may, when not in use, be shut into a frame, so as to be out of the way. It is remarkable how well the cottages serve their object, and how much they are liked by those who have lived in them. Underhill has tried to select furniture of the ancient kind, and has been very successful in picking up what he wanted, rag carpets such as our great-grandmothers wrought; odd chairs in the fashion of the last century; tables and bedsteads of strange patterns; bureaus with glass-knobs or brass handles; clocks of a remote age from Connecticut, England or Holland; fantastic mirrors, violating every principle of art, and other antique things that have recently become the mode again. Old furniture dealers in New York would find here many prizes, but no ordinary sum would buy what has been secured with so much search and trouble. Occupying these cottages is a kind of prolonged picnicking, which the tenants greatly enjoy. It is exactly the thing for the newly wedded; several couples are spending the honeymoon here, and are delighted, of course, as young and ardent lovers necessarily would be, with their domiciliary environment and the extraordinary freedom of this seaside spot.

Underhill built his cottages with the idea that they would be taken by persons having incomes from \$1000 to \$3000, but their tenants have mainly, to his surprise, been persons with greatly larger incomes. The oddity and novelty of the residences are so piquant and engaging that they are frequently rented season after season by the same people. Larger, more pretentious and near the Bank, as 'Sconset is called by the natives, have not proved as acceptable as the quaint, little ones, many of those standing idle. Visitors, obviously like the simplicity, liberty and unconventionalism that herein in the place and its traditions, and are not satisfied with anything foreign thereto. Some of the figureheads washed ashore from wrecked ships are curious rudimentary specimens of wood carving. George Washington and Lafayette are conspicuous among them, and formerly a frowning, ferocious virgin, life-size, (in front of Capt. William Baxter's home), which was so widely photographed as to become a local celebrity. She nobly maintained her reputation, for, though she stood for years in the public eye, there has not been the slightest imitation that she is not all she claims to be—inexpugnable in her pudicity. It must be confessed that her appearance is, in a measure, her protection, and that she is not of the material to be endangered. I have been told that she was intended for Joan of Arc, and it may be true. If so, the image has fared better than the original who was, as you know, foully traduced by her enemies. The reason may be that, while the former was maid of Orleans, the latter is maid of wood.

Nervous, overworked persons certainly receive benefit from 'Sconset air. I am, myself, so indolent by constitution that I do not care to be made more so. I should prefer more atmospheric invigoration. The great glory of 'Sconset, and of the whole island (there is no other insular resort but Wauwinet, seven miles north of this and reached

by a harbor boat) is its coolness. The climate is equable, due, in part, to the situation. Every breeze is from the sea, and breezes are usually blowing from some quarter. The mercury seldom rises above 80 degrees, and frequently stops at 76 degrees. Once in a year or so it touches 88 degrees or 89 degrees at 10 o'clock A. M.; but it soon falls, and the nights are, almost without exception, delightfully refreshing, when a blanket or two are commonly needed for bed covering. This is actually true here, not a fictitious exaggeration as it is at most watering places. I have been to nearly every summer resort of any note in the country, and none that I can recall is so comfortable as respects temperature in hot weather as Nantucket. J. H. B.

NATIVE FOLK AT 'SCONSET.

SIASCONSET, Sept. 18.—Ever since the whaling industry ceased to be a profitable calling for the islanders, Nantucket folk have lived largely on the summer visitors. Time was when the Mitchells and Folgers and Maesys, the Coffins and Starbuckses held "off islanders," as they still call people from the mainland, in lofty contempt. This contempt has by no means disappeared. But since kerosene filled many of the uses of sperm oil, and the whaling ships, instead of making fortunes for their owners, are now lying rotting at the wharves, the islander has somewhat mitigated his scorn for outsiders. For many a year he has earned a handsome income out of them. He has rented cottages to them, supplied them with garden truck and groceries, and taken them out sailing, at prices that enabled him to live very comfortably until they returned again next summer. The new era of prosperity for Nantucket had scarcely dawned before an active rival came to dispute its profits. The tiny hamlet of Siasconset, or "Sconset," as it is generally termed, developed such remarkable fascination for the visitors to the island that for the past three years it has had the lion's share of those who came here in the summer for health or recreation. So Nantucket is naturally indignant at 'Sconset, and levies taxes on the little village heavy enough to crush a less successful tributary out of existence.

But however sudden its prosperity, 'Sconset is no mushroom place. It was settled as long ago as 1676. On its main street is still standing a cottage that was built before any house in Nantucket Town. This cottage is very appropriately named "Auld Lang Syne." It is a low, square-built, one-story structure, with no attempt at ornament further than a rudely painted inscription beside the door, to the effect that it is a "Bakery." The old lady who lives in it all the year round drives a profitable trade in home-made bread, cookies and pies, and has her business considerably increased by the curious visits of the mainland folk to inspect the oldest relic of 'Sconset.

Though this is the most venerable, it is the least picturesque cottage in the village. The very manner of their completion gave the houses of 'Sconset an individuality of character that no modern architect could easily imitate. Originally they were nearly square huts, containing one room to shelter the fishermen at night during the codfishing season. But now and then a "wart" would be put on. This consisted of a small barn or outhouse, which was clapped alongside the primal tenement and a door cut through for egress. The bedrooms and closets and kitchens grew out from the sides of the main building like so many little square bay windows. These additions are known in 'Sconset as "warts," and the 'Sconset cottage proper has as many of them as a hop-toad. In a great number of cases the warts are formed out of wreckage that was washed ashore fifty or a hundred years ago from the fatal Sand Rips that skirt the eastern shore of the island. Indeed, the whole hamlet looks as if it had been cast up by the sea.

There is no part of it that does not tell of the sailor or fisherman. The cottages are grotesquely decorated with the figure-heads and rudder wheels of whaling ships gone out of service half a century before, and beside the front door are the white-washed remains of racks for drying codfish. Inside, the cottages are scarcely less quaint. The sitting rooms bear a startling resemblance to ships' cabins, the bedrooms are merely enlarged berths, the closets are simply lockers. The furniture is of a queer, old-fashioned pattern, in claw-legged tables, hard and uncompromising settees and short-legged, long-backed chairs. The dressers are filled with antique china and knick-knacks brought from over the seas in whaling voyages, and the walls are hung with charts and rude attempts at marine painting by some mute, inglorious Turner of the island. The nautical air of the place is carried still further by the phraseology of the natives. Of the sixty people who live at 'Sconset throughout the year all the men were sailors and all the women the wives, daughters or mothers of sailors. Consequently Cap'n Bunsbys are frequent, and an intimacy with the islanders is a gradual education in seafaring terms. Your vegetable man who now ploughs his farm for corn once ploughed the sea for whales, and the grizzled old milkman with ear-rings will "gam," as he calls it, for an hour with you before he empties his can about the adventures he went through in the Pacific Ocean before you were born.

The principal street in 'Sconset has been modernly named Broadway. It has a pavement of grass. Perhaps this is one of the chief charms of the place. No one except he who has trod the stony city pavement for ten months can appreciate the delight of strolling over these grassy paths which spring elastically under the tread and are green everywhere in 'Sconset. To add to the amusement of their being called streets, many of them are only six feet wide and forty feet long. They all lead to or are close beside the pump.

The 'Sconset pump is one of the historic and most famous features of the village. It has supplied the coolest and clearest of water for a hundred years and more. Further than this, its box is the favorite advertising medium in 'Sconset. If you have lost anything, if you have found anything, if you wish to buy or sell anything, if you intend to give a concert at the chapel or a hop at the depot, all you have to do is to tack a notice on the pump and the thing is done. The 'Sconset pump may not look very impressive, but it is held in such affection by those who have once drunk of its waters that the writers who come here easily fall into poetry over it, and there is never an artist—amateur or otherwise—but sets to painting its portrait the moment he sees it.

The air of 'Sconset is sleepy. People of good intellects no sooner come here than they turn dull and drowsy and stupid. An eminent professor of one of our colleges arrived at 'Sconset two months ago and hired a cottage for the purpose of writing an elaborate work on the "Entrails of cats." But after forty days of incessant application he has got no further than the title-page. Hence the place is a favorite resort for nervous brain-workers who need rest. A great many men and women who have a reputation in art and literature come here regularly every summer and remain in a torpid, somnolent condition until they return home. It is no unusual matter for people to sleep twelve hours every night at 'Sconset and spend the other twelve in eating.

The beach at 'Sconset is not all that could be wished. There was a wreck on the Pochick Rip last May and the sands have gathered about the sunken vessel to such an extent that the tides rush along the shore in a narrow channel towards Vineyard Sound with almost inconceivable rapidity. This makes bathing dangerous for both swimmers and those who enjoy a surf bath. There is a powerful undertow and half the time the waves are heavy with kelp. Sharks occasionally loiter over from Bass Rip, and the other day a vast monster was observed anxiously by the entire village swimming lazily within fifty yards of the shore. We had apprehension of the sea serpent, but it happily turned out to be a ten-foot long turtle drifted out of the Gulf Stream. So between one thing and another the attraction of 'Sconset is not its bathing.

Some two thousand visitors come to 'Sconset every summer. The Ocean View Hotel is filled to overflowing and cottages are in active demand. The value of real estate has risen enormously. Seven years ago a speculative Nantucketer bought the entire tract of land from the village to Sankaty at the rate of \$6 an acre. He now finds purchasers easily for building lots at \$500 each. Another later but not less enterprising man from New York, bought half a dozen acres for a song and built twenty cottages at a cost of \$600 or \$700 apiece. He charges \$200 a season and cannot supply the tenants who wish to occupy them.

There has been a great deal of money made out of the summer visitors to 'Sconset within the past few years. The ancient mariner grocers and farmers are outrageous in their charges for everything and believe that the cottager ought to be glad to get eggs and vegetables at any price from valetudinarian captains of whaling vessels. So the visitors to 'Sconset have to pay something over a hundred thousand dollars every season for a couple of months. And this is the reason that Nantucket is in a state of natural indignation at the tip end of its nose.

Old Nantucket, a little further down the island is better known than 'Sconset. Its chief industry is also summer boarders. Since the whaling business stopped paying, the inhabitants have turned their attention to the summer-resort industry, until now from twenty to fifty thousand people visit the town every summer. It was in this old town that Capt. Roland Folger Coffin, the yachting writer for the *World*, who died a few weeks ago, was born. His people had lived there ever since the place was discovered. His residence is a fair type of the better class of Nantucket houses. It used to have a little "crow's-nest" or lookout on the roof, where the Captain would climb, as a boy, and telescope in hand, look out for incoming whalers. Capt. Coffin's co-workers on the *World*, editors, reporters, writers, artists, and all, have ordered a memorial monument, which will be erected over his grave in the old cemetery to-day. Some thirty gentlemen of the *World* staff, who knew the genial Captain, will make the journey to Nantucket to-day to be present at the ceremonies and to testify in some little way their appreciation and love for their friend. Such a thing has perhaps never been done in the history of New York journalism.

Just outside the town is an old mill which is one of the features of Nantucket. Everybody visits it, and thrifty John Sylvia, who owns it, turns a pretty penny in this way. He used to let visitors in free, but when they got to trooping there at the rate of 200 a day he conceived the idea of charging a nickel apiece admission. And so the mill grinds more out of boarders than out of grist. The old mill was built in 1746, the oak timber used in its construction grew at a short distance from its site, across Dead Horse Valley, south of the mill. It is believed to have been built by Eliakim Swain, an enterprising man who died the 6th of the fifth month, 1760. He owned half of the mill at that time and John Way the other half. John Way, sr., died in 1760, and it is probable that Timothy Swain bought out from the "Way family" their part of the mill, as it was called "Timothy Swain's mill," and was tended many years by Timothy Swain, jr., who died in 1813.—*New York World* of Sept. 23.

OCTOBER 13, 1888.

'SCONSET SCENES.

Imagine a village so quaint that an old pump is the centre of life there. Such a village is 'Sconset, almost antique in its quaintness and yet paradoxically enough situated on the Easternmost bluff of a country of which newness is the predominant characteristic.

No one thinks of ever calling this hamlet by its full name, Siasconset. It is such a dear little spot that people clip the name as they would that of some wee, roguish child's. They usually are not here longer than a few hours before they discover that four syllables are entirely out of proportion to the Lilliputian dimensions of the cottages which compose the village. For 'Sconset architecture is unique and wonderful. You look at the houses on either side of the grassy lanes running through the hamlet and marvel how human beings can find room to move about within. You enter and discover that there is a complete house on the cutest miniature scale—sitting and dining room, kitchen and three or four bedrooms. If the cottage happens to stand right on the edge of the bluff and you chance to glance through one of the rear windows you will see the ocean stretching far far to the horizon. For the waves which break over the beach at the foot of the bluff have 3000 miles of sea behind them. Nailed to the side of one of the cottages on the "Bank" is a sign-post on which are painted the words: "To Spain." This direction is strictly accurate, the Spanish coast being the nearest land to the eastward of 'Sconset.

The window through which you looked out upon the ocean is so small that it reminds you of the port-hole of a vessel, and somehow as you look about the room with an occasional glance seaward, a feeling that you are aboard ship grows upon you. There is a regular ship-ladder leading from the floor of the sitting-room to a cubby hole under the roof, the second story bedroom. Here and there you see lockers let into the wall; some of the doors of the wee bedrooms look as if they had once done service in staterooms or cabins, and, if the cottage happens to be a very old one, you may discover in one of the apartments a genuine bunk. Then too everything about the cottage is so shipshape. In fact, even before you entered the cottage, you had a vague sense of some impending nautical experience.

For there on the grass-plot which crossed stands the wooden figure of a woman with flowing hair and garments, one hand raised as if urging on to speed—the figure-head of some vessel, the sole relic of some proud ship which met its doom on one of the treacherous shoals which lie in glistening white skirmish lines off shore to a distance of fifteen miles. Then nailed above the entrance is a quarter-board bearing the name of another ill-fated craft—their number is known to have been at least five-hundred—and the chances that some old salt was trimming the bows of two lanterns, red and green, port and starboard—or watering flowers which grew around a capstan as a centre-piece, or covering the spokes of a helm-wheel. Indeed, the cottage itself looked so squatly on the outside that it reminded you of a back-house more than of a land-abode, and you were surprised not to be obliged to descend a gangway on entering. When you have been in 'Sconset long enough to know something of its history, you discover a further nautical trait in that 'Sconset is the first "moorings" at which some of these cottages have "tied up." Nantucket houses and cottages have queer migratory habits. Several have travelled even as far as Portchester, N. Y., some of the dwellings there being old Nantucket houses which were shipped on the installment plan to whoever bought them—this in the days when the bottom dropped out of whaling and everything on this island was going down, down, down, until Nantucket became a summer resort and the natives discovered that summer visitors were as lucrative as whales. Similarly 'Sconset has grown through the migratory propensities of Nantucket houses. Just as the tide have washed the sands from North and South toward 'Sconset, until between the sea and the bluff against whose very base it once beat there is now a beach some 400 feet in width, so the tide of popularity has brought houses from other parts of the island hither. Some two miles to the North was a fishing-stage, Sesachacha by name. One by one the fishermen's huts were transferred from there to 'Sconset until nothing remained upon the site of Sesachacha but a well, which is used to this day, more than two hundred years after dug. For Sesachacha ante-dates

'Sconset, and 'Sconset is known to have been started about 1676. From Madequet, 12 miles to the westward, and from "town," a distance of 7 1/2 miles, houses or parts of houses were brought to 'Sconset—for mark you, the 'Sconset cottages grew, like the village itself, by accretion.

'Sconset was originally a rude "fishing stage"—a few huts of one room each strung along the "Bank," as Nantucketers have since years immemorial called the bluff. There the fishermen, who came over from "town" to fish in the fall, spent the night, cooking their meals with the most primitive kind of utensils over an open hearth. After a while, reports of the glorious air on the "Bank" attracted the wives of the fishermen to the spot, and straightway the combination of living-room, bed-room and kitchen in one no longer sufficed. The original hut had been built from the wreckage with which the beach was strewn, and wreckage was again utilized for the extension. It was a wee affair with a slanting roof, and if there happened to have been a cabin door among the wreckage, it was swung on hinges for a bedroom door. Bye-and-bye the sons and daughters drifted over and more extensions became necessary. They were built similarly and of the same kind of materials. And well indeed have the old ship timbers held together! For to this day they are as sound as when they were rent asunder by the fury of the waves on Great Rip. Sometimes, if the town house from which the fisherman hailed happened to have an extra room, this room would be taken apart and carted over to 'Sconset. And so the village grew and grew until about the middle of the last century it attained its present dimensions. Since then the village itself has not grown. The growth has been toward the North and South and has been the result of the building of modern cottages by summer visitors.

In the centre of this quaint village stands a pump as old and odd looking as the lopsided, queer cornered cottages around it. All distances are reckoned from the Pump. Sankaty Head lighthouse is two miles "from the Pump." "Town" (as they call Nantucket) is 7 1/2 miles "from the Pump." A New York journalist—i. e. your correspondent—has started a little daily paper here devoted to the doings of the summer visitors. He did not long cast about for a name for the sheet, which is as wee as a 'Sconset cottage. The venture and the name suggested themselves simultaneously. He called it the 'Sconset Pump. Whether it be on the strength of its name or on its own merits, it is a paying venture—of course only in its wee way. Some one has written of it:

The 'Sconset Pump! The 'Sconset Pump!
It took the town with a skip and a jump!

The pump, not the Pump, is a lovable old institution. Its age is as charmingly apparent in its looks, as in those of a silver-locked, furrow-faced, genial old gentleman. It literally overflows with kindness toward all—young and old, man and beast. For one hundred years its waters have sparkled refreshingly into tin-cups, tumblers and pails, with entire independence of the age, or social status of the pumper. Young and old, millionaire and fisherman, banker and farmer, meet at the pump on an equal footing—excepting, that members of the gentler sex are given precedence at the spout, while those of the sterner sex who happen to be present, vie with each other to be the first in having the privilege of working the handle. This exception in favor of the gentler sex existed even long before the summer visitors came to 'Sconset. For the native Nantucketers have in their natures an inborn courtesy which I think has a truer ring than the polished politeness of many of the city people who come here for the season. As a result, there exists here a cordiality of relationship between natives and summer visitors, which one rarely finds elsewhere.

The old village, as before stated, preserves nearly all its quaintness of more than a century ago; and the rapid growth of the summer settlement is due to this quaint beauty, which is in itself an unceasing joy, and to the freedom and ease of summer life at 'Sconset. The balmy air soon takes the starch out of one's disposition. A stranger is not long making acquaintances. Those already in the place will meet him half-way, and, if he be shy, more than half-way. Taking it altogether, 'Sconset is the dearest, most lovable old place I know of—and as for the old pump, it is the veritable fountain of eternal youth which so many have sought for in vain.

Copyright. GUSTAV KOBBE.

We presume the following letter is from the pen of Rev. F. W. Holland, of Cambridge, who has been spending several weeks at Siasconset:—

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET, Aug. 17th, 1854.
SUMMER SPORTS AT NANTUCKET.

Dear Transcript:—I think you have not said the first word yet, in praise of quaint old 'Sconset, the Nahant of Nantucket. Yet, nowhere is there more comfort, peace, independence, friendly feeling, at this season of easily-exhausted, often feverish humanity. Fashion, with its vain toil after pleasure; aristocratic pretence, city dust and dignity, like those besetting diseases of childhood in the dog-days, come not here; instead, everybody is perfectly at home with everybody; every latch-string hangs out; every child and every woman rejoice in ruddy health—the ladies at no other locality looking so attractive, the men nowhere feeling so vigorous.

Besides the Atlantic House, excellently kept by Mrs. Parker, which is well filled though not over-crowded, the other houses are chiefly a group of snug cabins, commonly unpainted, sometimes overgrown with honeysuckles, with windows of primitive smallness, and doors with wooden latches. Originally a fishing settlement, the old style of architecture has been, with a few exceptions preserved; and, for the six weeks when these mimic houses are occupied, life is as grotesque as possible. Wonderful is the capacity of these snug boxes! Amazing the readiness for every occasion of these primitive livings! The ladies seem equally at home in the bowling-alley, the sea surf, the clam bake, and the "squantom."

One standing amusement is the fishing.—At a pond two miles off, under the guidance of a long bearded hermit, excellent perch-fishing can be had; and just a little pull from the shore, are delicious blue-fish, a favorite pan-fish familiarly termed "scups," and sharks. The other night a stingray was captured, a formidable monster, whose ribbed tail threatened death to his captors and whose immense weight made him very difficult to manage.—But some days thirty or forty sharks are killed and brought in; their livers furnishing curriers' oil, and their huge bulk re-appearing in the corn-fields now waving their broad leaves around me. Then the sea-beach is a favorite resort, not only for surf-bathing, but to watch the restless tide, admire the breaking billow, and feast one's self with the boom of the resounding shore. At present the government is busily engaged in ascertaining, if they can, the law of these most irregular motions. Their observations are now made hourly, but no definite result has been attained as yet.—While the air is deliciously cool, even at noon the water seems warm to the touch, and one might roll for hours in the surf without danger of taking cold. But when there is a strong wind it is grand to be turned topsyturvy by the dashing billow, and set on your feet again you hardly know how—or rolled over and over in a mountain-wave, and laid up high on the shore.

To say that some of the Germanians have been here, is enough to suggest music and dancing;—nor have these been wanting, though kept within moderate hours and executed with great simplicity. By proper sleeping-time all is still again, and on Sundays there is a consenting, general repose, varied by an occasional service in the neighboring schoolhouse. But, the mass of visitors here seem like uncaged birds anxious to bathe in the fragrant cool breeze—unwearied at the continued repose which they have panted for—content to gaze upon these prairie like fields, these Grecian skies, this perpetually-moaning shore.

A mile or more from the village is the best beacon light in the United States; one which is seen forty miles at sea, and in some places gives light enough for the fishermen to bait their hooks. Sailors call it the Rocket Light, because it flashes with intense brilliancy every eight minutes, being a revolver or Fresnel light, manufactured by Lepaute of Paris, at an expense of \$6000. Its keeper, a disabled sea captain, by name of Bunker, a highly intelligent man, receives only \$600 per annum for his whole time, his practical skill in managing the clock-work by which the glasses turn, and the beautiful neatness which has made this a model establishment through the length and breadth of the land. "Sankaty Head Light" I was glad to find as cherished a friend at sea as it is good company by night upon the shore—steering one steadily over these unfenced lands, and turning upon you at each revolution an almost intelligent smile of invitation.

In a week or two another line of communication besides the steamboat from New Bedford will be opened by way of Hyannis, obliging the traveller only to spend an hour and a half on the water, and varying his trips very agreeably. By next year, no doubt, the accommodation of every kind will be increased; these funny family cars will give way to some large pleasure wagons, the tedious distance between the town and this seven mile suburb will be shortened, yet the rusticity, the kind-heartedness, the substantial comfort will not get antiquated, and then above all and around all is

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the wide region round;
It plays with clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or, like a cradled creature lies.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE INQUIRER.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 9, 1846.

FROM OUR 'SCONSET CORRESPONDENT

MR. EDITOR: I haven't written to you since the fire. I had a letter nearly done at that time, but I hurried off to town to render what assistance I could, leaving the manuscript, I suppose, lying on the table, and I haven't seen it since. I have been so busy the last three or four months, peeling, and digging potatoes, and fishing, and getting ready for winter generally, that I haven't found any time to write letters. But these things are pretty well through now, and during the winter I may inflict three or four scrawls upon you.

Speaking of the fire, I believe I have never told you how I found out that there was one. I had been hard at work all day, packing fish, and as I was very tired, I got to bed early.—I think before 9 o'clock. At any rate, I only staid up after supper long enough to stroll through the village and gather up the news from the folks from town, and to smoke, after I got home, a pipe of tobacco. No sooner had I turned in, than I was sound asleep. About 1 o'clock, as near as I can guess, I was waked up by a dull, heavy sound, like the report of a distant cannon. I listened a few minutes, when another and heavier report came, making the windows of my bedroom rattle. I thought a minute, but I couldn't account for this firing of cannon. Had some vessel blundered in among the shoals to the eastward? Perhaps so, though it was bright moonlight, and a very pleasant night. I got up and went to the window, which looks out upon the sea. There was a good-sized piece of a moon, well up in the sky;—I could see far out on the smooth water, but within the range of sight nothing was visible. I noticed that the sky was unusually red, and that the few clouds which were floating in the eastward, looked as they sometimes do just before sunrise or just after sunset—but of this I didn't think much, at the time. While I stood at the window, there was another and still louder report, which appeared to come from the direction of town. Ah! thought I, I have it now. It is those confounded government vessels in the harbor, that are making all this racket. I couldn't imagine what they were firing for, but satisfied that I had found the key to the mystery, I returned to bed, and resolutely set myself about going to sleep again. But before I had succeeded, there was another report; and, all of a sudden, the whole village seemed to be astir. Hurrying feet passed backward and forward, carriages rattled by at full speed, and I could hear many voices, apparently talking with great earnestness. I was able to stand it no longer. Hastily dressing myself, I went out into the main street of the village. Looking towards town, I needed to ask no questions, to understand the cause of the unusual tumult. The whole Heavens were red with fire. It looked as if a mighty conflagration were consuming you utterly. You are aware that the town is not visible from the bank, so I could get no definite idea, as to where or how extensively the fire was raging. But there was enough to show that you were passing a fearful night.

A cart, containing three men, passed me at full speed, on the way to town. I jumped up, never stopping to ask liberty. Nobody said good night to me. I am sure that scarcely ten words were spoken during the passage down. The driver did little else than urge his dripping horse to go faster and faster, and the rest of us, our eyes fastened upon the devouring flames, were too completely stunned to be able to talk. We reached the top of the first hill which commanded a view of the town. We saw at once where the fire was raging. We saw too, that it was travelling with fearful rapidity towards the north and east. Acres of flames rolled up hundreds of feet into the air. It may be idea, but they certainly had, to me, a strange appearance—not so much fierce or spiteful, as solemn, resolute and un pitying. Above, dense clouds of smoke were slowly floating off towards the north, so glowingly lit up, that they seemed literally clouds of fire. We could see great fragments of burning wood leap up through the flames, and remain suspended above them until they were lost in the distance, sailing away, as if borne up

by a burning liquid. Explosion followed explosion, in rapid succession, but I am persuaded that very little good was done by the blowing down of buildings. The fire never appeared to be checked by it, even for an instant; but, more than once, its fury immediately increased at what appeared to be the point of the last explosion. I may be mistaken in this; I can only tell how things looked to a spectator at some distance.

You are of course better acquainted with the particulars of the fire than I am; so I will bring my story to an end. I did not think, when I began, that I should make it half so long as I have; but it seemed to me that a little account of my own experience might not be entirely uninteresting. If you think it unworthy of publication, throw it under your table.

So the iron steamboat is at length snugly ashore. I am not much of a philosopher, but it seems to me that her mishaps conclusively prove the dry land to be a mighty strong magnet,—for she is made of iron, and she can't keep off the shore.—First, she came near being beached at Quidnet; then, there's pretty good evidence that she got altogether nearer to Newfoundland than was either safe or comfortable; and finally, she has laid herself up among the rocks on the coast of Ireland.—Of course, Capt. Hosken, R. N., is not to blame; he is an accomplished gentleman and finished navigator. The fault must be in the steamboat.—Iron won't answer for ship building. By the way, is the McLane made of iron? If so, we can understand why she is always running her nose into the mud. If she is a wooden vessel, there must be some good reason for her conducting herself so much as if she were iron. Perhaps it may be accounted for, homœopathically, by her having a wooden-headed commander.

I perceive that you didn't elect any representatives the other day. It puzzles me to know how the Legislature will contrive to do up the public business without a delegation from Nantucket.—How do you think they will express their sorrow, that we have left them to their own guidance?—Will they adjourn over one day, and pass a vote requiring the members to wear erape thirty days, as they do when one of their number dies. No doubt they will desire to do so; but they will perhaps be restrained by constitutional difficulties,—for it may be said, that, as the Nantucket members for this year have never lived, it cannot be proper to regard them as having died. In the midst of their affliction, the Boston sagamores may, however, find some consolation in the reflection, that the folly of the people of Nantucket will save the State the better part of a thousand dollars. May your politicians be wiser next year.

What do you mean by talking so savagely against the Mexican war? It is a very proper war, and Mexico ought to be brought to terms.—Does n't she owe us a lot of money, and shouldn't she be made to pay it? To be sure, it may cost more to collect it than it comes to; but what of that! Nations should never count the cost. Individuals may, but it is too small business for nations; they must look out for glory, and honor, and such fine things. Then, is not the Anglo-Saxon race destined to occupy the whole of North America; and would you have a people fight against their destiny? Look, too, at our territory west of the Mississippi; shooting out towards the Pacific, long, narrow, and most inconveniently shaped. We want more western sea-coast. We tried to get it on the north; but Great Britain said we should n't have it. Our President talked most valiantly for the whole of Oregon, but England would n't be frightened by big words—and as for trying big guns, we might be forced to receive more than we gave. Then what was the use of fighting for 54-40, which we probably should n't get, when territory ever so much better and more convenient lay to the south of us, which we could get. By going up to 54-40, we should have a broken northern boundary, whereas, by annexing New Mexico and California, we could make a beautifully regular one, on our south. Accordingly, the President, like a wise man, patched up a compromise with Great Britain, and ingeniously cooked up a war with Mexico. Already have we covered ourselves with glory, and, with the bayonet, crammed the blessings of liberty down the throats of the inhabitants,—somewhat unwill-

ing, in their ignorance, to receive them,—of a noble slice of Mexico. Then we needed a war, that we might manufacture a new batch of heroes for the people to worship. Available ones were becoming dreadfully scarce. In a short time, there would n't have been one left. Now, they will be plenty as blackberries. Indeed the whole army has covered its elf with glory, to say nothing of the thousands who have been, and will be, covered, in addition, under six feet of mud, in the chapporals of Mexico. We shan't want for Presidential candidates these twenty years: the political market will be glutted with them. We shall, moreover, run up, by means of this war, a nice round national debt, for which we all ought to be exceedingly thankful,—inasmuch as the statesmen of Great Britain have proved conclusively, that a national debt is a national blessing, and that the more a people owe, the more happy and prosperous they will be. In consideration of all these advantages, present and to come,—and of the important fact that Mexico is so weak and divided that there is no danger of our getting flogged,—I insist upon it that the war is just the thing, and that we ought to be thankful to the President for having made it.

Don't you think that Main street is wide out of all proportion to the height of the buildings on it? I do. Though perhaps it is only because it hasn't got to looking natural yet. One thing I am certain of,—that the two story glass door which stands staring down Main street, in front of the Pacific Bank, is as awkward looking a concern as I have seen this many a day. I shouldn't think the directors would have it there. I don't like that double front to the Athenæum much: I mean as it looks now. It may make a very different appearance when the building is finished: I hope it will. Those who ought to know, tell me to wait till it is done. That is right: it is n't fair to judge a thing till it is finished.

I am glad you are moving in the total abstinence cause. There is need enough of it—in Sconset as well as in town. I hope the temperance feeling will spread to this village, for there is a dreadful quantity of strong drink used here.

Uncle — tells me that you are a Chase. I wish you much joy, but I shall wish you a good deal more, when you get the Townley money.—Uncle has been cyphering out genealogies ever since this Chase business began to be talked about, and if the members of the other branches of the family are as numerous as he makes those of the Nantucket one, there must be a mighty heap of money, for any of you to receive a sum worth having. Uncle — believes the story from beginning to end, and he will hold forth upon the subject by the hour,—with all the gravity, and about the wisdom of an oyster,—but between you and me, Mr. Editor, if you are a Chase, I have no great doubt that it is all fog and moonshine.—There are lots of guesses, and they says, &c. &c., floating about, but I can't find that anybody knows the first thing, either about Colonel Townley, his money, or any relationship between him and the Chases. I wouldn't give a brass farthing for the chances of the whole of you. That is my opinion.

But I have written enough for this time. In the course of three or four weeks I may get another letter done, which you can have, if you want it. I only write a few minutes at a time, while I am smoking my pipe after tea, and even this only occasionally, so that it takes some time for one of my epistles to grow up to a decent size. Yours, &c.
W. F.



From an Occasional Correspondent.

A Remarkable Find at 'Seonset.

AN ANCIENT DOCUMENT BROUGHT TO LIGHT—
ANTIQUARIES PUZZLED—EXCITEMENT ON THE
BANK.

SLASCONSET, July 14, 1884.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—This ancient dorp is now convulsed from centre to circumference, an abnormal condition of things resulting from a startling discovery believed by many to have direct reference to the early settlement of the island, and which may be of inestimable value in interpreting early traditions which have been handed down from past generations. Others scout at the idea of its having any historic significance, and claim that the suggestion of its antiquity is the merest flgment of the imagination, if it is not founded in fraud, forgery and conspiracy. In fact, party spirit runs high. The inhabitants are divided into hot and opposing factions over the subject, and even the interest of visitors is so aroused that they are beginning to participate in the disputes. The question of whether the railroad cars are to relegate horses and box wagons into things of the past, and the later subject of dispute whether vegetables grown in town are fresher and more wholesome than those grown in our own suburbs, are almost forgotten in the rankling discussions that are heard in respect to the authenticity of a document—for such is the find—the origin of which is veiled in mystery.

A few days since, Captain William Baxter, in rummaging through the garret of his house, situated near the pump, and in which the majesty of the government is now represented by Mrs. Almy, the postmaster, found an old chest, the existence of which he had not previously known. He removed it to his own dwelling to examine its contents. Besides odds and ends of fishing tackle, many scraps of paper containing memoranda in words and figures, in which pounds, shillings and pence appeared, some pieces of leather, a few old printed books, the remains of an old fashioned lantern with a piece of candle in the socket, and some other matters of no importance, there was an age-stained document containing several sheets of paper attached together and the appearance of which attracted the Captain's attention. It was covered with what seemed to him to be written characters which he tried to decipher. Not succeeding with one pair of spectacles he tried two; but with these optical auxiliaries he could only gather that it was a paper, written evidently with painstaking care, the letters of which were of a form long since obsolete, and only readily understood by antiquaries and book-worms, whose earthly paradise is in the midst of the cobwebs of forgotten literature. Though the letters were profusely ornamented with heads and tails, such as may be seen in the originals of Magna Charta and other authentic ancient documents, the Captain couldn't make head or tail of the paper at all. After two days of personal investigation, he called in aid another veteran mariner, who with enthusiasm undertook an investigation. He boxed the compass in eyeing it; he got its avoirdupois on a pair of counter scales; he took an observation of it with quadrant and sextant, and calculated its latitude and longitude to a hair's breadth, and yet was unable to find its position on the chart. Then another old captain was brought into consultation, who tried to find its position by dead reckoning, and he didn't succeed any better. And as sailors couldn't seem to successfully wrestle with the problem, they took a landsman into their counsels in the hope that he might make headway in the interpretation of the document. He took its dimensions, tested it by rule and compass, and applied the try-square and bevel, and he looked wise as if he had penetrated the boundaries of the mys-

tery and had a good grip on its true inwardness. But he kept an ominous silence. Then another citizen tackled with a plumb bob and level and afterwards tested the pigment with which it was written with chemical ingredients specially imported from the Pharmacy, and he was able to say with confidence that it was an ancient document. But it was not until the resident oracle—a veritable Jack Bunsby—brought it under his vision through his prehistoric, 14 knot, three-story and basement telescope, that they were able here and there to dig out a sentence; when all were confirmed in the belief that Captain Baxter had struck a hundred barrel literary leviathan. Little by little, as they each in turn, and then by pairs, and then by threes, looked closely and critically at the paper, the words were disentangled from the old fashioned spelling and antique letters until they reached a point where the writing wholly faded out, and the further effort to decipher had to cease until experts can examine the paper and apply agents by which they may be able to restore the faded letters to the surface of the paper. But the document so far as it is legible, when transcribed into plain Saxon English and in the current spelling of our generation, is as follows:

CHAPTER I.

- 1.—It was given unto Philletus the scribe, to write these things;
- 2.—Wherefore hath he put them down in truth, and hath written naught in anger.
- 3.—It came to pass in those days that there came to the tent of Thomas, whose surname was Maigh See, a man who was sought after by those who were in authority;
- 4.—Forasmuch as the man believed not in the manner of worship which the elders of the congregation had ordained; for they were Pharisees in their day and generation.
- 5.—And because he believed not in their manner of worship, the elders counselled together and said that such as he should be brought before the magistrates, there to be tried for their unbelief.
- 6.—And they declared that whosoever should give shelter to an unbeliever should not be held guiltless, but should pay unto those in authority an hundred shekels of silver.
- 7.—And because Thomas, whose surname was Maigh See, when a great tempest came over the land, did give shelter to the stranger whom the Elders were seeking, that they might punish him for his unbelief, he was brought before the magistrates who adjudged that he should forfeit unto them in authority an hundred shekels of silver.
- 8.—Whereat Thomas, whose surname was Maigh See, was sorely aggrieved.
- 9.—For he was a just man and walked in the paths of righteousness; albeit the elders declared him, because he had given shelter to the stranger, to be a sinner and not worthy to be in the congregation.
- 10.—And straightway the stranger was taken before the magistrates, and it was seen that his outer garment was shaped like unto the belly of a fish, and that the hat which he wore upon his head was in width near half an ell from the port to the star-board side thereof;
- 11.—And furthermore that he spake not in words like the Pharisees and those in authority, but in the words of the common people.
- 12.—Wherefore the magistrates saw that he was not of the congregation; and because he worshipped not in the manner of the Pharisees he straightway was taken out and hanged.

- 13.—For the elders had said that it was not meet that one who worshipped not as did the Pharisees should live.
- 14.—And Thomas, whose surname was Maigh See, took counsel with his brethren, and they said, We will no longer tarry in a land where we cannot do kindness unto the stranger that cometh to our gates, and who may need food and raiment and shelter from the rain and snow, and the storm and tempest;
- 15.—But we will seek rather a home among the heathen on an island in the sea, and there pitch our tents away from the men who would seek to persecute us that we do good acts unto our fellow-men."

CHAPTER II.

- 1.—So Thomas, whose surname was Maigh See, together with a kinsman, Eduardus, whose surname was Stahr Bukke, betook themselves to a little ship that they might go unto the island in the sea, where they could find among the heathen the compassion they had not found among the people with whom they had dwelt.
- 2.—And they were borne by the winds upon the billows of the sea far away from the land.
- 3.—And great were their sufferings in their pilgrimage upon the waters to seek the island in the sea where the magistrates should not make them afraid;
- 4.—For the waves did toss the ship in divers ways and they were made sick unto death and they did cast up the food they had eaten into the sea. (Whereat the fishes that were in the sea did greatly marvel, for they tumbled not to the racket.)
- 5.—And Thomas, whose surname was Maigh See, and his kinsman Eduardus, did question one another whether it were not better they had stayed upon the land even though they suffered sore at the hands of the elders and the magistrates.
- 6.—But they said, We will go on till we reach the land we seek, for should we not we shall be

mocked by our brethren on our return.

7.—And great was the result thereof to the generations of men which were to come.

8.—They reached the island in the sea which they sought, and held counsel with the chief men among the heathen;

9.—Who told them that they might abide with them in the land.

10.—Whereat Thomas, whose surname was Maigh See, and his kinsman, were greatly rejoiced;

11.—And they said unto one another, Now will we have the bulge on the heathen even as the elders and magistrates did have the bulge upon us in the land which we have left.

CHAPTER III.

1.—And when they returned to their brethren and kindred, and told them what they had done, their hearts were made exceeding glad.

2.—So they gathered their families and their household goods together and went forth and pitched their tents upon the island in the sea.

3.—And they were just men and sought not to take what was not their own; and they said unto the heathen, "That we may dwell among you without strife and bitterness, it is better that we buy from you the land whereof you are now possessed.

4.—And the heathen were simple and without guile, and they saw not the Ethiopian that was hidden in the fence; for they understood not the craft of him who in meek and lowly spirit profiteth in every trade.

5.—And they sold unto the strangers their land, who paid to them one score and six shekels of gold;

6.—Albeit the sum was like unto the conscience of him who hawketh a new book and by wiles enticeth the patriarch and his wives and his concubines and his sons and his daughters and his man servants and his maid servants and the stranger within the gates to buy thereof. For they were thrifty in their day and generation.

7.—And whether in buying of the heathen their lands, or in selling unto them cloth for raiment, or corn for their food, or rum with which to make their hearts glad, or in swapping jack-knives or fishing-hooks, they greatly enriched themselves, and they did make merry thereat;

8.—But the heathen were simple in their minds and without guile, and they did not see wherein the laugh came.

At this point the manuscript becomes illegible.

As I stated, the people here are discussing the merits and demerits of the claim of authenticity of the paper. If it be a veritable ancient document, it is believed that it will throw light upon disputed points in the history of Nantucket. But there are croakers who deny its antiquity and seek to depreciate its value. It is furtively whispered that anybody who will pass off the poor house on unsuspecting strangers as the home of the Italian opera; who will dedicate the milestones on the island as marking the sepulchres of departed aboriginal chieftains; who will induce confiding visitors to go to Philip's Run and lave their feet in its peat-colored waters, under the delusive belief that it possesses extraordinary virtues for curling corns and eradicating bunions; who upon the spur of the moment can be so deaf as to compel those who don't know him to yell in his ear to make themselves heard; who will send the thirsty but uninitiated visitors to the new hotel on Brant Point under representations that it is a lager beer brewery, where alone they can get the inspiring liquid fresh drawn from the wood; who will give amateur naturalists a strip of broad leaf kelp with the solemn assurance that it is the skin of a mammoth eel, which is found only on Nantucket shoals; who with malice aforethought will prescribe a fine-tooth comb to a suffering invalid who is complaining of a gathering in his head; who will induce passengers, who entrust their lives to his care, to buy accident policies before starting on their journey, because of the dangers which will beset them on the transit of the island; there are those who say that a man who will do any and all these things, will not hesitate to foist a paper of more than doubtful authenticity upon a long suffering community; and now that he has locked the paper up in his safe, of which he alone has the combination, and refuses to show it to any one, their suspicions they claim are justified.

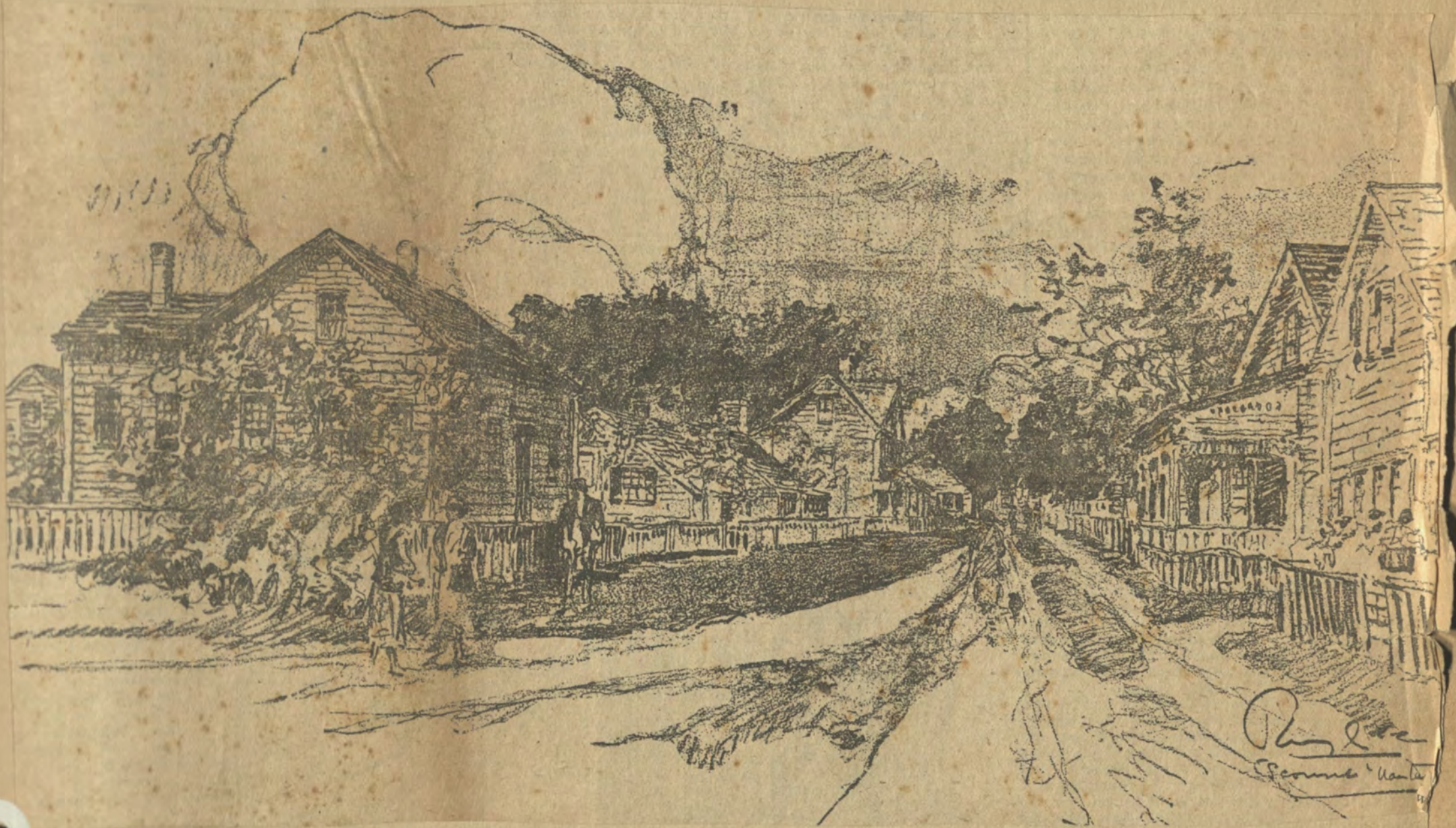
But the friends of Captain Baxter have an abiding faith in the integrity of his statements. They do not for an instant harbor the thought that a man of his confiding, gentle nature, could be the author, or even the abettor of a fraud so gigantic, that highway robbery sinks, in comparison, to the level of trespass, and grand larceny has no higher dignity than book-account.

E. F. U.

15

July 19, 1884

NO WONDER 'SCONSET, QUAIN
YEAR AFTER YEAR ITS
AND PICTURESQUE, LURES
COLONY OF FAMOUS ACTOR FOLK



"Broadway," Sconset, Mass. On the Left, in the Foreground, "The Dust Pan." In the Right, With Veranda, "High Tide," Cottage of Nannette

In the Distance, on the Left, "The Maples," Used as a Scene in a Forthcoming Alice Brady Film Comstock. Going Down "Broadway," Miss Comstock and Her Pekinese.

DOWN at Siasconset, on the east shore of Nantucket island, there is a wager than may never be settled. The bettors are Robert Hilliard, the actor, and Frederick E. Wadsworth, husband of Mary Mannering. Hilliard offered the odds purely on impulse, and Wadsworth accepted while off his guard.

The talk is that both may live to regret their hasty and ill-considered action, for the direst possibilities are involved, and the technicalities of the bet promise to raise legal problems that may stagger the wits of a supreme court if the matter ever gets into the hands of lawyers. It is not enough to keep it going, as lawyers so often do, until they have lined their pockets and tanned themselves and all others concerned in a hopeless web of perplexity. Indeed, the case has already gone on an aspect so forbidding that Reginald Taliaferro Fitz-Randolph of Nantucket has refused to even to utter an informal opinion so much as a stage whisper.

I Started on a Golf Links

The trouble began on the golf links at Sconset, at the end of play one afternoon. Hilliard, Wadsworth, the judge and a few bystanders were present outside the clubhouse. The actor, trim and cool in white and yellow golf togs, looked scornfully at the huge figure of Wadsworth's manufacturer husband, and laughed. Wadsworth scowled in return. Then Hilliard, with a defiant sweep of his cleeck, indicated a certain hole on the course.

"Bet you twenty-five to five I can get the ball nearer than you can," he said.

"Aw, say, Bob, that's a foolish bet," protested Wadsworth. "It's a crazy bet—no sense to it, or anything."

"Well," persisted Hilliard, "do you take it? Or do I understand that you quit cold?"

Wadsworth yanked his clubs up from the ground, slung them over his shoulder without a word, and started for the green. Hilliard smiled in savage triumph and whistled to the judge and a stranger who accompanied him; then he followed his opponent.

But Wadsworth, noting the aside, turned back and keeping a weather eye on the actor, he gingerly approached the judge's guest.

What Happened

Never Be Known

"Sh-h-h!" he breathed. "Tell me—on the q t—are you a lawyer?" "I might be better off if I were," was the reply.

Wadsworth looked disappointed. Then he plunged. "What did Bob say to you?" he asked.

The stranger, scenting trouble and resolved to keep out of the fracas, lied non-committally. "Hilliard

wished to retain me as his attorney," he answered. Wadsworth, with a look of disgust, made for the course and smote the ball.

Just what actually happened at the hole may never be known. Both men arrived after certain strokes. Then both returned, at the same time, but 40 feet apart. They walked rapidly, with long strides, in silence; and when they reached the clubhouse, each went his way. Since that day they have kept up the outward appearance of friendship, but nobody knows when the matter of this wager may grow acute.

What Hilliard whispered beforehand to Judge Fitz-Randolph was this:

"I told Wadsworth 'twenty-five to five,' but I didn't say what. I meant a quarter to a nickel—he thinks I meant dollars."

There you have the chief issue: Does this reservation affect the ethics of the bet, and how would it stand in a court of law?

Appended to this point are others. For example, how can Mr. Wadsworth construe his rights in the matter? Ought not he to have been informed of the terms of the wager? Had the bystanders any rights that he lacked? On the other hand, was he not also guilty of whispering to a bystander? And what happened out there on the course? Only these two men know.

It looks like Hilliard's word against Wadsworth's.

And what if Wadsworth understood that the bet was for, say twenty-five millions against five millions? In that event really considerable amounts of money may be at stake. It is, on the whole, a delicate situation. Friends of the two participants are prepared, if asked for their advice, to recommend that all bets be called off. They will say to Mr. Wadsworth: "Don't let Bob put things over on you that way again. You knew that was a foolish bet, why did you fall for it?" And to Mr. Hilliard: "To be sure, you are a good fighter, but remember that Wadsworth is a big man."

However, the point which they will stress will be, not that there ought to be an immediate reconciliation, but rather that the making up should take the form of a party, and that a good place to give this affair would be Mr. Hilliard's little private clubhouse adjoining his summer home on the bluffs.

Alice Brady's First Visit

The estate is the show place of Sconset, and the clubhouse itself is an ideal spot. It contains a great fireplace, card tables, pool tables and a complete cuisine. That any difficulty over the bet could survive a clubby afternoon or evening here is inconceivable.

Down a village street leading from the Hilliard estate is The Snuggery, the summer home of James L. Crane,

actor-husband of Alice Brady. Like most of the cottages in Sconset, this is a quaint, one-story structure quite as cozy as its name suggests. Mr. Crane has been a summer resident of the Nantucket colony for several years, as has also been his father, the Rev. Dr. Frank Crane, formerly pastor of a Methodist church in Worcester, and now the well known writer of editorials which appear daily in 50 of the greatest newspapers of the United States and which reach through them a circle of 10,000,000 readers.

"Jimmie" Crane, whose marriage to the film star was performed by his father only a little more than two months ago, brought her to Sconset this season for the first time. They are at work on the preparation of a screen version of a recent Broadway stage success, and Miss Brady is delighted at the picturesque setting which Sconset provides. The atmosphere, however, lacks the quality that can be depended upon in California, and it frequently happens that unsatisfactory light conditions occasion delays from day to day or make it necessary to do a scene over on a better day.

He Knew How to Make Love

Miss Brady had as her initials the first two letters of the alphabet, and she added the third when she married Mr. Crane, so that now the letters on the doors of her brown Packard twin-six are "A. B. C."

Kenneth Webb, manager of the production now in the making, takes to himself the credit for bringing about the match. His story is that he recommended Jimmie Crane to Miss Brady as just the man for the part of the leading man in one of her recent screen successes.

"But does he know how to make love?" she asked. Mr. Webb thought he did, and the deal was closed. After something like six weeks' acquaintance another and vastly more important transaction took place. And the other day, when Miss Brady

asked Mr. Webb whether or not he still thought his estimate of Jimmie's abilities as a lover were sound, he told her that appearances spoke for him.

The Cranes, in fact, make no secret of their mutual attachment.

At the outset of their love affair Alice admitted that she considered Jimmie very handsome.

And as for Mr. Crane's opinion of her features, it was doubtless well expressed by a little red-headed boy who was trudging along one of the village lanes the other morning when the writer, kodak in hand, overtook him.

Found Bargain in Footgear

"Are you a moving picture man?" asked the child.

"No," was the reply; "just a sort of tramp."

"Going to take a picture of Miss Brady?"

"I would if I had a chance."

"Say," continued the boy, "Alice Brady's an AWFUL pretty girl, isn't she?" Then he added: "She was a bride, the other day."

But Little Red-head, who was in a hurry, turned down a side street before his exact meaning could be ascertained—whether he meant that Alice was a bride, in fact, or a bride in the films. But he said enough to prove that she had at least one admirer besides Jimmie Crane. He had proudly confided to friends that she makes an ideal wife, and that her head has not been turned by fame or fortune.

And this is the impression that she

makes upon a stranger. Her manner is simple and unaffected, with the ease of culture. In this respect she is like the daughter of a house established for generations, whose position is secure and need not be buttressed by artificial airs or new-rich pretensions, through fear of lack of recognition. As the daughter of William A. Brady, she was born to the stage, as some girls are born to wealth or nobility or plain decency, and she did not have to climb out of crude obscurity.

In a little store in Nantucket, not long ago, she discovered a pair of white, low-heeled shoes that just suited her. They were a bargain in price, as well; and Alice Brady is not a girl to scorn a bargain, either in low-priced footwear or in \$10,000 motor cars. "I just love those shoes," she said, in telling about the purchase. And the price was a figure that some stenographers would have scorned.

She had just taken a lesson in golf, and having played without gloves, she had a big blister on one hand. But she laughed at the raw spot as she walked across the links to meet her husband; and then, later on, she climbed into the front seat of the car beside him, she gave her arm a bad pinch in closing the door. One surprised exclamation was all she uttered; an instant more, and she was laughing, nor could she be prevailed upon to say just how severe the injury was.

At the Snuggery, where the hospitality of the Cranes is free and hearty, she told, during afternoon tea, about an experience she had while working in one of her film dramas.

"I was supposed to be driving up to a country house when my hand slipped, somehow, at an unfamiliar wheel, and I ran the car into a brick veranda post, and knocked it over. I was really frightened, but as is always the case when I'm frightened, I laughed."

The Railroad Went to War

"Go on with the scene!" shouted the director. But I just sat and laughed. "Go on, Miss Brady, go on!" he repeated. "I can't," I told him. And I couldn't. All I could do was to sit and laugh."

Miss Brady has no illusions concerning the price of success that must be paid after an artist has arrived.

"One who is before the public," says she, "must work as hard after gaining popularity as before, or even harder. The difficulty is to hold ground already won. A film star, to be sure, can appear in a picture that fails to make a hit and still retain an audience. Sometimes one can even survive a year of poor work. But one cannot go on indefinitely with mediocre performance, merely on the strength of an established name. Popularity helps, of course, and it is a great asset; but one must work in the movies, as in other professions, to keep up a reputation after it is won."

Sconset, although its winter population is less than 100, receives thousands of inhabitants during the summer season. It is situated on the bluffs which face the open sea, and from the shore one could sail due east to the coast of Spain in a straight line. A southeasterly course would take a vessel down through the Atlantic into the Antarctic ocean without once striking land.

The little railroad which formerly

(Continued on Page 4)



A Vista of Evelyn Street.

Cont. on pp. 64

A correspondent writes from Nantucket to the New York *Tribune* says:

"After nearly a week of wind and clouds the warm sunshine is welcome. The temporary interruption of the mail service brings into greater prominence the work of the Signal Service Bureau in placing Nantucket in communication with the mainland. At the same time it sets the 'old timers,' as those cottagers are called who came here before the introduction of modern conveniences, talking of all the queer but delightful ways, in which we 'did things in those days.' Days when famous old Captain William Baxter drove his yellow stage over the eight miles of sand and moor, to bring passengers and mail to 'Sconset-bank, dark nights when the call of his old but powerful tin-horn, the little flock of natives and cottagers rushed down the lanes, lantern in hand, to receive letters, papers and packages. Dear jolly old days, when appreciative friends passed around the paper and overwhelmed the kind stage-mail-express manager, by the gift of a suitably inscribed horn, capable of a bigger toot, toot!

Good old 'Cap.' retired to 'excursion service,' with your easy carriage and pretty horse in place of the lumbering, jolting, charming, old yellow chariot and its steady and slow and older horses!

In 1883 a regular post office was established at Siasconset, and Mrs. Priscilla Almy, of Nantucket, appointed postmistress. The modern way of conducting such an office is carried out by this energetic lady just as far as primitive surroundings and limited appropriations allow. A Nantucketer by birth, Mrs. Almy has added to the natural suavity of these Islanders, an executive ability gained by her long residence on the main land. She is general guide, question answerer, philosopher and friend for all 'Sconset, and political changes, let me hope, will pass her by.

—SURREY!—

I'm sorry to part with the Swiftsure (which could tell volumes could it talk), but have procured another and better vehicle, in which I expect to carry souvenir and other spoons during the season. I will lie at the old stand, at H. S. Weyer's, Federal St., where I shall be ready to trade carriage hire for cash with any who may desire. I'm dearer than ever this season.

Yours weekly,
my13-3m* WILLIAM BAXTER.

The admirable portrait of Capt. Wm. Baxter, to be found elsewhere in our columns, was reproduced from a pen and ink drawing made by Mr. Harley D. Nichols, of *Harper's Magazine*, who is passing the season at Siasconset. Mr. Nichols is also doing some admirable work in water colors.

For Siasconset!

THE Subscriber would inform the public that he will take passengers for Siasconset, leaving the Union Store daily, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and Siasconset for town, about 5 or 6 P. M. Orders for passage, left on the slate at the Union Store, or packages left to be taken out, will be promptly attended to.

Jy 29

WILLIAM BAXTER.

A HITCH-HIKING PANORAMA

Island Drivers Show Hospitality. Variety in 8-mile Trek Between 'Sconset and Nantucket.

By Paul Henebery, "Liberty House," 'Sconset.

Since our extreme youth, hitch-hiking has held for us a strange appeal. As a youth we would think twice before spending a dollar for transportation. To get somewhere and still have the dollar was quite a feat then. Adulthood has increased immensely the attraction for this method of transportation for us in the fact that as a practical lesson in human nature and the gaining of local information no better traveling medium can be found, provided one cares for the unusual and some time rough unscheduled route.

In our reporting life this route is taboo, being so indirect, but when relaxing on our yearly combined assignment and pleasure vacation we invariably resume, if only for a day or two, our beloved vagabonding. Upon reaching ocean-washed Nantucket we wanted to live at our favorite spot, 'Sconset, but be in Nantucket for mail daily. The seven-mile stretch was too good a temptation to us not to resort to our youthful touring method. The following account of our two-day relapse gave us great pleasure and endeared the Islanders to us more than ever:

1. 'Sconset carpenter Island booster. Riding Information Bureau on 'Sconset eating and rooming places. Stopped without "hail" and invited us to 'Sconset, not knowing we were headed that way. "Why, we Islanders rent our houses in Nantucket and move into the best spot to live—'Sconset."

2. Native drug store fountain clerk working twelve hours a day in summer. Had worked in New York city and disliked it. Gave an insight into Island shop (drug) situation during short ride. No unions. Did not mind twelve-hour shift, as in winter he had long rest. Will study pharmacy this winter in drug store. An argument with lady boss of the drug store, drove manager to opening one of his own next door. The man's lack of attention to natives in former position told on his personal business. Our fountain clerk's motto—"Have smile for all customers, from lowest native to New York tycoons."

3. Return to 'Sconset via a friend of many seasons' standing. A man known to Islanders as possessing the biggest heart. A tow-headed giant who works twenty-four hours a day preparing gala Fourth of July celebrations, running fire alarm system, operating movies, fishing, posing for famous artists, and being the jolly good fellow of the Island—known by all.

4. About 300 yards out of 'Sconset on our regular after-dinner trek to Nantucket, two speeding cars abreast (about seventy miles) nearly brushed us off the narrow road. Getting a ride shortly after in a luxurious auto, we were informed that one of the cars was a speeder and the competitor was the state police, which of course won. Our befriender was a native young man with a young lady born in Cardiff, Wales, no less. With the latter who recognized something about us which reminded her of the old sod, we discussed the British Isles with exuberance.

Our young driver, upon nearing Nantucket, heard a horn, stiffened to attention at his wheel—showing the effect of sound training—murmured "That's No. 2 Fire Alarm." The next minute, as if by pre-arranged signal, he miraculously picked up on his running board the local fireman lieutenant and whizzed off to the fire station, meanwhile calmly informing us that he was a member of the local fire ladder troop.

At the station we gathered two other members of the fire department and in a jiffy we were at the old stone house at the edge of the town, the scene of the fire. The lieutenant ordered our driver to drive on minus the firemen, which intimated that the fire was small and under control. A few moments later the fire whistle blew, informing us, through our driver, that the Nantucket Fire Department had everything under control.

5. When we had read our mail and reviewed our newspapers at Nantucket corner news-mart, a velvety darkness had descended and we stood momentarily fumbling a few dollar bills, nearly deciding that, after all, a taxi might not be interesting but at any rate would get us to our comfortable quarters at 'Sconset without delay. Our sense of news-hounding and desire to choose the more difficult but spicy way out prevailed and we wandered through the dark to the outskirts.

We were rewarded by a low swung phaeton passing. It stopped about 150 yards up the road. We walked towards it, but the driver not speaking and we being very unobtrusive, were passing by until arrested by morose muttering which seemed to say, "I have gotten rides in worse cars than this one."

Upon hearing this and realizing that he actually had been waiting for us, we approached and tried to explain our passing as a result of not being invited to climb in. Our appearance seemed to allay the first impressions of our young benefactor and we were on our way to 'Sconset. Becoming friendly, he talked of bluefishing here and tarpon-fishing in Florida. He was on his way to 'Sconset for the Friday night dance. He drove us to our door and after arranging a future drink in our native New York, he went to his dance, and we to our cozy porch, to render the amazing fount of information gathered in a two-day hike, back and forth, a seven-mile stretch.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

SIASCONSET.

A Sirius bit of dog-gery, proceeding from the overheated brain of

W. H. D.

There is a place where you can find
Relief for weariness of mind
And body, if you're so inclined:
Its name is "Siasconset."

Nantucket owns this place of rest,
And certainly 'tis greatly blest;
For on all hands, it is confessed,
There's naught like Siasconset.

And would you reach this favored shore?
Then sail some thirty miles or more,
And find Nantucket town, before
You aim for Siasconset.

But, though Nantucket has a kind
Of charm within itself, you'll find
No charm therein; you've set your mind
On reaching Siasconset.

For Captain William Baxter you
Will need to make inquiry, who
Will take you in, and take you to
The bank of Siasconset.

Now Captain Baxter is a sort
Of cyclopedia, and you ought
To heed him, and be thereby taught
Concerning Siasconset.

He'll stories tell you, not a few,
And all he says is strictly true (?)
Of course; for nothing else would do
In honest Siasconset.

He'll show where Indian chieftains lie
Beneath the mile-stones; you must try
To credit all his tales, for high
He stands in Siasconset.

He'll show where they the gas-pipes laid
In furrows deep, by ploughmen made
Along the roadside; which displayed
Much skill in Siasconset.

So thus he will the time beguile,
And frequently will make you smile
Not low, but audibly, the while
You're nearing Siasconset.

The village soon appears in sight;
And now is seen upon the height,
The emblem of our country bright;
You're reaching Siasconset.

He now proceeds to "take a horn,"
And music on the air is borne,
Announcing travellers way-worn,
To them in Siasconset.

You have your choice of hotels two:
"Atlantic House" and "Ocean View;"
Your toilsome journey now is through,
For this is Siasconset!

Here health and happiness are found,
Though *Coffins* greatly do abound;
And they, moreover, travel round
About, in Siasconset.

I cannot understand just how
Nor why, but so it is, that now
The "One Man Rule" they do allow
Out here, in Siasconset.

That might account for *soldiers* here,
But *Foilers* in their place appear
In numbers great; the name is dear
To all in Siasconset.

Though every man the ocean roams,
Regardless how it beats and foams,
Yet all most highly prize their *Ho!limes*
Out here, in Siasconset.

No work is here done underground,
Though works beneath the wave abound,
Yet many a *Pit-man* may be found
Living in Siasconset.

Wood is quite scarce, but yet they tell
Of those can *Hew-itt* very well;
Upon the bank, near by, they dwell
In glorious Siasconset.

If to the beach you now will go,
The "life-preserving reel" they'll show,
A grand affair; it may, you know,
Save life at Siasconset.

Surf-bathing here affords delight;
Go in at any hour you might;
Eleven A. M. is now thought right
By them in Siasconset.

That no mistake in time be made,
And no one from the sport be stayed,
A *Flaggy* at this time is displayed
To gazing Siasconset.

"Tom Novers Head" you'll surely see;
The light-house out at Sankaty;
Though you with *ticks* may chance to be
Covered at Siasconset.

At Polpis, if you're so inclined,
You'll clams and quahaugs dig; but mind,
Such *shell-fish-ness* you will not find
Nearer to Siasconset.

And thus the time will pass away:
Sound sleep at night, grand sport by day,
You'll wish that you might longer stay
And rest at Siasconset.

Then join with me in accents strong;
Be this the burden of our song:
That rest, health, happiness, may long
Be found at Siasconset.

OBITUARY.

Charles H. Pitman, a leading citizen of the village of Siasconset, died at his home there early on Monday morning, after a protracted illness, and the little hamlet, which has felt the hand of Death among its residents and non-residents most severely during the past year, is now called to mourn the loss of a sterling citizen. Mr. Pitman was a native-born 'Sconseter (son of the late James and Amelia Pitman) where he had lived the larger portion of his sixty years, loved and respected by his fellows and a wide circle of the summer colony.

In earlier years he was for a time a resident of Somerville, in this state, where he was employed in the street car service. He returned to 'Sconset and entered the livery business, which he continued to within a few weeks of his demise, with success. He served the town many years in the capacity of Selectman and Fireward, and gave of his best to these offices. Deceased was of a social disposition, and had a host of friends in all walks of life, and his going is a distinct loss to Nantucket and particularly to the little community in which he resided.

Mr. Pitman married in October, 1877, Miss Nellie Gibbs, of Nantucket, who survives him, a daughter who was born to them, having deceased several years ago.

Funeral services were held in Nantucket, Thursday afternoon, from the home of his sister, Mrs. W. B. Stevens, Pine street, and was very largely attended by members of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Wanackmack Encampment, and Island Lodge, D. of R., of which organizations deceased was a member, while residents and summer residents of 'Sconset were in attendance in large numbers.

The services were conducted by the Rev. F. A. Sanborn, pastor of the Congregational church, interment being at Prospect Hill Cemetery under the rites of Odd Fellowship. Music was rendered by a quartet composed of Miss Emma Cook, Mrs. Albert R. Coffin, Peter M. Hussey and Harry E. Smith. The pall bearers were Willard B. Marden and Charles H. Blount, representing the Odd Fellows lodge, and Nathaniel E. Lowell and Edward Terry, representing the Encampment. The floral offerings were many and beautiful.

The daily papers of Tuesday announced the death in San Francisco, on Monday, of Allen Fawcett, manager for Miss Maude Adams. While details are lacking, it is supposed by his friends in 'Sconset, that it was a case of heart failure. Mr. Fawcett was another of 'Sconset's admirers—a brother of George Fawcett—and a young man most highly esteemed by this little community, where he was known and loved for charming traits of character, and where his loss will be mourned.

OLDEST RESIDENT DEAD.

Robert P. Pitman, the Nestor of Nantucket's Male Population, Passes Peacefully to Rest.

After only a brief illness that had its inception in an ordinary cold, Robert P. Pitman succumbed to the attack and died peacefully at his home on Plumb lane at an early hour Wednesday morning, his immediate family being at his bedside to minister to his final wants.

Uncle Robert, as he was familiarly known, was the oldest male resident of the island, if not the oldest resident, and exemplified in an unmistakable manner a representative type of his generation. With mind clear and active, and physical powers but slightly dimmed, he had moved in our midst with surprising vigor, and taken deep interest in everything going on about him. If an automobile appeared, Uncle Robert was ready to "get aboard" for a short cruise. If yacht, or schooner, or barge, or dredger, or anything he had never before seen entered the harbor, Uncle Robert never refused an invitation to go on board. He observed, and talked entertainingly of what he saw. He read, and discussed intelligently what he had learned. He was a sterling citizen, and the community will miss him.

He was born October 14, 1811. Like most of those contemporary with him, his early life was spent on the

sea. At the age of 11 years he made his first trip on a packet running between this port and Albany, his wages for the season's work being a barrel of flour. He continued this life until he was large enough to get a berth on a whaler, and made his first voyage for oil in the ship Spartan, with Capt. William Pitman, father of Dr. B. F. Pitman. Voyage after voyage he continued in the Spartan until he trod the quarter-deck as mate, subsequently sailing as first officer on ships Charles Carroll, with Capt. Josiah C. Long, and Henry Clay, Capt. Edward C. Austin, closing his sea life in the late 40's, having been over thirty years on the ocean. On retiring from the sea, he purchased of Capt. Stephen B. Gibbs (whose death we record to-day, and who was about three months his senior) the property on Runker Hill, Siasconset, where he followed farming and fishing until within about a dozen years, when he gave over to his son the place and purchased the Alexander Swain property on Plumb lane, where he and his wife resided until Death stepped in a few years ago to separate them.

Mr. Pitman married Elizabeth M. Barnard, and two sons were born to them, one of whom, Samuel P. Pitman, survives.

March 3, 1906

Ninety-One and Eighty-Nine.

Capt. John Pitman and his wife, Phebe, of 'Sconset, are the oldest people on the island, and to all appearances they are the most contented. When questioned concerning his age, the aged Captain replied that, although he might be the oldest man in 'Sconset, there was lots of life in him, a statement which his appearance corroborated. Mrs. Pitman is two years younger than her husband, and she also has reached this old age in full possession of her faculties. The old people are delighted to receive callers, and are interested in the affairs of modern 'Sconset. This is the sixty-fifth year of their married life, and they are still to each other what husband and wife should always be.

Aug. 2, 1890

Special Announcement.



WILLIAM BAXTER, offer the services of my self and team to carry passengers to and from 'Sconset and other parts of Nantucket at reasonable rates. No Spurious Calls taken. CAPT. WILLIAM BAXTER. Orders at D. W. Burgess & Sons, F. J. Crosby's or H. S. Sweet's

1887

From our special correspondent at 'Sconset.

The Stranding of the "Swiftsure."

SIASCONSET, September 4, 1882.

It was rumored on Thursday morning of last week, that the side wheel craft, "Swiftsure," Capt. William Baxter, master, bound from Wauwinet to this port, had stranded about two miles E. by S. off Saukaty light on Starbuck shoals. I hastened to learn the particulars and in time became possessed of the following facts in reference to the disaster:

The "Swiftsure" sailed from Wauwinet in the afternoon with a full passenger list and crew. Soon after passing the bar, she stood to the southward on the usual course with every indication of a pleasant voyage. When abreast of Squam she encountered a strong head wind, but with the coal bunkers full, the captain did not doubt his ability to reach his anchorage at this port by nightfall. During the dog watch, (for he had taken his dog Jack along), he sighted the weather cock at Eat Fire spring, three points off the starboard bow, when he hauled to the westward and got a range on Sankoty light to pass through the slew to the eastward of Saul's hills. But as the captain had not sailed in these waters for nearly a half century, though he closely followed the chart, and even had a lookout on the knighthoods to catch the first glimpse of shoal water, he had not calculated the influence of the tides in affecting his course. It was then setting strong to the eastward and almost without a moment's warning, the craft struck on the shoal, and in an instant, the crank pin of the wheel on the starboard quarter, was broken and then the vessel, powerless to get off, was left to the mercy of the waves. At once there was dismay among the passengers which would have been followed by a panic, but for the coolness of the veteran commander; for he was soon able to quiet their fears. He then proceeded to unlash the port horse from the davits, and taking a boat's crew on board, he pulled for Polpis harbor to get assistance, leaving the vessel in charge of the dog, with the stewardess second in command.

During the captain's absence, the seas broke heavily on her port and she was gradually being driven into the sand, when the stewardess, with great presence of mind, took a piece of rope yarn from her spanker gear, (the vessel's, I mean,) and with it tied a section of her night gown to the whipstock and raised it as a signal of distress. But the anxiety of the passengers was soon relieved by the return of the captain with two island tugs which the underwriter's agent at Polpis had promptly dispatched to the scene of the wreck. In a short time they had hauled the "Swiftsure" off the shoal, taking her passengers on board, and started for this port with her in tow, and she was left at her anchorage about nine o'clock in the evening.

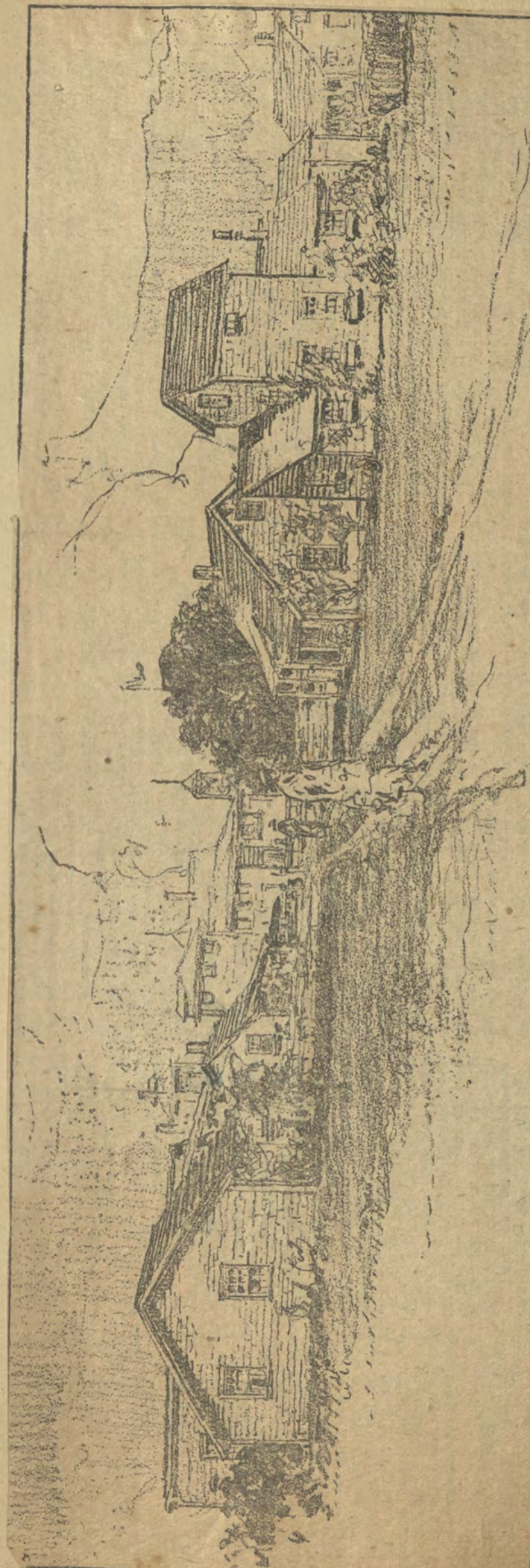
The coolness and intrepidity of the captain in this trying emergency, and which was one of the most exciting episodes in his adventurous career, is spoken of by the passengers in terms of the highest praise.

E. F. U.

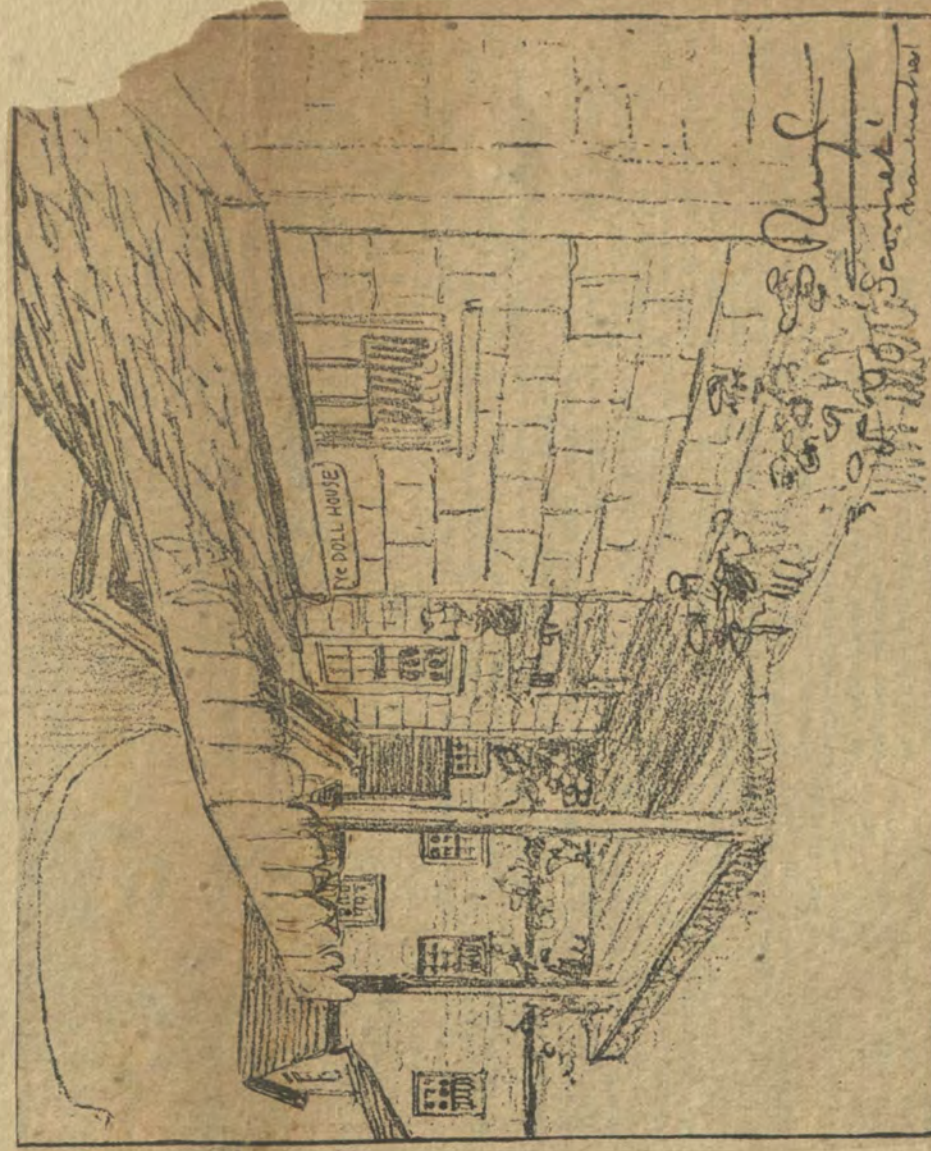
Oct. 9, 1928

Sept. 7, 1882

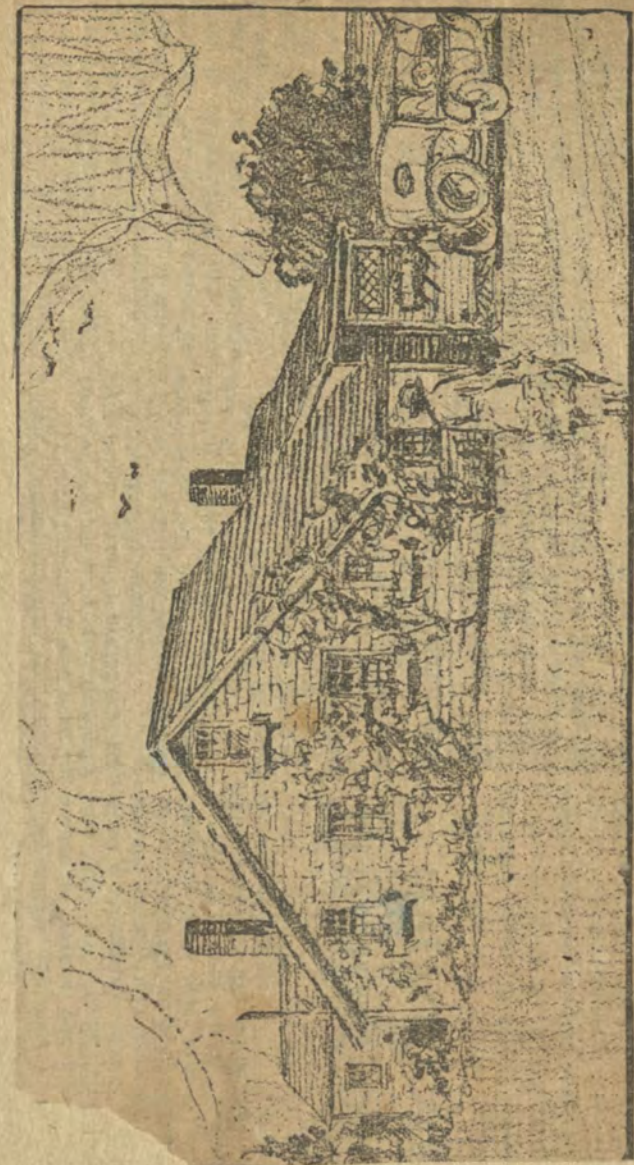
19



On Lily Street, 'Sconset. On the Right, "Dixie Land," Cottage of W. G. Smythe, Manager for David Belasco. In Right Foreground, Odd Home of Mr. Rathbone of the Red Cross.



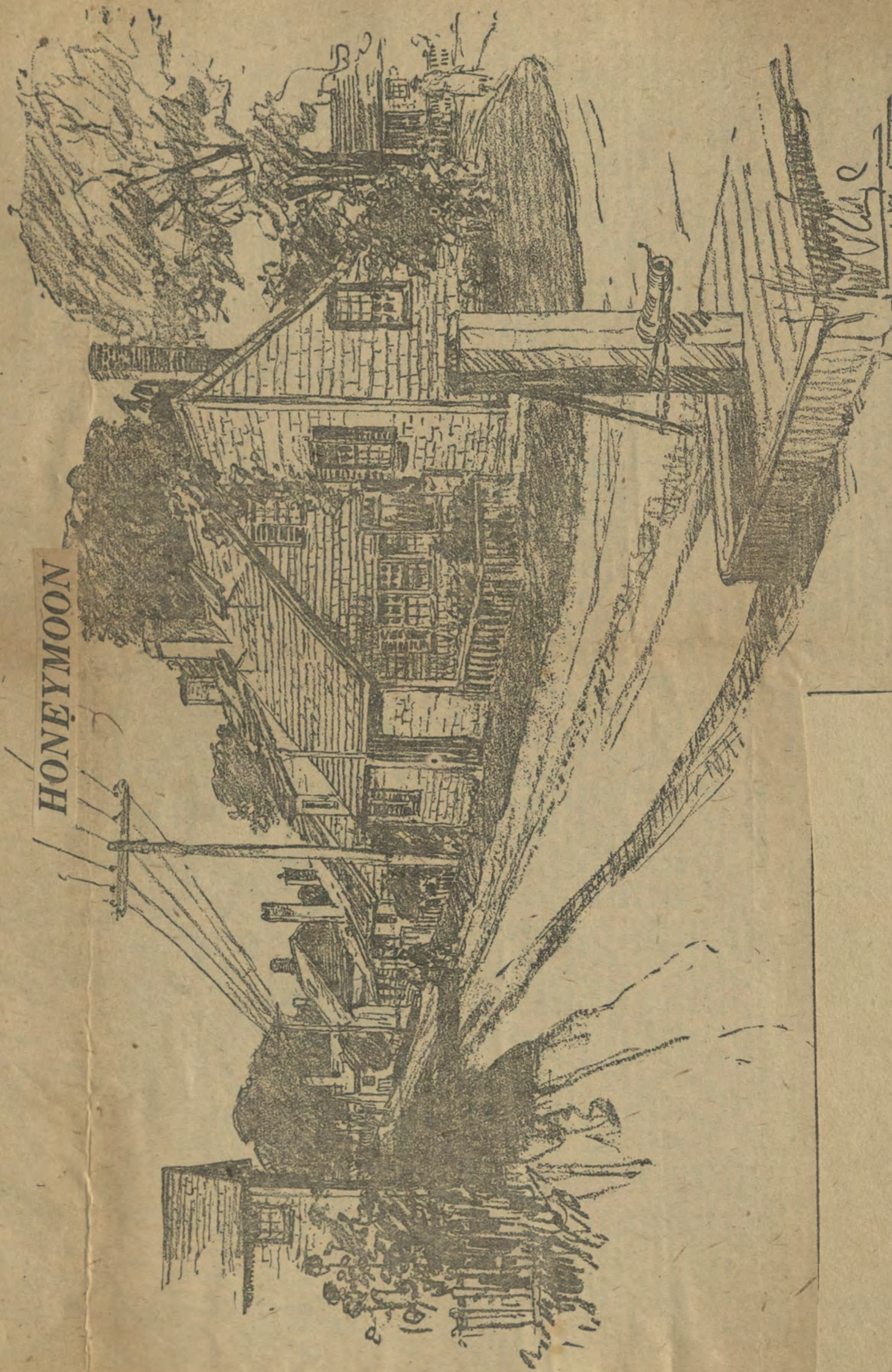
On the Right, in the Foreground, "Ye Doll House," Home of Mrs. Drake, Sister of Digby Be Beyond, "The Helm," Cottage of Kenneth Webb, Director of Alice Brady Film Production



Home of Alice Brady and Her Husband, James L. Crane. Miss Brady in the Foreground, Her Motor in the Distance.

WHERE JIMMY CRANE AND ALICE BRADY ARE SPENDING THEIR

HONEYMOON



Shell Street, Showing "The Meerstead" ("Sea Home") and the Town Pump, with Handle Chained Down. These Are Dry Times in Nantucket.

Scenes, Nantucket

Grace Brown Gardner

Sunset Railroad

L
nev
Ro
F
M
t
V

Selectman Killen Drives the Golden Spike and G. H. Brinton the Silver One.

On one of the most important trips in its career, the little locomotive of the Nantucket-Sconset railroad started from the Main street crossing early Tuesday morning, drawing a couple of heavily-laden flat cars, with about seventy-five laborers, and carrying in its caboose as guests of the management, Selectman Killen, Capt. Jonas Smith, Salsbury (the all-important photographer), and a representative of The Inquirer and Mirror. It was a momentous occasion, this cruise over the moors to 'Sconset, for it was to be the last the locomotive would make over the full length of old rusty rails and rotten sleepers, and the crowd was bound out to witness the driving of the first spike in the construction of the new line.

It was, of course, a rough voyage—everybody knew it would be—and the little locomotive, with Superintendent Fleetwood at the throttle, knew better than to attempt any burst of speed, so jogged along at a comfortable gait and kept to the rails. How she did it no one appears to know but Captain Killen, and he held a point of vantage on the port side of the cab, where he kept a critical eye to leeward and could tell "the Super" when it was best to "luff her a bit," as she wended her way across the moors. Some one said that Engineer Hendricks, when he gave the captain a seat of honor in the cab, had his weather eye peeled, for he knew the Captain's buxom form was just the right amount of ballast the locomotive needed to trim her in shape for the nine-mile trip, but the engineer denied any subterfuge on his part, although admitting he was the guilty party who greased the handle of the top-mall with which the Captain was to send home the first spike.

Captain Smith was not at home in the cab and felt uncomfortable and uneasy before the outfit had passed the Goose-Pond. Said he had rather be at the wheel of the Fred Tyler as she "rounded Point Jude" in a nasty southeaster than try and steer a craft like a locomotive over such a crooked course. Captain Smith had his life insured, but that fact did not prevent him from wishing he had something a little more secure under his feet than a fretful locomotive, and when he caught a glimpse of the broad

Atlantic as Tom Nevers head was reached he admitted he might be able to last the voyage out, but wished there was some other way in which he could take advantage of the prevailing breeze and head about for Nantucket. Captain Killen said the trouble with Smith was that he was not used to sailing deep-water craft and must be sea-sick, but the latter stuck it out, nevertheless, and the outfit reached 'Sconset safely, without a mishap, except the loss of Dunham's red bandana from one of the flat-cars.

It is alleged that George overheard one or two of the "passengers" bemoaning the fact that the engine was not steaming along with a flag waving at the mast-head, which would be befitting to the occasion, so being of at times of a patriotic turn of mind, he unearthed a nice new red bandana, fresh from Genesky's, and spread it out to the breezes. Everybody appreciated his thoughtfulness but "Snuggy," and he took occasion to tickle Dunham in the ribs and the bandana went sailing across the moors, landing over in Matthew Macy's pas-

ture, where one of his prize Jerseys tore it into shreds.

Nothing else of import happened on the trip, and when the outfit pulled up to the landing in front of the Beach House, it stopped to discharge its "ballast" before proceeding to the terminus, and Landlord Brinton had the privilege of escorting Selectman Killen down to the station under the shade of his trusty umbrella. These two gentlemen were to do the honors of the occasion and were to drive the first spikes, and with muscles well limbered by generous applications of Omega oil or some other liniment, they were ready for the first call to action from Superintendent Fleetwood.

It was but a moment's work after the train ran up to the terminus for the gang to start work ripping up the old track, and inside of ten minutes fifty feet of it was deposited on the sides of the road-bed. A large crowd congregated to watch the performance, and a number of the 'Sconseters showed their interest in the event by throwing Old Glory out to the breezes. As the rotten sleepers were taken from their sandy beds by the Italian laborers, some of the older members of the audience could not help "reminiscing" and reviving incidents connected with the laying of this same track a quarter of a century ago—for, as a matter of fact, it is just twenty-five years since the railroad was run through to 'Sconset, and at that time "Billy" Clark, the now invalided town crier, had the honor of driving the golden spike.

Twenty-five years is quite a long time, and during that period the little narrow-gauge road has certainly passed through a series of trials and tribulations which would have driven a much larger and more important road to the wall. None of those who were reminiscing ventured the statement that it had been a money-making proposition in the past, but nearly all joined in best wishes for its future prosperity and usefulness in promoting the interests of 'Sconset and Nantucket. In fact, there was not a pessimist gathered within a cable's length of the terminus on Tuesday, although some one offered to bet that Captain Killen would not hit the spike on the head the first blow he struck.

At 8.45 o'clock the first new sleeper was laid on the road-bed, and when fifteen of them were placed in a row, "the Super" gave the word, and two bright and shining new rails were brought along and placed in position for the crowning event of the morning. Everybody held their breath as a glittering gold spike was handed to Captain Killen to receive the first blow. The Captain apparently felt the weight of the responsibility which had been placed upon his shoulders—it was no small job to drive the first spike used in the reconstruction of a famous railroad, especially when there were a hundred or so pairs of watchful eyes upon him, half-expectant that the first blow of the top-mall would go wide of its mark.

But that was where the Captain fooled them. He had no intentions of making a miss, and with his head bared and his jacket off, he went at the task in true workmanlike fashion. The first blow rang true, and the next, and the next. The exertion was by this time telling upon the captain, for beads of sweat stood out upon his brow, and his collar commenced to wilt, but notwithstanding all this, we have no doubt the spike would have been sent home without a miss had not

JUNE 26 1909



Tearing Up the Old Track.



Selectman Killen and Superintendent Fleetwood Laying the First New Sleeper.



The Critical Moment—Captain Killen Posing for the Photographer Just Before the First Blow Fell Upon the Golden Spike.—Photo by Salsbury

"Doc" Powers, from an elevation on the bluff, started up "Everybody Works But Father" on his cornet. That was too much for the solemnity of the occasion and the dignified quiet was succeeded by a general burst of good humor.

The Captain kept at his task, however, and was soon joined by Landlord Brinton, who had been handed a silver spike for the other rail, and at just four minutes to nine o'clock the first spike was driven firmly into its bed, and the rebuilding of the Nantucket and Siasconset railroad was actually



"Everybody Works But Father"—
A Breathing Spell.

commenced. Their labors over, Messrs. Killen and Brinton handed the top-malls over to the foreman of the Italian gang and the work of laying the track went forward rapidly. By night a half mile had been completed, and but for the numerous difficulties encountered in handling the Italian workmen, Superintendent Flectwood's announcement that he would have the road in operation by the Fourth of July would have undoubtedly been fulfilled. From present indications, owing to the repeated delays, it will be impossible to have it completed before the tenth.

The event is even more important to the people of this island than was the laying of the first rail to 'Sconset a quarter of a century ago, for the conditions are vastly different now than they were then. 'Sconset is a much larger and more prosperous community than in 1884, and the need of a convenient and comfortable means of transportation across the island is imperative for the welfare of both the village and its mother town. That this is assured is gratifying to all who are in any way interested in Nantucket.

In connection with this event, we have referred to our files of the year 1884, and herewith reprint the article pertaining to the driving of the first spike twenty-five years ago:

"In local history, the facts incident to the celebration of the completion of the Nantucket railroad, between Nantucket and Siasconset, on Tuesday, July 8, 1884, will occupy a place. It was the celebration of the completion of an important project to the place in the face of every conceivable obstacle, and can be scored as another setback to croakerism. Only to those who have successfully carried out the work can the difficulties and perplexities which have beset the iron pathway, ever be fully known, but their reward comes through the final success, and they can safely smile. Disappointments have been numerous, none being greater than the necessity of postponing the opening day beyond the Fourth, but this proved no drawback to the interest of the occasion.

Despite the threatening weather of Tuesday, the outward trains were all well filled, and it is safe to assert that upon the arrival of the first afternoon train at the base of Sunset Heights bluff, there was gathered in old 'Sconset the largest concourse of people the 'bank' ever held, drawn there by curiosity and public spirited enthusiasm, and doubtless the number would have been greater but for the inclement weather.

As Mechanics Band alighted from the cars, a lusty cheer went forth, and, as the band fell in, indefatigable, patriotic and smiling, William D. Clark, with gilded mall and spike, took his position in the van, and led the way to the last tie, where, amid a sudden burst of sunshine, and to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," he settled the golden spike into its wooden bed, Master Ray Barnum, son of Gen. Barnum, of New York, waving an ensign meanwhile, while the plaudits of the crowd went up in a prolonged cheer.

This part of the program concluded, the crowd adjourned to the lawn in front of the Ocean View House. After prayer by Miss Louise S. Baker, a sumptuous dinner was served by Landlord Coffin. Literary exercises followed the repast, the speakers occupying seats on the piazza. Arthur H. Gardner, presiding, addressed the assemblage briefly, congratulating the management on the success of the project. Allen Coffin, Esq., the Hon. William R. Easton, Edward F. Underhill and Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks also addressed the crowd, all being warmly applauded.

Cheers were given for the management, for the band, for the engineer, and for host Coffin of the Ocean View, when the crowd dispersed."

A Railroad for \$10,800.

The Boston Herald of Friday week thus reports the sale of the Nantucket Railroad:

"All that was mortal of the Nantucket Railroad, one time running between Nantucket and Siasconset, over Nantucket moors, was sold at mortgagee's sale by Edward Hatch yesterday.

It was purchased by John H. Fairbank, trustee under the mortgage, for \$10,800. The sale included the right of way, the rails, the franchises, lands and all other property.

Once upon a time the cars ran on this funny road, but it is now reduced to little better than a streak of rust, and in some places the waves have twisted the rails into corkscrews and furnished the summer visitors with an interesting sight. At one point on the road are evidences of a "bursting boom" in the shape of sign boards bearing the names of streets once handsomely laid out—on paper.

It was gossiped in the old fishing town this summer that the road would be converted into an electric railway next year."

When the Nantucket railroad scheme was first projected in 1879 it was a somewhat larger scheme from that which actually developed, and our readers will doubtless be interested in reading what the Inquirer and Mirror of August 16, 1879, had to say about it:

The preliminary step toward a railroad between town and Siasconset has been taken this week. On Monday last Mr. Philip Folger, formerly of this town, arrived, in company with a number of civil engineers, and on Tuesday active operations were commenced surveying the route, which was staked from the Springfield House through Chester and West Centre streets, out by the head of Maxcy's pond, thence over Trot's Hills, by a bridge, and through Sheep Pond Valley to the shore, within a short distance of the head of Long Pond, when they turned eastward, skirting the shores by the Surfside property to Toochka, thence across to a point near Philip's Run, and along the regular road to Siasconset. Although this is the route surveyed, the road as now contemplated will continue along from Toochka, by Tom Never's Head, the land of the Sunset Heights company into the village.

It will be necessary to run the road across the Hummock pond, at a point some three hundred feet from the beach. No other obstructions appear along the route. The line as contemplated and surveyed will be laid out on one of Dr. Ewer's large maps, when it will be presented to the New York parties who are interested in the project, for their subscriptions. These parties are very sanguine of the success of the enterprise, and have in view a narrow-gauge road which can be purchased at a low figure and moved here. The estimated cost of the road, over the route surveyed, is \$40,000. Should the route lead from town directly to Surfside, and thence to 'Sconset, the cost would be about \$25,000. The work which has just been completed will be gone over again this fall, when perhaps some slight changes may be made in the route, and if the stock is taken this winter, as there is every reason now to believe it will be, work on the road will commence in the spring, and the road soon after be in operation. The interested parties feel that the investment will be a paying one, and present figures which certainly give encouragement.

It is the purpose to erect a hotel or refreshment saloon at Surfside, on the line of the road, as a way station—August 16, 1879.

Nantucket's One Railroad.

The annual report of the Nantucket Central Railroad has just been made public. During the season 240 round trips have been made, and on only one of these did a passenger refuse to pay his fare. This difficulty, however, was easily remedied, as the conductor, after arguing with the passenger half way the distance between Nantucket and Siasconset, promptly stopped the train and ran back to Nantucket, where he was ejected with possibly unnecessary force. The schedule of employees shows that the proprietor is the sole possessor of the solitary pass issued, and that the other officials, including the conductor, who also acts as general manager, train dispatcher and division superintendent when out of uniform; the engineer, who is master mechanic, chief of transportation and overseer of the roadbed; and the fireman, who drives the express wagon between trips, keeps the time-books and distributes ice; all have to pay their fare each time the train runs. The round-trip tickets for the distance of sixteen miles are eighty cents for the passenger and eighty cents for his trunk. In case he has two trunks a rate is given of thirty cents for the second trunk, and should he possess three the third is carried just for a bargain at twenty. On several occasions the past summer the baggage schedule has been somewhat disarranged by families arriving who brought five or six trunks with them. The chief baggage-master (conductor) after studying the matter for a while decided that as the schedule only ran up as far as three trunks he would have to begin over again at the fourth and charge eighty cents and so on.

The report also mentions that on two occasions, owing to the absentmindedness of the engineer in forgetting to take on coal at Nantucket, the passengers had been forced to walk along the beach and pick up driftwood sufficient to steam to Siasconset. One trip was missed, as the conductor, who does not like cats, refused to carry the feline pet of a departing family. A novelty introduced in the management of the road has been the entire abolition of the steam whistle, on account of its wasting steam and because it blows the bluefish off shore.—N. Y. World.

Will Burn Coke.

The Nantucket Railroad Company is to burn coke for fuel the coming season, thus removing the dirt and grime incident to soft coal fuel on the little narrow gauge. A vessel is to bring a cargo of the new fuel to the island, it being impossible to obtain a sufficient supply from the local gas company.

25

Oct. 13, 1894

Apr. 1914

Nov. 26, 1898

Aug. 8, 1940

THE RESURRECTED "BUG"

"The Bug," Nantucket's Famous "Benzine Buggy," After a Three Years' Rest, is Once More in Service, and as Ridiculous as Ever as a Means of Transportation. The Only "Bug" of the Species Known to Be in Existence at the Present Time.

The accompanying photo of "The Bug" was taken in December, 1907, when the little motor car entered upon "winter service." In the picture are Thomas G. Macy, then general manager of the Nantucket Central Railroad Company, Cromwell G. Macy, Jr., treasurer of the company, and George Olcott, the motorman.

The "Bug" apparently died an untimely death in 1908, after a brief but varied career, and for three years it has rested peacefully, only to be resurrected this spring to do temporary service between Nantucket and 'Sconset while the regular train equipment is being over-hauled.



T. G. Macy Crom. G. Macy, Jr. George Olcott

ODE TO "THE BUG."

When Teddy goes to Africa
With camera and gun
To study Natural History
A far from Washington,
He'll find the rhinoceros
And the apes with ugly mugs—
But he'll have to come to 'Sconset
If he wants to study Bugs.

Oh, that funny little Bug,
Hear his coughing chug-a-chug!
See him swing his little tail
As he canters o'er the rail
From Nantucket to his bughouse by the sea!
He's a nightmare, he's a dream.
And his appetite is keen,
For he feeds on gasoline
And his like is yet unknown to historee.

Every now and then he tries to
Skid along the rotten ties to
Shorten up the journey from Nantucket,
And his single eye gleams red
When he rounds Tom Never's Head
And he sees his little shed—
He is lucky if he doesn't kick the bucket.
But he does the best he can
Over seven miles of sand,
Though they tell me that he sometimes leaves
his tail!

Every day this fiery dragon
With his typsy little wagon
Like a sailor with a jag on
Comes careering o'er the crooked iron rail,
And though rocky as to gnit
And occasionally late,
He is sure to keep his date,
And he never yet forgot to bring the mail!

J. L. Wood.

Dallas, Texas, August, 1908.
Published in The Inquirer and Mirror, issue
of September 5, 1908.

Chance to Go Into the Movies.

Nantucket's little narrow-gauge railroad is in demand. It is a novelty, anyway—one of the island's attractions, for narrow-gauge roads have about disappeared on the mainland. Superintendent Sandsbury this week received a telegram from a moving picture concern in New York wanting him to name a price for the use of the road by the day after the season ended, the proposition including rolling stock, employees, and all the appurtenances which go to make this little railroad unique. Probably Ben Alley, the flagman at the Orange street crossing, would be desirable, too, if the movie folks once saw him in his regalia—long blue coat, brass buttons and policeman's helmet.

THE RESURRECTION OF "THE BUG."

Now that dainty little bug,
With its funny chug-a-chug,
Has come for one more summer
To serve again as "hummer"
Out to 'Sconset by the sea.

Tho' 'twas gone but three short years
We all greet it with loud cheers
When we see it swing its tail
And go cant'ring o'er the rail—
Bound for 'Sconset by the sea.

And tho' we oft-times make fun
We are glad to hear it run—
Like to see it skim the track—
Hear the frightened ducklings quack—
On the way to 'Sconset by the sea.

Now it never takes the mails
As it canters o'er the rails—
But passengers in state
Oft are carried out quite late
Down to 'Sconset by the sea.

'Course it makes the best of time—
Beats the engine of the line
By 'leven minutes—more or less—
More, perhaps, 'tis safe to guess—
Going to 'Sconset by the sea.

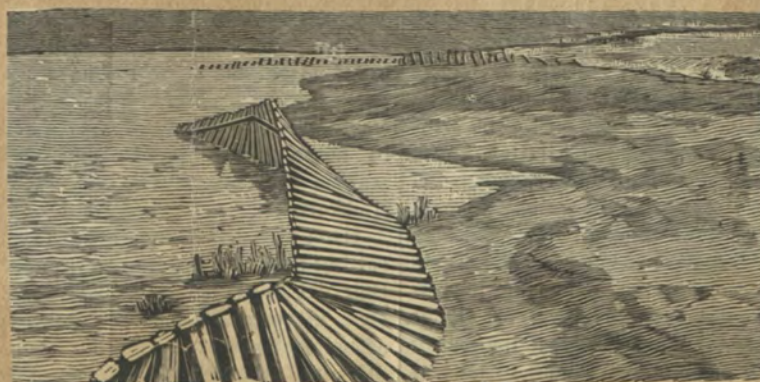
Tho' the "bird-cage" has departed
Still commotion's often started
When the "bug's" to leave her berth
To make a break for all she's worth
To reach old 'Sconset by the sea.

As she skids along Low Beach—
Gives that awful funny screech—
You're so glad that you are there
Heart at once feels free from care—
Rocking out to 'Sconset by the sea.

But—no more upon "The Bug,"
With its coughing chug-a-chug—
No more rocking-horse motion,
No more terrible commotion—
By train to 'Sconset by the sea.

N. H. S., '07.

Nantucket, May 23, 1912.



A Wash-Out at Nobadeer in August, 1893.

Our Trip to 'Sconset.

A Legend of Nantucket.
(By the unknown).

Once on a time, so runs my tale,
When times were hard and work did fail,
We took a trip to that bright Isle,
Where flowerets bloom and maidens smile;
And we went out to 'Sconset.

It chanced one day at dinner hour,
When apple-dumplings ruled with power,
The door-bell rang, out went the maid,
In popped my friend, who smiling said,
"Will you go out to 'Sconset?"

Of course to this I gave assent;
But must have dinner ere I went;
And so agreed my friend to meet
At a certain store on Centre street,
And lay our plans for 'Sconset.

I met my friend as agreed,
Bought some cigars, in case of need;
From thence our route we quiet took,
And at a stable our names did book
For a team to go to 'Sconset.

As carryalls were scarce that day,
And single teams would never pay,
A coach and horses two we took,
And thought how grand the same would look
Upon the road to 'Sconset.

We took a drive about the town,
To show our team and gain renown;
Then, as we not alone would be,
We filled the coach with lassies three,
And started off for 'Sconset.

And now behold us on our way;
Five happier souls you'll meet no day;
There was B--, and R--, and C--, and S--,
Who the other was you sure can guess,
All in a coach for 'Sconset.

We quiet kept till out of town;
Then mirth no longer could keep down.
You'd have thought the d--l was to pay,
If you had met us on that day,
While going out to 'Sconset.

While we on pleasure were intent,
B---'s hat out of the window went;
He followed suit without delay,
And back he got by the same way,
While we were going to 'Sconset.

The road was rough, the coach did jump,
And roll, and groan, and creak, and thump;
From side to side we all were dashed,
And crinoline got badly smashed,
In going out to 'Sconset.

But safe at last we reached the place,
The driver oped the door with grace,
Assisted the ladies to alight,
And told us (he was so polite)
That we had got to 'Sconset.

Then off he drove with headlong speed,
To give his hungry beasts some feed.
We of a house possession took;
There left the girls, while we did look
About the town of 'Sconset.

We wandered down along the shore,
A mighty wave rushed on with power;
Endavoring beyond its reach to get
We slipped, and fell, and we got wet,
Upon the sands of 'Sconset.

So back we went and thought to smoke;
But in a frolic our pipes got broke.
To Aunt Betsey Carey's we took our way
To get some pipes and for them pay
The price they asked at 'Sconset.

We had our smoke in peace at last,
And supper followed on it fast;
Then cleared the room, some callers came,
The eve was spent in pleasant game,
So passed the hours at 'Sconset.

At ten o'clock the carriage came
To take us back to town again.
We tumbled in without delay,
And soon upon our homeward way
We bade good-night to 'Sconset.

The night was beauteous and serene;
The moon shone brightly on the scene;
Our ride, however, soon was o'er,
And we were landed at our door.

So closed our trip to 'Sconset.
Reader! If ever Fortune's smile
Should lead you to Nantucket's Isle,
Heed our advice, procure a team
And lassies fair, then get up steam,
And take a trip to 'Sconset.

New Bedford, January 6, 1860.

"The Bug" Gets Frisky for the Last Time and Departs.

The little gasoline motor car which has for several years, at intervals, been the object of amusement to the general public and was best known as "The Bug," has passed out of existence and her remains have been laid at rest. "The Bug" really did service at one time between town and 'Sconset, but it was never what might be called "a howling success," although making fame for itself in numerous ways.

However, early this spring Superintendent Colburn, of the Nantucket railroad, concocted a scheme to bring "The Bug" into service again, with the intention of using her as a "special" between town and 'Sconset. He closed a deal with Jeremiah W. Diamond, a man who professed to know all that was necessary about gasoline engines, whereby "The Bug" was to be thoroughly overhauled and placed in good condition for service.

Diamond worked three solid weeks over the little joker and Tuesday afternoon announced that she was to make a trip over the rails to 'Sconset, everything about her having been placed in thorough adjustment. In fact, Diamond predicted that she would make a record trip, and his prediction proved true, for in just ten minutes from the time he started forth from town "The Bug" was no more and "Jerry" had made a flying leap for life.

All the way out the little car fairly flew over the rails, and the three young fellows who went along for the novelty of the thing were enjoying themselves to the utmost. The car chugged her way up the grade at Tom Nevers and as she mounted the top and commenced to skim down by Low Beach she gained additional speed. Diamond thought it time to shut off the power, in order to run up gracefully to the 'Sconset terminal, but he found the brake would not work and he could not stop the engine.

"The Bug" was actually running away and there were four thoroughly frightened men on board. Which was the first to leap from the swiftly-moving car into the beach sand is hard to state. It is positive, however, that Diamond was the last, for he stuck to his post like the Jim Bludso of old, and not until he saw death staring him in the face did he desert "The Bug" and make his famous leap for life, which the eye-witnesses stoutly maintain was most thrilling.

A second later and "The Bug" had chugged its last chug. The locomotive happened to be standing on the track and there was a crash and all was over for the benzine buggy. The remains were gathered up tenderly by the train crew, Diamond and his fellow-passengers were collected and brought to town, and Thursday morning the ruins of the thoroughly squashed "Bug" were drawn along the track in the rear of the locomotive and at just 10 o'clock it was interred down at the clay-pits, with Conductor Sandsbury performing the last rites for the dead, and closing the service with the following touching farewell:

O, you saucy little Bug-ger,
With your funny chug-a-chugger,
You've made your last trip o'er the rails,
Never more'll you carry mails.
We'll not hear you any more,
For your chugging days are o'er—
Yes, your song's forever hushed
Now that you're so badly squashed.
By gum! Ne'er again you'll make me tug—
You pesky, cranky, gol-durn Bug!

While there can be no real regret at the passing of "The Bug," there is a genuine regret that the closing chapter of her life could not have been preserved in moving picture form—that is, the final spurt, the runaway, the thrilling leaps for life, the collision, the gathering up of the remains, and lastly the interment. Altogether it would undoubtedly have made a hit on a moving picture reel.

JUNE 14, 1913

New Rolling Stock in Service.

After an eventful existence of nearly three decades, the Nantucket railroad has at last emerged from the mist which has enshrouded its operation from the very start away back in the 80's, and will enter upon the season of 1910 with an entirely new system—new rails, new sleepers, new locomotive, new passenger coaches, having at last replaced the old worn-out equipment with which the road has been operated from its inauguration. From the time the first rail was laid on Nantucket in 1881, the equipment has been second-hand, and the little narrow-gauge road has been the object of ridicule in both prose and poetry. With its rickety old locomotive and out-of-date coach its operation has been fraught with trials and tribulations year after year. How many times the rolling stock has been "off the track" we are unable to state, but in some seasons it seemed to be almost a daily occurrence, and once or twice in years gone by the locomotive even took a bath in the surf at Low Beach, just to vary the monotony.

JUNE 4, 1910



A Scene on Commercial Wharf, Sunday Afternoon, May 29th.

A CHRISTENING.

A gasoline rail-car, an offering votive,
Usurps now the place of the grim locomotive.

Our island folk, pleased with this modern invention,

Take kindly to Manager Macy's intention
To give rapid transit between town and 'Sconset.

Hurrah for this twentieth century onset!
An entering wedge, or a progressive lever;
An omen for good in his business endeavor
To wed the fair village, and blue sea so near it.

With Nantucket town, thus the more to endear it.

Like Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn," our 'Sconset is fairer

Than many a hamlet; in loveliness rarer.
I've stood on its bank when the sunrise has shimmered;

At twilight, alone, when the moonlight has glimmered

O'er homes of the villagers, far o'er the moors, and

Across fallow fields, to old Sankaty's headland—

A pearl 'neath the sky, by the ocean it lay there;

And oft in my heart I have longed so to stay there.

From Springtime, thro' Summertime, Fall and December,

With thoughts of the good people I now remember;

With whom I inhaled the sweet breath of the wild flowers,

And lingered by moorland and hedgerow for long hours.

With heartiest wish for success, I now christen

The car "Siasconset," (dear islanders listen:
No surety pledged for a prize worth the winning,

To one who despises the smallest beginning)
It promises well, this new motor for travel;
Be patient, for time every doubt shall unravel.

Look for the bright side in all work called to do;
Accomplishment springs but from that point of view.

The inventor, the expert, and company know

The truth of the adage: "We reap as we sow;"

This seed of propulsion will blossom ere while,
When we'll go from Nantucket to 'Sconset in style!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

Dec. 7, 1907

"Who's He?"

Someone left a pair of glasses on the counter in the railroad station on Steamboat wharf, and it was thought they belonged to one of the cottagers at "Tom Nevers." Consequently Conductor Sandsbury took them out on the next trip and sent them along to the supposed owner. To his chagrin, a short time afterwards a lady came along and demanded her glasses.

"Were those your glasses, madam?" replied the affable conductor.

"Yes, they were. Where are they now?" she demanded.

"My dear woman," he replied, "I didn't know they were yours. They are now out on Tom Nevers Head."

"Who's he?" was her prompt query.

The conductor never cracked a smile, but made a few gulps and then came the necessary explanations, when the lady learned that when the conductor told her the glasses were on Tom Nevers Head, it did not mean that they were adorning one of the masculine sex, but that they had been delivered to a man living on Nantucket's headland of that name, presuming he was the owner. The next day the railroad company took the pains to send for the glasses and forwarded them to the lady in Falmouth by parcels post. But Conductor Sandsbury is still chuckling over that "Who's he?"



"DIONIS"

Nantucket's original locomotive made history for herself and her successors. First trip made to Surfside, July 4, 1881.

27

1913

THE RAILROAD.—Superintendent P. H. Folger, of the Nantucket Railroad, accompanied by treasurer Norton, was in town Wednesday to look over the road and make a few preliminary arrangements for the coming season. Mr. Stansbury has been doing a good work this spring, having very materially lessened the grade across the Nobadeer and Madequecham fills, shouldered out the road-bed at those points, and levelled the track at numerous places. It is now the intention of the company to move a portion of the Surf-side depot building to the road terminus at 'Sconset (which will be just below the Ocean View House) and re-erect it there for the shelter of passengers. The new iron for extending the road to that point is daily expected, and will be laid at once. Another locomotive and centre-aisle car have been purchased, and it is hoped to get them here by the 10th of June. Everything looks propitious for a successful season, and if the weather proves right the superintendent is in hopes to open up business by the 8th proximo, and give 'Sconset visitors an opportunity for rapid transit by the shore line.

THE RAILROAD.—No further evidence is needed of the popularity the Nantucket Railroad is gaining, than a few hours' stay at Surf-side, and a glance at the cars, and the depot and its surroundings, where a gay company of pleasure seekers is always to be seen. The company has been favored with beautiful weather since the opening day, and travel over the road is undoubtedly on the increase. They are also favored with a corps of efficient employees, Conductor F. B. Keene being a courteous gentleman, and engineer Stansbury a veteran railroad man, who is up to the mark in his line of duty. In the ticket office, a cosy room in the brick block corner of Main and Candle streets, general manager C. F. Coffin is ably assisted by Miss Edith Gardner, and throughout the day it is a lively spot.

At Surf-side station there is an air of activity, with two buildings in progress—the depot and restaurant. Painters and carpenters are busy on each, and they are being rapidly pushed to completion. The late afternoon and evening trains are very popular, carrying out parties who amuse themselves on the beach, often taking lunch with them. Everything connected with the road is running smoothly, not a single event having occurred to date to interfere with its successful operation. As the attractions at Surf-side grow, so will it become the spot to visit—and that is the future we predict for it.

Nantucket Railroad.



PRELIMINARY TIME-TABLE.

ON and after Sunday, June 21st, 1885, continuing until further notice, trains will be run as follows:

WEEK DAYS.
Trains will leave for Surf-side and Siasconset at 10, A. M., 2 and 6.45 (or on arrival of steamer), P. M. Leave 'Sconset for Surf-side and Nantucket at 11.15, A. M., 3.15 and 8, P. M. Leave Surf-side for Nantucket at 11.30, A. M., 3.30 and 8.15, P. M.

SUNDAYS.
Leave for Surf-side and Siasconset at 10, A. M., 2 and 5, P. M. Returning, leave 'Sconset for Surf-side and Nantucket at 11.15, A. M., 3.15 and 6.30, P. M.
Fare to 'Sconset (round trip), 80 cents. Five round trip tickets, \$3.50. Children half price.
Fare to Surf-side (round trip), 35 cents. Five trip tickets, \$1.50. Children 15 cents.
Fare to Hooper's, 15 cents.

The right is reserved to change the hours of running trains on excursion days and special occasions without notice.

je20—tf

P. H. FOLGER, Supt.

When You Navigate the Bug.

Come to 'Sconset in the summer
If you want to see a hummer!
Ne'er a vehicle was bummer
Than this funny little bug.

Tho' you leave behind the ocean.
With its rocking-horsey motion,
What a terrible commotion
When you navigate the bug!

As you glide along the trail,
Head and heart alike do quail—
'Spechly if you're on the tail—
When you navigate the bug.

Chug-a-chug and chug-a-chugger
Of the bird-cage and the bugger!
If you get a seat, just hug 'er
When you navigate the bug.

Now you round Tom Never's Head
And you sight the little shed,
Scarcely more alive than dead—
Oh, the journey on the bug!

Team or wagon, horse or pony,
Rig or rack, if e'er so bony,
Take me back to dear old Covey—
Never more upon the bug!

BENNETT, 1908.

Nantucket Railroad.



ON and after July 1st, trains will run to Surf-side and way stations as follows:
Leave corner of Main and Candle Streets daily at 8, 9, 10 and 11, A. M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 8, P. M. Returning, leave Surf-side at 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 and 11.30, A. M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 8.30, P. M.

SUNDAYS:

Trains will leave station at 10 and 11, A. M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 8, P. M.
Returning, leave Surf-side at 10.30 and 11.30, A. M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 8.30, P. M.

Fares for Round Trips.

Hooper's,	-	-	-	-	15 cts.
Surf-side,	-	-	-	-	35 "
Three Tickets,	-	-	-	-	\$1.00

Special rates to Picnic parties and Sunday Schools.
je10—3t

P. H. FOLGER, Supt.

Nantucket Railroad.



ON and after June 25th, until July 1st, trains will run to Surf-side and way stations as follows:
Leave corner of Main and Candle streets, daily at 10 and 11, A. M., 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7, P. M. Returning, leave Surf-side at 10.30 and 11.30, A. M., 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30 and 7.30, P. M.

Fares for Round Trips.

Hooper's,	-	-	-	-	15 cts.
Surf-side,	-	-	-	-	35 "
Five Tickets,	-	-	-	-	\$1.50

Time tables for the season will be issued by July 1st.

Special rates to Picnic Parties and Sunday Schools.
je16

P. H. FOLGER, Supt.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NANTUCKET RAILROAD.—The report of the Nantucket Railroad for the year past is given as follows: Capital stock \$95,000; funded debt, \$59,500; unfunded debt, \$13,078; cost of road \$156,906; equipment \$14,413. Income, \$7431; expenses and taxes, \$5706; net income, \$1725; interest, \$5091; deficit for the year \$3364, subtracted from former surplus leaves \$5155. Number of locomotives, 2; passenger cars, 4; freight cars, 4; employees, 15; passengers for the year, 22,020.

NEW ROLLING STOCK.—Early Thursday morning the approach of the schooner with the additional rolling stock for the Nantucket Railroad Company was heralded by Clark. The vessel was in tow of tug Nellie, of New Bedford, and was docked shortly after 9 o'clock, A. M. During the afternoon the passenger car was unloaded and drawn to the car house. About 5.30 o'clock yesterday morning the engine was taken off and also taken to the car shop. The car was built expressly for the local road by James G. Brill & Co., of Philadelphia, and is a beauty in every particular. It is fitted with the Miller platform and outside is painted a light straw color and neatly lettered. The interior is cheerful, being finished in cherry, oak and white wood; the chairs are back to back, and the seats are of the same style as those of the old cars. The car is of the centre-aisle pattern and entered through doorways at each end, like the usual railroad passenger coaches, and has seating capacity for sixty-four persons. The locomotive was built at the Mason works, Taunton, and is several years old. It is a different pattern from the Dionis, and better adapted to the work of the road, having greater power, which will make easier work on the grades. The locomotive and tender are combined, and the cab is a more complete shelter for the engineer and fireman. It is lighter than the Dionis by about seven tons, weighing eighteen tons. The unloading of the heavy articles was watched with interest by a large number of people, who saw the job neatly done under the superintendence of Mr. Stansbury, not more than twenty minutes being consumed in taking off the locomotive. It is named "Sconset."

Nantucket Had a Railroad For Thirty-Six Years.

By H. A. Willard, II.

In the Baltimore & Ohio Magazine.

Located thirty miles at sea, off the southeastern coast of Massachusetts, the Island of Nantucket, an isolated community commonly known as the "Cross Roads of the Atlantic", once boasted a narrow gauge railroad, eight miles in length. This road was built in 1881, and ran from Siasconset, on the eastern extremity of the island, to the town of Nantucket, where connections were made by steamer for the mainland. The road was known as the Nantucket, and because of its remoteness had a natural monopoly of all insular traffic, principally passenger, for nearly forty years.

The first locomotive was named "Dionis", after the wife of the first settler, Tristram Coffin, who landed on Nantucket in 1660. It was a 4-4 Atlantic type, with pony truck and large extending cow-catcher, large headlight and smoke stack. It arrived on Nantucket about 1881. The writer remembers his early morning rides on this old-fashioned piece of motive power, in the high, old-fashioned cab, with Fireman Frank Leial, a Portuguese from the Azores, and Engineer Hendricks. (Incidentally the former is now employed by the writer as a gardener.)

Light equipment, an obsolete square baggage car and wooden passenger coach, with a spare car for excursion purposes, was drawn across the sandy wind-swept moorlands bordering on the Atlantic ocean on the south shore.

The locomotive bell was one of the sweetest toned ever made, and many a villager has been awakened at 6.00 a. m. by its ding dong, when approaching the wharf to connect with the departure of the old side-wheel steamboats, Island Home, River Queen and Nantucket, bound for the Vineyard, Woods Hole, connecting with the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., for Boston, and New Bedford, where the terminal of the line was located with its steamer and rail connections for New York.

The line did business every season, but it was a losing venture and finally in 1917 the owners decided to junk it, the market price of scrap iron being at a high mark because of the war.

Everyone who can do so should visit this beautiful spot, using B & O service to Jersey City, thence via rail or steamer to destination, all terminals of which are served by train connection motor coach service.

Nantucket Railroad.



PRELIMINARY TIME-TABLE.

ON and after Sunday, June 21st, 1885, continuing until further notice, trains will be run as follows:

WEEK DAYS.
Trains will leave for Surf-side and Siasconset at 10, A. M., 2 and 6.45 (or on arrival of steamer), P. M. Leave 'Sconset for Surf-side and Nantucket at 11.15, A. M., 3.15 and 8, P. M. Leave Surf-side for Nantucket at 11.30, A. M., 3.30 and 8.15, P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave for Surf-side and Siasconset at 10, A. M., 2 and 5, P. M. Returning, leave 'Sconset for Surf-side and Nantucket at 11.15, A. M., 3.15 and 6.30, P. M.

Fare to 'Sconset (round trip), 80 cents. Five round trip tickets, \$3.50. Children half price.
Fare to Surf-side (round trip), 35 cents. Five trip tickets, \$1.50. Children 15 cents.

Fare to Hooper's, 15 cents.
The right is reserved to change the hours of running trains on excursion days and special occasions without notice.

je20—tf

P. H. FOLGER, Supt.

For 'Sconset.



FREIGHT and passengers will be taken to 'Sconset daily at reasonable rates—one cent less each way than heretofore. Orders may be left at the stores of D. W. & R. E. Burgess and F. J. Crosby.

m2

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Nov. 20, 1886

1885

28

p. 29



The Imposing Start From Town—Day Before the Mishap. Photo by Boyer.



Showing Where the Fish-plates Were Not. Photo by Salisbury.



The Derailed Locomotive As It Looked Saturday Morning. Photo by Boyer.

The Railroad.

When we went to press last week the locomotive of the Nantucket Central railroad was lying on its port side down by the south beach, having passed through an experience that would have sent any ordinary engine into oblivion. The absence of the very necessary fish-plates which are used in joining two rails together had resulted in the spreading of the track and the derailment of the locomotive, which was obliged to leave the track very unceremoniously on its outward passage that morning, and after a few heavy jolts and bumps deposited itself in an undignified heap in the soft sand on the east side of the road-bed, where it remained peacefully after Engineer Hendricks threw off the throttle, and ceased doing business after a few unsteady kicks with its driving wheels, as if voicing its displeasure at such unusual treatment.

It was not the first time the locomotive had been off the track since it came to Nantucket, but it was by far the worst of its varied experiences, for it had never before really "turned turtle." That only the engine itself suffered from the mishap was truly remarkable, and the escape of the engineer and train hands was indeed fortunate. The day before the locomotive had pulled the passenger coach, laden with several hundred persons, over to Sconset, and had received all sorts of congratulations for its excellent behavior and the smoothness and comfort of the new road-bed. To have such an auspicious opening of the service followed by the ditching of the engine the next morning was indeed disheartening, and when we went to press last week the impression prevailed that fish-plates had been removed from the rails in several places along the line—in short, that the accident was caused by the wilful and criminal act of some persons who took this method to work out spite against the management of the road. Superintendent Fleetwood immediately offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the detection of the criminals.

Later developments show, however, that the missing fish-plates might never have been placed in position, through oversight on the part of some employee of the road, for an inspection of the track revealed the fact that these important plates were missing in a number of other places, setting aside the impression that the derailment of the engine was caused by some criminal act.

Inspector Bishop, who happened to be on the island the day the accident occurred, at once made a complete inspection of the line and in consequence it is probable the service will not be inaugurated until it is made certain that the track is in perfect and safe

condition in every detail. He had a long conference with Superintendent Fleetwood regarding the completion and operation of the road, which resulted satisfactorily to both parties.

As the locomotive lay in the sand at the south beach, she presented a sorry sight, but it could be seen that she was not badly damaged, and a wrecking crew was immediately set at work righting her. The work progressed rapidly, in spite of the crude wrecking apparatus available on the island, and Saturday afternoon the engine was again placed on the track, when a survey of her injuries could be made. It was found that one of the main springs which support the body of the engine had been snapped, that one of the cylinder head casings was broken, and that a number of smaller parts and connections were torn away when she pitched into the sand. In general, the damage resulting was not as great as was expected, and although the locomotive bore outward evidence of the experience, in the way of numerous dents and scratches, she was pronounced to be in good working order and capable of covering many more miles across the Nantucket moors.

A test of the boiler was made under cold water pressure, and it was found that several of the tubes had been started, needing the attention of a boiler maker, who arrived from New Bedford on Wednesday and immediately commenced making the repairs necessary. In the meantime work upon the road-bed was continued uninterruptedly, and when the service is opened a few days hence no one need have the slightest fear that there will be any possibility of the repetition of last week's accident, for every precaution will be taken by the management and the railroad inspector to guard against there being anything wrong or unsafe with any joint or rail on the track.

Every person who was privileged to take the ride over to Sconset and back last week will agree in the statement that the road-bed is very smooth and comfortable, and as easy riding as anyone could desire.

The road has in years past been given many a "black eye," but it always seems to have borne a charmed life, and when it is again in good running order, with a new track, both Nantucket and Siasconset will be greatly benefited thereby.

AN ELECTRIC ROAD.

Supt. Macy Says "Work will Positively be Commenced at Once."

Just before going to press, we received a dispatch from Mr. T. G. Macy, who with Mr. J. F. Simmons, were at Woods Holl and expected here last evening, saying "We positively commence building at once," which is construed to mean that the steam road is to give place to an electric road between town and Seonset.

Gone to the Senate.

The bill reported in the House by the Committee on Street Railways regarding the Nantucket Beach Street Railway, has passed the lower branch and been sent to the Senate for concurrence. We present the bill in full below, that the public may be fully informed concerning it:

AN ACT

To change the name and extend the powers of the Nantucket Beach Street Railway Company.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. The name of the Nantucket Beach street railway company is hereby changed to the Siasconset street railway company.

SECT. 2. Said company may hereafter equip and operate its railway, and any extension or branch thereof, with electricity or any other motive power other than steam.

SECT. 3. The locations heretofore granted to said company by the selectmen of the town of Nantucket are hereby confirmed to said company for its road already constructed, and for any extensions or branches thereof.

SECT. 4. The capital stock of said company may be increased, by a vote of a majority of the stockholders, to any sum not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars.

SECT. 5. Said company may acquire by purchase or lease, land not in the public highway, not exceeding sixty feet in width, for the purpose of constructing its tracks thereon, and may construct its tracks and operate its road thereon.

SECT. 6. Said street railway company may carry freight on its road, or any extension or branch thereof, or act as a common carrier of goods, or contract to carry and carry the mails.

SECT. 7. For any or all of the purposes set forth in this act, and for the purpose of constructing, equipping and operating any extension or branch of its road hereafter constructed, said street railway company may issue coupon or registered bonds not exceeding in amount the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to bear interest at a rate not exceeding six per centum per annum, and running for a period not exceeding thirty years, and may secure the same by a mortgage on the property, rights or franchises now owned by it, or hereafter acquired, or to be acquired by it. Said bonds so issued shall be first approved by some person appointed by the corporation for that purpose, who shall certify upon each bond that it is properly issued and recorded. Said bonds shall not be issued until said issue is authorized by a majority in interest of the stockholders of said company at a meeting called for that purpose.

SECT. 8. This act shall take effect upon its passage, but shall become void unless said extensions are constructed and operated before the first day of July in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

APRIL 22, 1893.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning the construction train of the Nantucket Railroad, comprising one engine, and two flat cars loaded with rails and ties, left town for the scene of operations at the base of Tom Never's Head, the laborers taking up such positions on the cars as best suited their respective tastes.

John Robertson, Thomas J. Hall and Arthur Linden seated themselves on the bunker box on the rear of the tender, bracing themselves with their feet against the forward part of the first car, which gave them an easy seat as long as everything went smoothly. When on the curve in the road just previous to reaching Hooper's, the coupling pin of the tender broke, and the engine drew away from the car, leaving the three men on the bunker box without support for their feet. Robertson, who was outside, with a quick backward movement of his arm succeeded in gaining hold of the tender, where he clung tenaciously; Linden who was occupying the opposite end of the box was thrown forward and struck by the car, which precipitated him down the bank, and strange as it may appear, escaped with slight injuries, which Dr. C. D. Marsh attended to. Hall was the centre of the three, and was hurled forward to the track, striking upon his head, and was crushed beneath the wheels of the cars, his neck being broken, head cut, arm crushed and foot lacerated. His death was instantaneous. When the men on the cars realized the awful catastrophe that had befallen one of their number, they made the wildest appeals to the engineer to stop his engine, but he, knowing full well that that would involve still more serious results, shut off the engine after the heavy cars came to a standstill. Word was returned for Medical Examiner King, who ordered the body to town, where he viewed the remains, giving his opinion that the unfortunate man came to his death through his own carelessness in not heeding the warnings given by the engineer every time the train started, that they should not ride on the bunker box as it was unsafe. The men had taken the position unknown to the engineer, and were completely hidden from him. They had been cautioned only a few moments previous by a fellow-workman.

There can be no blame attached to the Railroad Company or its employees for this accident, which was the result of circumstances which it is impossible to foresee, the breaking of a coupling pin being a matter of frequent occurrence on all freight trains.

Work was suspended for the day, and the employees attended the funeral of their unfortunate companion in a body in the afternoon, the remains being laid in the Catholic cemetery. Thomas J. Hall was about 23 years of age and a native of Ireland, having been in this country only a short time.

Those on the train who witnessed the fatality made affidavit as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, ss.
COUNTY OF NANTUCKET,

On the 18th day of June, A. D. 1884, personally appeared before me the undersigned, who, being duly sworn according to law, depose and say:

That they were on the train of two cars with the locomotive of the Nantucket Railroad Company which left Nantucket at 7 o'clock this A. M., for the point of operations on said road. That when just north of Hooper's station, at about 7.15, A. M., the coupling pin used in connecting the locomotive with the forward car broke, and Mr. Thomas J. Hall, who was sitting on the back bunker of the tender with his feet on the forward car was thrown between the tender and the forward car, both the cars passing over him, killing him instantly. That the position of said Thomas J. Hall at the time of the accident was not within the view

of the engineer of the train. That the engineer has often cautioned the workmen not to sit upon the place where said Thomas J. Hall was at the time of said accident. That on this morning the workmen were again cautioned by some of their fellow-workmen not to occupy that place because of danger. That the breaking of said coupling pin was one of the unforeseen accidents to which no blame can be properly ascribed to the Railroad Company or any of its employees:

FRANCIS S. SYLVIA,
JOHN ROBERTSON,
ANDREW MOORE,
GEORGE STEVENS,
JOHN HENDRICKS,
PETER NELSON,
CHARLES EDGERLY,
JOSEPH A. HENDRICKS,
FREDERICK W. MARVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to by the above-named, Francis S. Sylvia, John Robertson, Andrew Moore, George Stevens, John Hendricks, Peter Nelson, Charles Edgerly, Joseph A. Hendricks, Frederick W. Marvin, this 18th day of June, A. D. 1884.

Before me,

GEORGE W. MACY,
Justice of the Peace.

The accident caused a feeling of sadness that pervaded the entire community.

An inquest was held before Allen Coffin, Esq., Trial Justice, as provided for by the Statutes, the facts there adduced being substantially as given above, and the probability is that a verdict will be returned in accordance with the facts.

June 21, 1884

Accidents on the Railroad.

Our inquiry last week as to whether there had ever been a fatal accident on the Nantucket Railroad has brought forth a variety of responses. Francis B. Keene recalls the incident, for he was the conductor on the line at the time, and Mrs. James Flood also recalls it, as she saw the accident, which happened not far from her home just south of the town limits. It occurred in June, 1884, when the construction gang was going out to work on the road-bed shortly after seven o'clock in the morning. In going up "Mount Foley," as the local railroad men called the place, the coupling parted and Thomas Hall, a young man, was unable to save himself and fell down beneath the wheels, meeting almost instant death. An investigation followed, but no person was held directly responsible.

We happened to have the facts on file, but wondered if the event had been forgotten, so made the query last week. Some of those who have replied claimed that a human life had never been lost on the railroad, but admitted that in one instance a cow was quite badly damaged by standing in front of the locomotive. Just how much damage was done to the locomotive by the collision was not stated.

March 13, 1917

In a Class by Itself.

If you have not been privileged to watch the performance attending the departure of the little motor car for Seonset upon the arrival of the steamer, you don't know what you have missed. These occasions have been more than ordinarily interesting this week, owing to the inability of the car to accommodate all the passengers desiring to take a trip across the moors, but we think that Thursday evening rather capped the climax. Manager Macy had rigged up a trailer which the motor was to tow along behind with baggage. It should not exactly be called a baggage car, either—it was something of a combination between a parlor car, an observation car and a smoker. In fact, it was all three in one, and the fact that its floor was covered with brussels carpet and brass-headed tacks put it in a class by itself for railway equipment.

The motor car itself was jammed full of passengers, and it was up to four ladies and two gentlemen to take the ride on the trailer—beg pardon, the parlor car—and at least a hundred persons were gathered about to see the outfit start. One of the ladies seated herself on the front of "the seat," (a mammoth trunk), and waving a flag in the air, posed as the Goddess of Liberty, while someone else kindly broke a bottle of lavender water over the stern. It was surely a merry sendoff, but those in the smoker (ladies included,) certainly carried with them the sympathies—yes, and the well wishes—of the crowd.

"Look out for your horses!" yelled the motorman, and with the clanging of the bell he started the engine, while the general manager gave the outfit a shove from the rear. Everybody cheered, for the plucky little motor was puffing away bravely, and the Nantucket Central's benzine buggy slid out from the terminal as gracefully as any train on the New York Central's system, and surely with a great deal more style. It carried sixteen passengers, besides a lot of baggage and mail, a pet dog, a bundle of window screens and a plug of tobacco.

July 4, 1918

The railroad station on Steamboat wharf was moved over to its new location Monday and stakes driven for the curve in the track extension down the wharf, which work was pushed forward rapidly. Very little filling in was necessary, as the track was laid along the south side of the driveway, close to the edge of the basin where the catboats berth. Manager Macy had a force of men at work early Tuesday morning and rapid progress was made, a section about 75 feet long being laid the first day, the car being run down to its new location at the end of the shed Thursday evening. The track where it crosses the roadway has been planked over, so as to permit easy and safe passage of teams, but the liverymen do not relish the presence of the motor car among them while awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and fear all sorts of accidents from frightened horses. The "berth" which the car now takes up has been occupied by William Cox for twelve years.

June 13, 1908

PAVILION.—The Nantucket Railroad Company are to have a pavilion building at Surfside, to be located on the land between the life-saving station and restaurant building. The frame for the structure is here, and the work of rearing it will be pushed by the contractor, who has come to carry on the work. The pavilion itself will be 34x26 feet, with a piazza on three sides, the latter being 50x34 feet. It will supply the place of the former depot, which was greatly missed by the public.

Another improvement will be the erection of a passenger station on the land opposite the gas works, for the accommodation of the townspeople.

HEARING ON THE PETITION OF THE NANTUCKET ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.—There was a large gathering at Town Hall, Tuesday afternoon, to hear the discussion upon the question of allowing the Nantucket Electric Street Railway Company to run a track to 'Sconset over the town's highways. Allen Coffin, Esq. appeared in behalf of the Nantucket Railroad Company and local teamsters, speaking at length upon the subject, and declaring it unfair for the town to grant the franchise asked for, when it would prove detrimental to the road already established, which had been struggling to get upon a paying basis since its establishment, and which had already done much for the welfare of 'Sconset; he urged the unfairness likely to occur to the teamsters, and thought the road uncalled for as a public necessity. Capt. O. H. Tice favored granting the petition, inasmuch as it would supply transportation at a less rate. Mr. Robert B. Coffin was interested for both sides, his remarks leaning to the side of the electric road. Capt. J. A. Beebe was a remonstrant, and advised the Town Fathers not to be in too much of a hurry. Messrs. J. L. Enas, James Kiernan and E. F. Whitman also opposed the project.

The only parties to speak for the petitioners were Messrs. John J. and Wallace Gardner and P. A. Underwood. The hearing closed at 3.30 o'clock, and the Selectmen took the matter under advisement at their regular meeting next evening, taking no decided action, preferring to give the subject a careful consideration before granting the petition, as there are many important points to be considered before making final decision.

This is right. While many are interested in having an electric road to Siasconset, none of them would advocate rushing the thing along without careful thought on the part of the authorities to see whether the proposed route would be the proper one to grant, and whether it would in any manner conflict with the general rights of the people.

THE ELECTRIC ROAD.

Not since the agitation of the sewerage question has there been manifested such a strong interest in any public local question as that which has been shown in regard to granting a right of way to 'Sconset for an electric railroad, and the public meeting called for last Wednesday evening for the town to give expression to its opinion, yes or no, on the matter, called forth an immense audience, and many turned away, unable to gain entrance to the hall, as is mentioned elsewhere in these columns. The audience was perhaps larger, from the announcement that Hon. William E. Russell, of Cambridge, would be present and speak in behalf of the petitioners for the road, steamer Island Home having been chartered to go to Woods Holl and bring him hither.

The meeting organized with the choice of Henry Riddell, Esq., as moderator, who, in behalf of the selectmen, notified those present that the action of the meeting had no legal effect, but would simply give the town's opinion for the selectmen's guidance. He then stated that the petitioners were present with Mr. Russell to represent them, that gentleman's entrance having been heralded by applause.

Mr. Russell then arose, and after stating that he should present the cause of his clients frankly and fairly, preferring rather that his case should be lost than gain it by any underhanded measures, proceeded to a discussion in detail of the merits of an electric system of cars, quoting statistics, and denouncing an incendiary circular floated the previous day by the opposition as an unfair argument. He followed closely with arguments of the various objections raised against the road, several of which he exploded in the minds of unbiased hearers, and in response to an inquiry from one of the voters present, asking if the petitioners had modified their request in any manner, explained that in asking for a road of this kind it was necessary to state some route, but the company would of course be pleased to adopt any route the Selectmen might lay out.

Capt. John A. Beebe spoke forcibly of the dangers of the electric current, and arraigned the selectmen for granting the light company a franchise without holding a public hearing, declaring it illegal. Other speakers had a few words to say, some to ask for information, and others to express their ideas on some of the points discussed.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Russell asked if the business of the carriage drivers had not been on the increase for several years, to which there were cries of "No! No!"

Balloting was then begun, the polls being kept open until 9.30 o'clock. The result was: No, 222; yes, 191.

At their meeting Thursday evening, the Select men took the matter under advisement, but came to no decisive vote, the subject being tabled until the next regular meeting.

NOTES.

Main street, on Thursday, was filled with little groups of interested and, in some cases, excited citizens, who discussed the subject over and over, and, on the whole, they were very good-natured and fair.

The question has now resolved itself as to what will be the action of the Town Fathers. It is said that they will not allow the use of Union or Orange streets, but may provide a route in some other direction.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

It strikes the average man as singular, to say the least, that with all the serious objections to giving up our milestone road to the Electric Car Co., and their publicly expressed willingness to take any route to get to 'Sconset, that our Selectmen should select that favorite route for teams and carriages, and present it to them in spite of protest and entreaty, in which hundreds of our summer visitors and 'Sconset property owners would join.

Again, why isn't it policy for the car company itself to carefully avoid making enemies by taking a route so much opposed when two other roads are open to them, both of easier grades than the milestone, and only a little longer. Of the three hills upon the latter road not one of them is wide enough to accommodate the track without interference with the carriage road, and to widen them will cost as much as the portion of a mile more track they would have to lay upon either of the other roads. Then we ask, why is it? The people want to know and have a right to know what is behind this persistency to secure our favorite road to 'Sconset, and what percentage of their earnings or profits is the town to get for granting this valuable franchise, anyway. So far as the milestone road is concerned, a good many of us will be willing to pay them something to keep off it. Now it would be natural to suppose that the writer is a strong opponent of the proposed electric road. On the contrary, we are in favor of it suitably placed and regulated, and purpose to contribute a very fair sum to its receipts every year.

ONE OF MANY.

John Murray, jr., vs. Nantucket R. R. Co., being an action of tort for the destruction of pine trees by sparks from defendant's engine. Settlement by entry of neither party. James Brown for plaintiff; Allen Coffin for defendant corporation.

Michael Foley, vs. Nantucket R. R. Co., being an action of tort in carrying away soil and otherwise damaging real estate. Sent to the auditor. James Brown for plaintiff; Allen Coffin for defendant corporation.

Nantucket Railroad.



SUMMER TIME-TABLE.

FOR SIASCONSET.

Trains will leave depot on Steamboat wharf for 'Sconset at 5, 8 and 10, A. M., 12.30 (or on arrival of the boat), 2.30, 4.30 and 7 (or on arrival of the boat), P. M. Returning, leave 'Sconset at 6, 9, and 11, A. M., 1.30, 3.30, 5.30, and 8, P. M.

FOR SURF-SIDE.

Leave depot on Steamboat wharf at 5, 8 and 10, A. M., 12.30 (or on arrival of steamer), 2.30, 4.30 and 7 (or on arrival of steamer), P. M. Returning, leave Surf-side at 6.20, 9.20 and 11.20, A. M., 1.35, 3.50, 5.50 and 8.30, P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave for 'Sconset at 8.45, A. M., 12.15, 2.15 and 5, P. M. Returning, leave 'Sconset at 9.45, A. M., 1.15, 3.15 and 6.10, P. M.

Leave for Surf-side at 8.45 and 11, A. M., 12.15, 2.15, 5 and 7.30, P. M. Returning, leave Surf-side at 10.05 and 11.20, A. M., 1.35, 3.25, 6.20 and 8, P. M.

FARE.—To 'Sconset, round trip, 80 cents. Five round trip tickets, \$3.50. Children half price. To Surf-side, round trip, 35 cents. Five trip tickets, \$1.50. Children, 15 cents. To Hooper's, 15 cents.

The right is reserved to change the hours of running trains on excursion days and special occasions without notice.

Trains will stop at the Washington and Main street crossings on return trips to leave passengers. No passengers will be taken on at these points on outward trips.

Other trains may be added during the season.

P. H. FOLGER, Sup't.
Nantucket, June 30th, 1885.

Engineer Stansbury has chartered the rolling stock of the Nantucket Railroad Company, and runs a passenger train out every day at 10 o'clock, returning at 4.15, P. M. He will continue the train as long as patronage will warrant. We are gratified to see he is receiving a generous patronage.

NANTUCKET R. R. BOND.

FOR SALE, \$1000 Nantucket R. R. first mortgage 7 per cent. bond. Address "Bonds," care S. R. Niles' Advertising Agency, 256 Washington St., Boston.

15-2t

THE RAILROAD.

We are pleased to learn that a movement has been made to put the Nantucket Railroad in order for summer travel, so that we shall have a regular line of connection between town and Sconset, via Surf-side. Our own people, equally with the summer visitors, have appreciated and enjoyed the convenience afforded by it, and none can more fully realize the advantages of a railroad line than the old residents of Sconset, who have been so greatly benefited by the growth and prosperity of their beautiful village, and the rise in the value of their individual property.

Indeed, the railroad may now be considered a necessity for all, whether tourists or native residents, and nobody can afford to have it lying idle. We cannot help believing, too, that it ought to be made profitable to its managers, and if it has thus far been unsuccessful in this way, perhaps useful hints may be drawn from lessons of past experience, and thus the very mistakes be turned to profitable account.

In the old-fashioned transition days, when everything with us was at a very low ebb, and still appeared to be going lower, our elderly people used to crack many jokes over the possibility of laying rails to connect the fishing village with the town proper; but those who then laughed over the funny idea little dreamed that a goodly portion of them would live to see it carried into actual effect, and become so accustomed in their declining years to hearing the shriek of the whistles and the rumbling of trains along the beach all through the summer season, as to consider them mere matters of course. Strange as the sounds seemed to us only half a dozen years since, their absence now would seem equally so, and we all unite in wishing speedy renovation and reorganization, with a long and successful career to the Nantucket Railroad.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

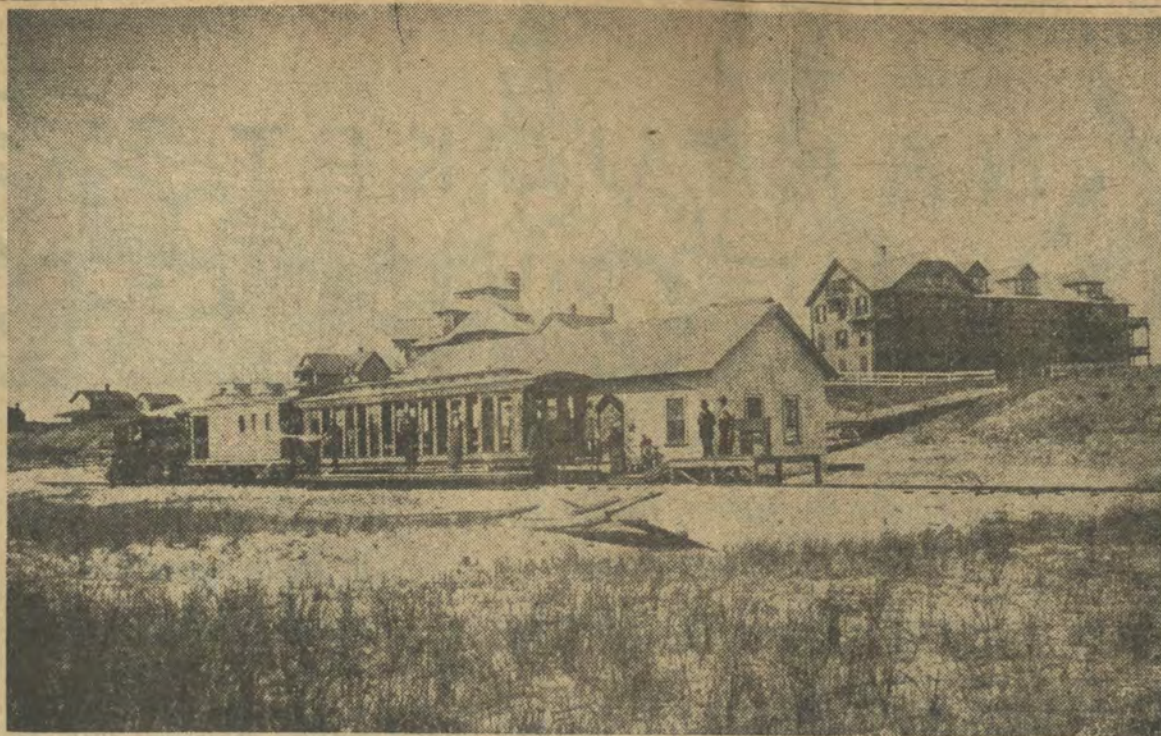
BROOKLYN, May 10, 1887.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you allow me a little space in your paper to urge upon the Nantucket Railroad Company the expediency of reducing the fares to Surf-side and Sconset. Many of the patrons of the road are off-islanders, coming from cities where one can ride as far as Sconset for five cents, so that Nantucket rates seem exorbitant. If the fare to Surf-side was put at ten cents, every train would be crowded, and instead of a few people scattered here and there on the beach, crowds would be seen. The same applies to Sconset. Fifty cents for an excursion ticket is enough to pay. It costs no more to run a full car than one half-filled, and if the cost of getting there was reduced, many parties would often go for the day. When the Broadway stages reduced their fare from ten to five cents (which they were obliged to do, as they were losing money) they made money. People who walked rather than pay ten cents, rode when they could do so for five; the same was true on the elevated roads. Let the Nantucket Railroad try the experiment for one week, reducing fares one-half, and see if they do not take in more money. Visitors in the town enjoy the outings which the cars give them, but they will not pay oftener than can be helped an exorbitant price for them.

OFF-ISLANDER.

May 14, 1887

May 18, 1887



The engine 'Sconset' pauses at the 'Sconset' station with its locally-built baggage car and one of the open passenger cars which delighted tourists.

Many Holiday Fun-Seekers Rode First Island Railroad; Plans For Museum To Preserve Mementos Of It Made

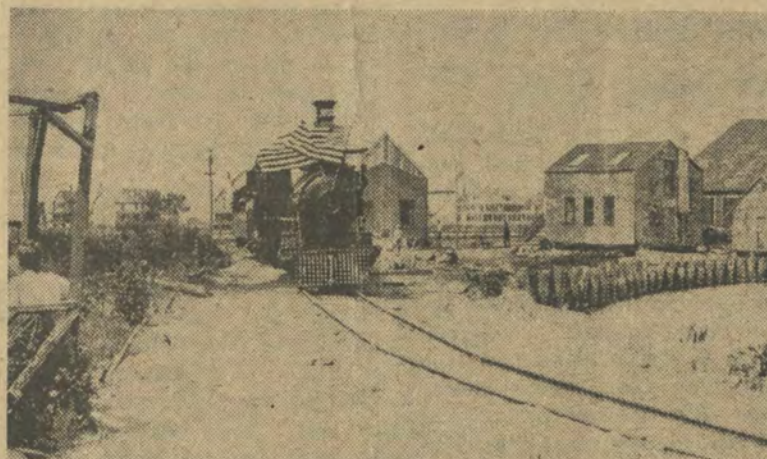
Engineer C. M. Stansbury, his face bright with anticipation, yanked the throttle of the locomotive Dionis and Nantucket's first railroad moved into action on Declaration Day 74 years ago.

The locomotive, with its fat smokestack belching black, acrid fumes, slowly drew away from the station at the corner of Main and Candle Streets in the village and gathering speed twisted its way along the narrow-gauge road to its ultimate destination Surfside. The Dionis hauled a pair of open passenger cars from the Long Island Railroad behind it and as

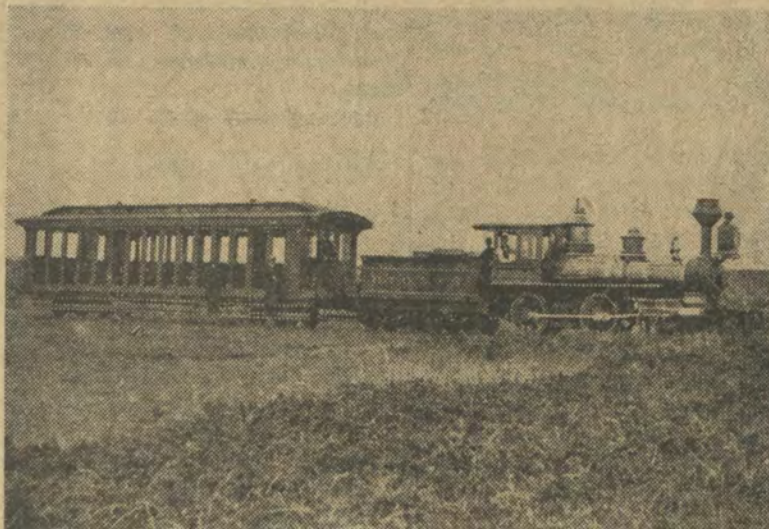
they slipped by the harbor, the flats, then Goose Pond, the Clay Pits and pine groves, Island dignitaries crowded happily in the gayly-decorated cars congratulated each other. Nantucket had a railroad.

The actual formation of the Island road was made possible by Philip H. Folger who in 1789 formed and incorporated a stock company. Johnathan Dorr was named president John H. Norton treasurer, Charles F. Coffin general manager and Mr. Folger superintendent.

The first ground for the Nantucket Railroad was broken at South Beach May 4, 1880 and a



Engine Number One of the Nantucket narrow-gauge railroad, at station at Steamboat Wharf. The building behind the locomotive is the railroad depot, now the Wharf Gift Shop.



The Island's first locomotive, the Dionis, with its tender and one of the open passenger cars purchased from the Long Island Railroad.

barge with the romantic name Roslyn Sherman arrived July 1, 1881 at Commercial Wharf with all the necessary rolling stock.

Stansbury and the crew of contractor Loren Downs worked day and night through the week-end to prepare the locomotive and its two cars for the first run scheduled for Monday the Fourth of July. The locomotive, a 25-ton Baldwin engine, bore on each side of its tender, in bright letters, "Dionis." It was named after the wife of Tristram Coffin. It was reported that the Dionis was purchased from the narrow gauge Boston Revere Beach and Lynn line, but a newspaper account of May, 1881 announced that the engine had been bought in Illinois. Local railroad historians seem to favor the Illinois version and point out that the Roslyn Sherman was a barge belonging to the New York Lighter and Transportation Company and came to Nantucket from New York, not Boston.

After its successful debut, the little train continued to chug the three miles between Nantucket and Surfside and prospects were bright as tourists poured into Surfside. Hundreds of holiday fun-seekers took the trip across the moors each day of the Summer season.

In its first year of operation, the Nantucket Railroad carried 30,135 passengers without an accident.

Business was so good that in 1883 the Riverside Hotel was uprooted from its site on the Providence River and removed lock, stock and lobby to Surfside where it was re-christened the Surfside Hotel. There were band concerts and every Saturday night a big dance.

With business booming, the promoters of the Nantucket line decided to expand and in 1884 tracks were laid to 'Sconset. The first trip along the nine-mile run to the eastern end of the Island was made July 8 and in 1885 another engine was purchased from the Mason Machine Works in Taunton, Mass. and christened "Sconset."

In the meanwhile, the Nantucket line had been doing intermittent battle with the elements. In August of 1883 tracks at South Shore were threatened by a pounding surf which barely failed to carry them away and in 1887 the tracks were moved further inland for safety's sake. However, the next year, a heavy November storm washed part of the road into the surf and in 1893 a long stretch of the roadbed at Nobadeer was inundated and the little Dionis took an unexpected salt water plunge.

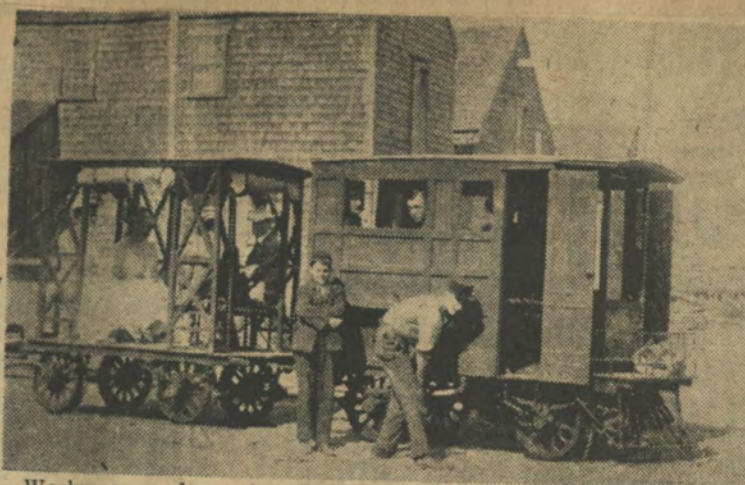
Adding to the woes already caused them by fickle Mother Nature, the owners of the Nantucket Railroad found that the Surfside "Prosperity Bubble" had burst. Surfside was no longer a Mecca for New England and New York vacationers. The Surfside Hotel, far from its home on the Providence River, was closed and finally collapsed in ruin in an alien land in 1899.

Retreat was the order of the day and in 1895 the Nantucket Railroad, purchased the year before by Francis B. Keene for \$10,800,

abandoned the line and proceeded to lay a new, shorter route to 'Sconset. New interests and developments were centering in that small village and the owners of the road hoped to recoup some of their losses with renewed tourist trade.

From that time on, however, the railroad failed to prosper and though it changed hands several times the results were always the same. High operating costs combined with the short Summer season made the line a losing proposition. In 1906 the fading railroad was given a recuperative rest and not once during the Summer was the high-pitched toot of a locomotive's whistle heard on the Island. A stagecoach was the principal means of transportation between Nantucket and 'Sconset during this railroadless vacation season and many Summer guests found the Buffalo Bill type of travel little to their liking.

All 4 photos
courtesy of
Robert E. Deeley



Workmen crank up the motor-powered car known throughout the Island as "the Bug" while passengers watch from its baggage car-trailer "the Birdcage."

The next year the Macy family succeeded in wooing some New York capital to their side and purchased the line. Cromwell G. Macy became president of the road and Thomas G. Macy general manager.

It was in that year, 1907, that "the Bug" was introduced to the Island. "The Bug," whose fame echoed round Nantucket, was a tiny motor car capable of carrying six to eight passengers, depending on their girth, and a trailer for baggage. The trailer was soon tagged "the Birdcage." Careening along the rails like a frightened beetle "the Bug" soon captured the imagination of all who saw it. Though by no means practical, the little engine skimmed over the tracks to Sconset in November of 1907 in a record 19 minutes. It leaped the tracks a year later and was ruined, but was resurrected in 1911 for temporary duty while the regular train equipment was being overhauled.

The next innovation by the New York-controlled railroad was a gasoline motor car which bore a definite resemblance to the Toonerville Trolley. It accommodated 30 passengers, but on every trip across the Island vibrated so badly that it threatened to shake itself and its courageous occupants to pieces. It was rejected as useless and returned to the mainland in October of 1908.

A year later, still pouring money into their Nantucket venture, the "Macy Syndicate" reconstructed the road bed, making it steadier and strengthening certain weak places, and laid a new line of track. Another locomotive, the third to be used on Nantucket, was purchased from the Revere Beach Line, to take the place of the old Dionis. The new engine was knocked topsy-turvy by a sprung rail while pulling a full load of passengers in July, but no one was hurt and the engine carried on for several more years.

In 1910 new rolling stock was added to the Nantucket Railroad. A brand new locomotive, passenger car, and combination passenger and baggage car were designed specially for the

Nantucket line. Nantucketers rejoiced for at last their pride and joy was more than second-hand, more than a hand-me-down. It was a Nantucket railroad all the way.

The road changed ownership in the next few years but was still controlled by New York interests. It was regarded as much as a curiosity as a convenience because it had come to be one of the few narrow gauge railroads remaining in the United States. It ran in a leisurely fashion and if a lady's hat blew off en route to Sconset or back to the village the train was stopped while the offending chapeau was retrieved. And if a passenger wanted to pick blueberries which grew in profusion along the road, the train would stop at any point and then pick up the berry picker on the return trip.

The road continued to run and lose money and in 1917 rumors began to fly about its eventual termination. The rumors were substantiated when the Empire Trust Company of New York who controlled the majority of the line's stock announced the Nantucket Railroad

had been sold to the Boston firm of Thompson and Kelly for scrap. War was raging in Europe and metal to forge weapons was bringing a high price on the market.

In the Spring of 1918 the track was torn up with the last of the locomotives transporting the rails to town. Rails and rolling stock were shipped to the mainland and later went to France where they were used by the American Expeditionary Forces at Bordeaux.

Nantucket's railroad was just a memory.

With the rapid popularity of the automobile the actual need for a line between Nantucket

and Sconset faded, but many Islanders still smarted at the idea of their road being torn up for scrap.

A closed passenger car added to the line when the Sconset junket was begun is still a part of Nantucket life. Like many a good railroad car it has been transformed into a diner.

One person on the Island whose interest in the unique little narrow gauge remains unabated is Robert Deeley, a director of Island Service Company. Mr. Deeley, who came to Nantucket from New York City five years ago, said he had been mildly interested in railroading before his arrival here and found the Nantucket Railroad and its story full of "interest and charm" and a fascinating hobby.

He has secured relics of the railroading era in Nantucket and displays in his office on the Island Service Wharf old tickets, timetables, lanterns, stock certificates, a sign from the Sconset Express Office and enlarged pictures of the birth and growth of the Island line.

Mr. Deeley has in his collection 70 pictures of the railroad, most of which he has had carefully copied and restored by an expert photographer in Santa Barbara, California. There are pictures of the old stations, both at Nantucket and Sconset; Dionis, "the Bug," engines Number One and Number Two and many shots of the line which stretched across the Island.

Plans are in motion to start a Nantucket railroading museum which will be located for present in the upstairs foyer of the Island Service Company. Mr. Deeley and two summer residents who are also intensely interested in the railroad will combine to stock the museum with their collections.

May 20, 1955

35



"DIONIS", DRAWING NANTUCKET'S FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN.

"Dionis" and Her Train Made Interesting History.

"Railroading" on Nantucket isle has been unique from the moment "Dionis" first "set foot" on the island soil in 1881, and, although the original locomotive which established railroad communication here has long since passed into junk, the bell with which "Dionis" used to herald her way across the moors has been preserved and is mounted on the latest of her successors.

It was in 1881 that the scheme of constructing a railroad between the town and Surfside took tangible form and a company was formed to finance the undertaking, through the efforts of Philip H. Folger. The "Surfside boom" was then on and great promise was held for that section as a mecca for summer tourists.

The first sleeper was laid in the construction of the road on May 13 and the first train was run on the 4th of July. To William D. Clark, the old town crier, was accorded the honor of driving the first spike. For several years thereafter "Dionis" did a big business and hundreds of persons were taken across the moors to Surfside daily throughout the summer months.

Surfside was booming. The Coffin Reunion was held there in August of 1881, about a month after the railroad service was established, and the little narrow-gauge railroad, with its "open" cars (see illustration) carried many of the descendants of the illustrious "Tristram" out to the South shore for their reunion and clam-bake. It was in memory of "Tristram" Coffin's good wife "Dionis" that the little engine was given her name and the letters stood forth in gilt on each side of her tender.

In 1882 the Surfside boom was at its height and the highway leading there (known as Atlantic Avenue) was widened that year. In 1883 the "Riverside Hotel" was removed from its site on the Providence river and brought to Nantucket and erected at Surfside as the "Surfside Hotel". It was formally opened to the public on the 4th of July and for a time the hotel did a thriving business, with band concerts and Saturday night "hops" attracting hundreds from town as well

as the guests of the hotel, many of whom spent the season there and came away enthusiastic and pleased with their visit.

"Dionis" was doing a rushing business and she was very popular, but it was a short run of only three miles to Surfside and she longed for more activity than the little route afforded. Prospects for the success of the railroad were promising, so the promoters decided to extend the track along the south shore to 'Sconset. This was done in the spring of 1884 and the first train was run to the village on the 8th of July, when "Dionis" first made the acquaintance of 'Sconset. That, too, was a gala occasion, but the lengthened route proved to be too much for "Dionis" to do alone, as she was getting old, so in 1885 a companion was purchased for her and christened "Sconset", making her first trip on the 25th of June.

The latter was a peculiar little engine, of unusual construction, inasmuch as the locomotive and her tender were all mounted on one truck—that is, the tender was built onto and made a part of the locomotive itself.

The island railroad boomed and in August the village of 'Sconset held a big illumination. The "Surfside Hotel" at the south shore and the "Nantucket Hotel" on Brant point were employing rival bands that season and their "hops" were largely attended.

But old "Dionis" had been having her troubles. The seas were at that period cutting into the bank at the south shore and in 1883 the heaviest surf known at Nantucket for years pounded its way into the bluff on August 29th—almost at the height of the season. The railroad line was threatened, but the storm subsided before the road-bed was reached and all went well until 1887, when it was found necessary to move the track in from the edge of the bluff. And the next year another heavy storm came in November and the railroad line was washed into the surf.

Twice the track was moved inward after it was first laid. Nature

seemed to be wreaking its vengeance on Surfside and all along the south shore, especially at the head of Nobadeer pond. Troublous times followed for "Dionis" and her little train, but the little "Sconset" relieved her of her labors as much as possible.

Finally, in 1893, another August storm came and a long stretch of the road-bed at Nobadeer was washed into the surf. It was upon that occasion that "Dionis" plunged into the breakers was immortalized by one of the island poets and published in *The Inquirer and Mirror*, with a couple of illustrations, which are reproduced herewith.

Realizing that it was unwise to continue to battle against the forces of nature and endeavor to maintain the road-bed along the edge of the south shore, in 1895 the promoters of the line rebuilt the railroad by a shorter route to 'Sconset and Surfside was abandoned, the interests and energies of the line centering upon the development of the village of 'Sconset. The Surfside "boom" had vanished in the air, and the hotel had long since been closed, the building gradually falling into decay until its complete collapse came in November, 1899.

During its career the Nantucket Railroad has passed through many ownerships, none of which have ever become rich out of the investment. The shortness of the season, and the great expense of operation for three or four months, making it impossible to reap any great harvest out of the line, notwithstanding the "busy season" which it has occasionally experienced. In fact, there was one year (1906) when the railroad "took a rest" and the whistle of the little locomotive was not heard once during the season.

The island missed its cheery sound, however, and 'Sconset suffered from its inactivity, for a stage coach was the principle means of transportation between the town and the village that season, and it was very unsatisfactory. Delmont L. Weeks, who had been manager of the road for several seasons, had lost his interest in Nantucket, and announced that the company which he represented was "ready to sell out."

And then "the Macy syndicate" came to the relief. Nantucket blood (not the Coffins—but the Macys) became interested and finally secured the aid of New York capitalists and bought the line. The late Cromwell G. Macy was president of the new company and Thomas G. Macy general manager, and they planned to discard the familiar little train for a more modern conveyance known as a "gasoline motor-car".

A little car which soon became known as "The Bug" was brought to the island and placed in service, with the intention of establishing an "all-the-year" line. "The Bug" could accommodate but six or eight passengers, yet it possessed a "trailer" upon which trunks could be piled, and the

outfit was known as "The Bug and the Bird-cage." Although a little crude in its appearance and operation, "The Bug" could skim over the rails faster than "Dionis" ever went and on the 29th of November, 1907, it made a trip out to 'Sconset in 19 minutes. The "Bug" finally became unruly and squashed herself to death.

The next year (1908) the promised "gasoline motor-car" was brought to the island and actually placed in service. It could accommodate some thirty passengers, but its vibration was so intense that the trip could not be made in comfort; in fact, those who patronized it always had the fear that it would shake itself to pieces before it reached town again. The scheme was clearly not a success, so the motor-car was shipped back to the mainland again the next October.

The next year (1909) the reconstruction of the road-bed was commenced and a new line of track was laid. Another locomotive had in the meantime been brought to the island, purchased from the Revere Beach line, to take the place of old "Dionis", and it was this outfit (the third of Nantucket's locomotives) which "turned turtle" down on the south beach on the 23d of July, 1909, caused by the spreading of the rails, because the "fish-plates" which were supposed to fasten the joints together had not been placed. No one was injured, however, so the locomotive was righted again and did service several years longer.

In 1910, the new rolling stock was brought to the island and the old outfit discarded. The new stock included locomotive, passenger coach and a combination passenger and baggage car—all built especially for the Nantucket line. It was a gala day for the islanders when the new train went out to 'Sconset over the new road-bed on the 7th day of June in that year. Heretofore about everything the line had possessed was brought here "second-hand", but this outfit was brand new, and the islanders rejoiced in the fact.

And then came another change in ownership and management, but New York capitalists still retained control. The line has since been operated successfully each season, the road-bed has gradually been improved, and, by possessing one of the few narrow-gauge lines left in the United States, Nantucket now has a railroad system which, although unique in many ways, is one of the "features" which the island extends as an attraction to the summer tourist.

[Note—The first conductor of the Nantucket Railroad was Francis B. Keene, who was later followed by Alfred F. Ray, both of whom are still residents of Nantucket.]



LAMENT FOR A FAVORITE LOCOMOTIVE.

O, where is dear Dionis now
And all her festive train?
The headlight on her iron brow
We seek, alas, in vain!
In rows the silent sleepers lie,
No warning toot they hear,
Nor tremble, as she rushes by,
The hills of Nobadeer.

To "Sconset" her beloved mate,
She loaned a rib or two,
A valve, a piston and a grate,
Which left her feeling blue.
Old "Sconset" habbled out one morn,
And never home came he;
Said poor Dionis, lone and lorn,
"Life hath no charms for me."

Next morning, like a lightning flash,
She scuttled out of town;
At Nobadeer, with one fell splash,
She to the deep went down.
They said she only sought to cool
The fever in her blood,
And mistook for a wayside pool
The ocean's raging flood.

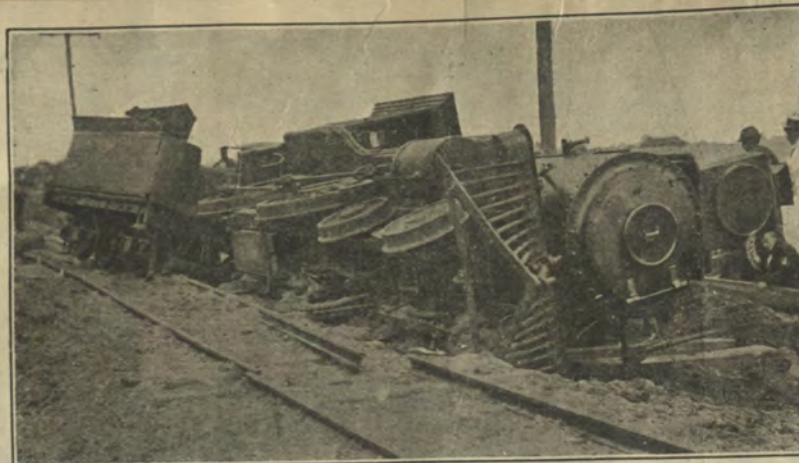
Those dulcet strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore
Are silent now—alas, we fear
Forever—evermore!

Oh, cruel irony of fate
That such a road may rust,
And all the frogs may hibernate
Beneath the drifted dust!

O, flagman by the Goose-pond shore,
Your banner waves in vain:
For you shall greet, O, nevermore,
Dionis and her train!
Be yours a heartfelt sympathy
For strangers at our gate
Who in the station mournfully
With season tickets wait!

And when the doughty William D.
Says "Go-o-o and see the surf!"
A mighty host will eagerly
Go tramping o'er the turf.
And as with disappointed glare
They find it simmered down,
O, fancy them with injured air
Come trudging back to town.

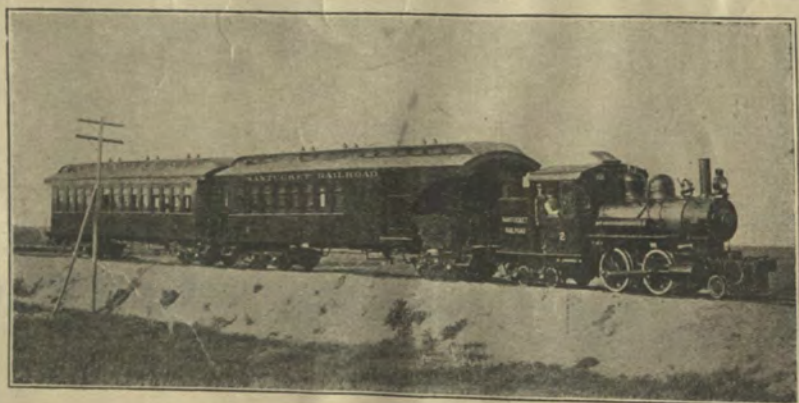
Still oft on moonlit summer night
May dreamers hear again
Dionis, as in spectral flight
She scuttles o'er the plain,
From lonely hills of Nobadeer,
Reverberate once more
Those witching strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore.



WHEN THE LOCOMOTIVE "TURNED TURTLE" DOWN ON THE SOUTH BEACH.



THE FAMOUS LITTLE "BUG", WHICH FINALLY SQUASHED ITSELF TO DEATH.



THE PRESENT TRAIN OF THE NANTUCKET RAILROAD



THE GASOLINE MOTOR CAR WHICH HAD SUCH A BRIEF
EXISTENCE ON NANTUCKET.

WHEN YOU NAVIGATE THE BUG.

Come to 'Sconset in the summer
If you want to see a hummer!
Ne'er a vehicle was bummer
Than this funny little bug.

Tho' you leave behind the ocean,
With its rocking-horsey motion,
What a terrible commotion
When you navigate the bug!

As you glide along the trail,
Head and heart alike do quail—
'Spechly if you're on the tail—
When you navigate the bug.

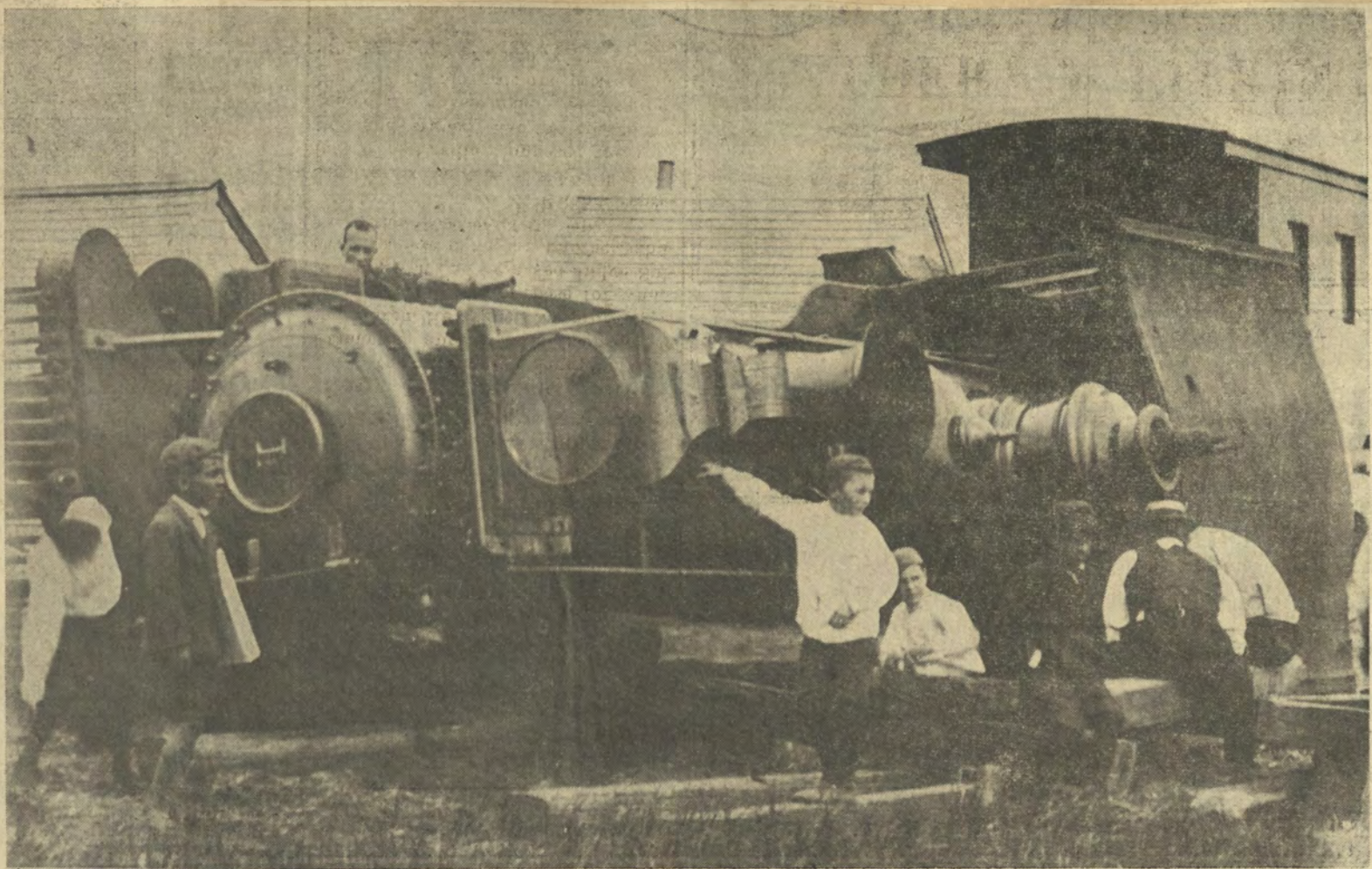
Chug-a-chug and chug-a-chugger
Of the bird-cage and the bugger!
If you get a seat just hug'er—
When you navigate the bug.

Now you round Tom Never's Head
And you sight the little shed,
Scarcely more alive than dead—
Oh, the journey on the bug!

Team or wagon, horse or pony,
Rig or rack, if e'er so bony,
Take me back to dear old Coney—
Never more upon the bug!

Bennett, 1908.

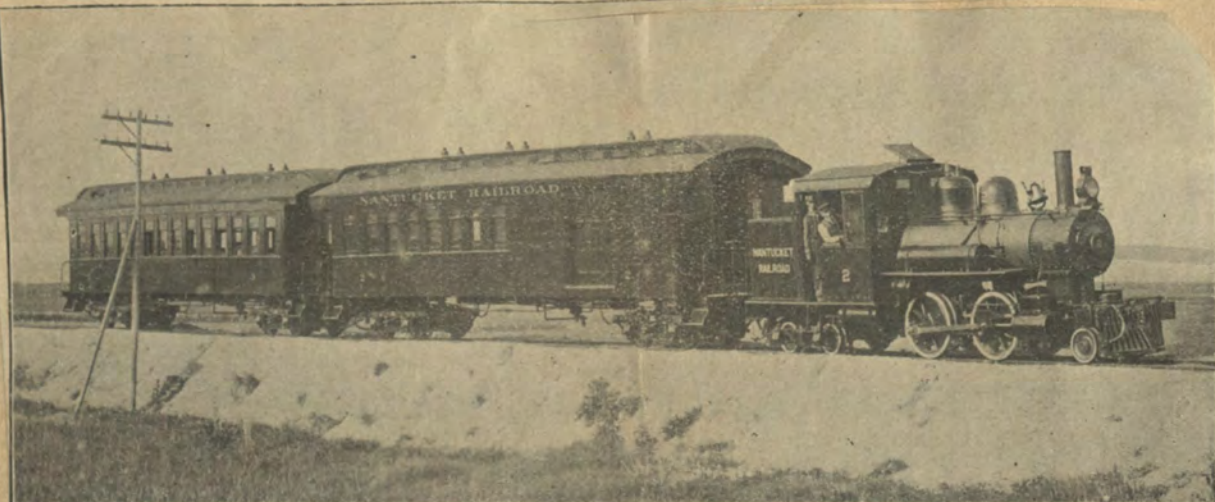
Published in The Inquirer and Mirror, issue
of September 12, 1908.



"WHO SNEEZED?" — Because of the interest shown in the pictures we published recently of the old Nantucket Railroad, we are presenting the above scene of the accident occurring on the South Beach section of the line. This occurred on July 23, 1909 — just over a half-century ago. Does anyone recognize any of these "sidewalk superintendents"?

Feb. 12, 1960

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAS PASSED!



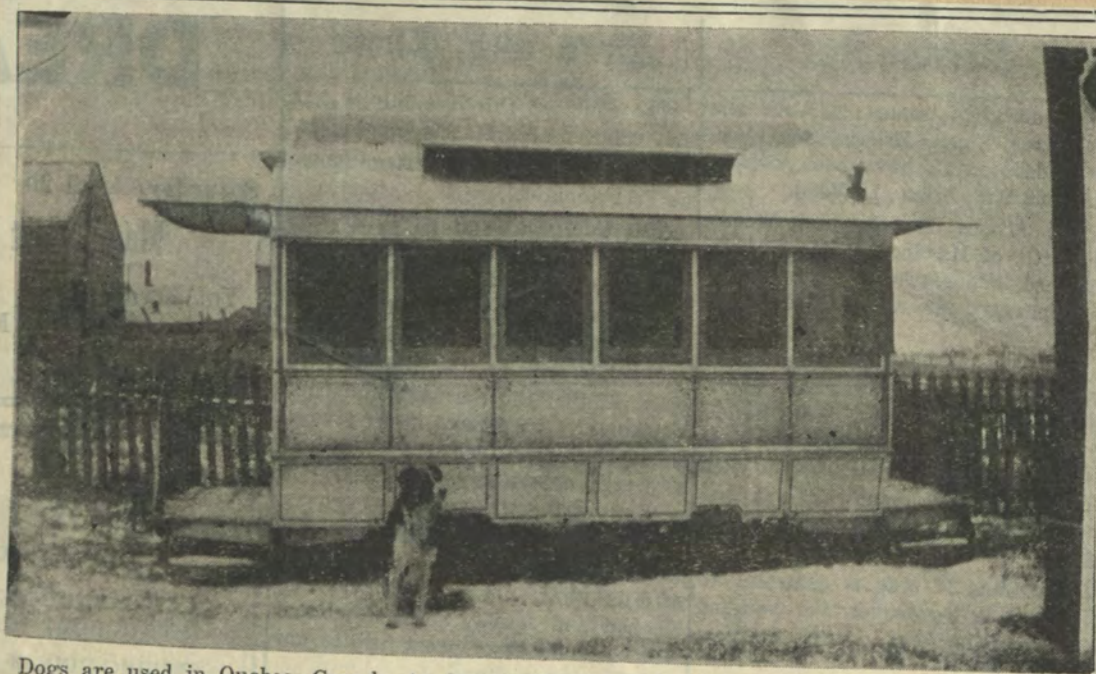
There are repeated inquiries regarding the lamented Nantucket Railroad, which, were in its existence today, would be doing a thriving business. In its days of summer activity it was considered unique, but today it would be considered not only unique but would possess keen interest to the summer visitor as one of the real attractions of Nantucket.

The last train to squirm along over the moors to Sconset was not the original train with its engine christened "Dionis," but a later edition of the narrow-gauge system, with a locomotive of different design than the original, but no less unique in its type of construction.

The above picture was taken the day the train made its last run over to Sconset in September, 1917. The picture below was taken when the original train made its first trip over to Surfside in July, 1884. The passenger equipment then was "open cars" which had reversible seats extending across "the beam."



SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1943



Dogs are used in Quebec, Canada, to draw milk carts; they are used in the far north as sled dogs, but the dog in this picture is merely a guardian of an ancient relic of Nantucket's transportation. The car above was drawn by horses and once carried fully-clad bathers to the beaches.

April 28, 1961

It is impossible for us in our limited space to note in detail the history of the road, and perhaps it is unnecessary, for we have kept our readers posted as the matter developed, and will simply state that the idea of a railroad to 'Sconset' originated with the superintendent, P. H. Folger, in the summer of 1879.

During the winter of 1879-1880 a stock company was formed and incorporated, with the following list of officers: President Jonathan Dorr; Treasurer John H. Norton; General Manager Charles F. Coffin; Superintendent Philip H. Folger; additional directors, John H. Coombs, James W. Cartwright, and John W. Cartwright; clerk and attorney, Asa Cottrell.

The route originally surveyed contemplated running west to Madaket, thence along the shore to 'Sconset', but subsequently the present route was surveyed to Surfside and along-shore to 'Sconset'. May 4, 1881, ground was broken on the South Beach, and in June and July following the sleepers arrived and were distributed along the road bed, which was completed to Forked ponds during the autumn.

June 1st, 1881, a cargo of rails arrived, and the work of laying them has been pushed along surprisingly fast by contractor Loren Downs since that time, his assistant E. P. Downs, doing good work in superintending operations at various points along the route.

On Friday afternoon of last week, July 1, 1881, the barge Roslyn arrived at Commercial wharf bearing all the rolling stock for the road, and she was hardly made fast before the work of discharging the heavy freight was commenced. Mr. Downs directed the work with energy and skill, and though it is generally conceded that large bodies move slowly, he proved that he could be an exception to the

rule, and all the rest of the day and through the night the huge locomotive and cars were worked upon, and the early forenoon saw them upon the temporary track.

From this point they were pushed to the main track, and ere Monday morning dawned were ready for the first trip announced for the morning of that day. During Sunday all the connections on the line were made. Engineer C. M. Sandsbury took the engine in hand Sunday, and by dint of hard labor accomplished necessary work upon the machinery, and put everything in readiness for the start.

The train was run to the temporary starting point early in the forenoon on Monday, the boiler and the tank filled with water, the fire started, and soon the assembled crowd were greeted with the sound of hissing steam and, the indicator on the gauge in the cab gradually moved up, until it reached the required figures.

Then the locomotive, Dionis, (named thus at the suggestion of Mr. C. F. Coffin) was trimmed with gay flags and early in the afternoon the peal of the first locomotive bell, the shriek of the first locomotive whistle in our land was heard; the throttle was pulled, the wheels revolved, and the Dionis and her tender, bearing the treasurer, general manager, superintendent, Contractor Loren Downs, Winchester Veazie, civil engineer E. E. Downs, road hands, and the omnipresent William D. Clark, moved slowly over the road, greeted by the shouts of the hundreds assembled. A short run was made as far as Hooper's Station, and then she returned for the cars to make

The Trial Trip

The management courteously invited a representative of this paper to take the trip, and shortly after 2 p. m. the train moved away from its station, corner Main and Candle streets, and slowly around the sharp curve at the foot of Coffin street (this curve has been lengthened), when engineer Sandsbury "opened on her" gradually, and away the train went over the Goose Pond, the Clay pits, Hooper's Station, through the short stretch of pines to the open

commons, where the speed was increased and we went whirling along towards the station at Surfside, which was to be the scene of festivities at a later hour.

The evenness of the road was commented upon, and the officials were loud in their praise of the work of Mr. Downs, whose beaming face near by gave evidence of the gratification he was deriving from listening to the words of praise; and he was justified for feeling thus "good", for it was more than one point in his favor, and he could but feel supremely happy. The run over to Surfside occupied but few minutes, when the train returned to transport invited guests to the scene of the festivities.

The platform was crowded as it drew up at the station, and as "all aboard" sounded from Conductor Keen's lips, the cars filled rapidly, and shortly after the appointed hour several hundred people were being borne along on a real Nantucket railroad. We listened attentively to the comments on all sides, and were greeted with "Ain't it funny" "This is just lovely", "Here's the Goose pond", "I could ride all day", "Well, I never expected to ride on a railroad through Weeweeder valley", and other similar remarks.

Pleasant faces greeted one on every hand, and the novelty of the occasion added greatly to the pleasure of the ride, which was enjoyed to the fullest extent by all participants. The familiar scenery along the route seemed laden with a different and peculiar charm.

Passing along the pleasant shore of the harbor, thence across the flats, the Goose pond, the Clay pits, the open fields, thence entering a sweet-scented grove of pines, and beyond rushing out upon the broad level common, with the sea in front, drew out frequent expressions of delight, as the tastes of the different members of the company were called forth.

As the train drew up at the station at Surfside, one lady gave utterance to the only fault-finding heard for the day, which fully expressed the feeling of all in attendance. It was that the ride was not long enough. This was a happy and deserved compliment to all connected with the road.

As the company walked up to the station, long tables, temptingly spread, greeted their gaze, and after strolling along the shore, or gathering in groups for an interchange of expression regarding the success of the trip, they were called to partake of the repast, which was discussed amid lively chat, and general good feeling.

The literary exercises following the bountiful collation, were keenly relished by a throng of auditors in and around the improvised pavilion where the speakers were seated. General Manager Charles F. Coffin was fortunate in his selection of Rev. Daniel Round for president on this truly joyful occasion. To preside acceptably at an after-dinner celebration requires a nice tact and discrimination; and our clerical friend, Rev.

Mr. Round, happily combines the two. The clatter of dishes over, and knives and forks having been brought to a parade rest, Mr. Round announced a song by the Glee Club, composed of Messrs John W. Hallett, Almon T. Mowry and B. G. Tobey, and Mrs. Almon T. Mowry, Mrs. John W. Hallett, Mrs. M. A. Wakeman and Miss Clara Cook. The song was entitled "Soft Glides the Sea," and it was sweetly rendered, the chorus mingling with the receding waves on the adjacent beach.

Among the speakers were Allen Coffin, Esq., William R. Easton, Joseph S. Barney and Dr. Arthur E. Jenks.

J. Bradle Starbuck supervised the collation, provided by ladies of the island, with the High School girls acting as waitresses. The "feed" comprised quahaug chowder, baked clams, baked bluefish, cake, fruit, tea coffee and lemonade.

In closing the report of the affair The Inquirer and Mirror of July 9, 1881, says:

"By the breaking of the coupling the train was late in getting out for the passengers and to dispel any anxiety the engine ran out to announce the fact. Shortly after 7 p. m. the company arrived in, and the management received congratulations from all sides for the success attending the opening of the Nantucket Railroad, which is largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Downs, who performed such faithful work, to have the road opened on time."

Railroading on Nantucket.

Another chapter has been enacted and closed in the interesting and varied history of the little Nantucket Central Railroad, and the new motor car which supplanted the steam train service the past season, has been returned to the hands of its makers and will be seen here no more. Some day somebody of a literary (?) turn of mind may write a book dealing with the trials and tribulations which have beset this little narrow-gauge railroad ever since its inception twenty-eight years ago, and then, and not until then, will all the details of its harrowed existence be brought to light. In fact, we once overheard D. L. Weeks, former manager of the road, state that he could write a story of "Railroading on Nantucket" which would astonish the world.

The Nantucket Central has had its ups and downs, the latter, perhaps, being the more frequent, but each time it has received a new lease of life and has started out again with Dame Fortune smiling sweetly upon it, only to run head on into another financial snag, with an occasion case of "sidetrack."

With its early history the majority of our readers are doubtless familiar, for its unusual features and its unique existence of several decades have given it more than passing notice in the every-day world. Two years ago the railroad property again changed hands and the season of 1907 was considered a fairly profitable one, with comparatively few mishaps, and the season ended with something to the good. The management then decided to abolish the antiquated locomotive and its rickety line of cars and substitute a more modern method of conveyance. First came "the bug," which proved a good investment all round, but this little motor car now bears strong evidence of having been overworked and is in the hospital for repairs.

The promoters of the scheme may have had the right idea when they decided to introduce motor car service, but there was a delay in the manufacture of the larger car and the most profitable part of the season passed before it reached Nantucket and was placed in service. When it did arrive it met with a series of mishaps, one after the other, being given a rather lively six weeks of service, and now it shows signs of wear—has lost its splendid coat of varnish—a victim of many a contest with the rough and uneven roadbed extending nine miles between Nantucket and Siasconset.

But this was not intended for an obituary notice—we trust the time has not yet come for that, as the railroad is probably now meeting with only another of its "ups and downs"—this time a "down." The manufacturers have asked that the large motor car be returned to them, and in compliance with their wishes it was on Thursday placed aboard of the two-masted schooner Helen at Steamboat wharf, by Holmes & Pease, and has started on its homeward journey to Allentown, Pa. The old locomotive and passenger coach are still resting peacefully in the car-barn on the south beach. Perhaps the former's whistle will be heard again next season. Who knows?

Lives Lost on The Nantucket Railroad Line.

Was a man ever killed by the Nantucket railroad? is another question we were asked in settling an argument last Saturday. Yes, two men lost their lives during the career of the narrow gauge line on this island. On June 18, 1884, Thomas J. Hall, a member of the construction gang, fell from the train on the way to 'Sconset and was killed. The other fatality was when William H. Dodge, a man of 61 years of age, attempted to drive his team in front of the oncoming locomotive at the foot of Orange street, June 20, 1917, three months before the road ceased operations for good. Dodge was instantly killed.

As far as we can learn, these were the only two men who were killed in connection with the operation of the railroad from the time the first train was run to Surfside, on the 4th of July, 1881, until the last train rolled into town in September, 1917. A couple of cows and a dog were killed by the train during its career, but its thirty-six years of existence seemed to be devoid of other casualties.

Accidents on the Railroad.

Our inquiry last week as to whether there had ever been a fatal accident on the Nantucket Railroad has brought forth a variety of responses. Francis B. Keene recalls the incident, for he was the conductor on the line at the time, and Mrs. James Flood also recalls it, as she saw the accident, which happened not far from her home just south of the town limits. It occurred in June, 1884, when the construction gang was going out to work on the road-bed shortly after seven o'clock in the morning. In going up "Mount Foley," as the local railroad men called the place, the coupling parted and Thomas Hall, a young man, was unable to save himself and fell down beneath the wheels, meeting almost instant death. An investigation followed, but no person was held directly responsible.

We happened to have the facts on file, but wondered if the event had been forgotten, so made the query last week. Some of those who have replied claimed that a human life had never been lost on the railroad, but admitted that in one instance a cow was quite badly damaged by standing in front of the locomotive. Just how much damage was done to the locomotive by the collision was not stated.

March 17, 1917

THE RAILROAD.—There is nothing further to report this week relative to the proposed railway, other than that new routes have been surveyed, the most popular of which with the surveyors is one which runs along the Cliff Shore, by the bathing houses, thence across the Cliff lands, by the farm of Mr. W. H. H. Smith, and then takes a southwesterly direction over the "Narrows" of the Hummock pond, and joining the line first laid out near the farm of Mr. James Collins. The projectors of the road were expected by last night's boat, in order to be at the meeting of the town to-day, when they will be prepared to present their plans in detail, if necessary. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be large, and a free discussion of the matter had, each side presenting its strongest argument *pro* or *con*. As far as we have been able to judge from expressed opinions about us, the number in favor appears to be the larger; but what the meeting may develop remains to be seen. We desire to see the project thoroughly tried, and hence hope for a favorable decision by the meeting of to-day. Many object strongly, thinking the road is laid out to run through the public streets; but we would inform all such that no definite line has been settled upon. Should the town give them the right of way through North Beach street, and thence by the route above mentioned, it would obviate any of the dangers which present themselves in travelling the more public streets, for North Beach street is but little used compared with the others mentioned heretofore. At any rate, give the matter the full force of your eloquence to-day, whether it be for or against.

Sept. 20, 1879

NANTUCKET AND 'SCONSET.

IMPRESSIVE EXERCISES COMMEMORATIVE OF THE COMPLETION OF THE NANTUCKET RAILROAD CONNECTING THE TOWN AND HAMLET—DRIVING THE GILDED SPIKE—MUSIC BY THE MECHANICS BAND—TRIBUTES TO THE DESERVING.

In local history the facts incident to the celebration of the completion of the Nantucket Railroad between Nantucket and Siasconset, on Tuesday, July 8, 1884, will occupy a place. It was the celebration of the completion of an important project to the place in the face of every conceivable obstacle, and can be scored as another setback to croakerism. Only to those who have successfully carried out the work can the difficulties and perplexities which have beset the iron pathway ever be fully known, but their reward comes through the final success, and they can safely smile. Disappointments have been numerous, none being greater than the necessity of postponing the opening day beyond the Fourth of July, but this proved no drawback to the interest of the occasion.

Despite the threatening weather of Tuesday, the outward trains were all well filled, and it is safe to assert that upon the arrival of the first afternoon train at the base of Sunset Heights bluff, there was gathered in ancient 'Sconset the largest concourse of people the "bank" ever held, drawn there by curiosity and public-spirited enthusiasm, and doubtless the number would have been greater but for the inclement weather.

As Mechanics Band alighted from the cars, a lusty cheer went forth, and as the band fell in, indefatigable, patriotic and smiling William D. Clark, with gilded mall and spike, took his position in the van, and led the way to the last tie, where amid a sudden burst of sunshine and

TO THE TUNE OF "YANKEE DOODLE" he settled the golden spike into its wooden bed, Master Ray Barnum, a son of Gen. Barnum, of New York, waving an ensign meanwhile, while the plaudits of the crowd went up in a prolonged cheer. It was an inspiring occasion, and the gray-headed residents of 'Sconset, who stood with arms akimbo, stoical witnesses of the innovation upon their peaceful quiet, caught up the enthusiasm and patted their palms as lustily as any.

This part of the programme concluded, the crowd adjourned to the lawn in front of the Ocean View House, where a selection was finely rendered by the band (and here let us state that it was their first public appearance after but a few months' practice), which was heartily applauded. After prayer by Miss Louise S. Baker, a sumptuous dinner was served to invited guests and others who were disposed, in the spacious dining room of the hotel by landlord Coffin, who had everything first-class. Literary exercises followed the repast, the speakers occupying seats on the front piazza of the hotel. Mr. Arthur H. Gardner, who presided, addressed the assembly briefly, congratulating the management on the success of their project, referring to the annual celebrations that had been held, each marking an important step in the progress of the work, concluding by introducing as the first speaker, Allen Coffin, Esq., who said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The last spike has been driven in the track of the Nantucket Railroad. It was not the first spike that has been driven, neither will it be the last; for the last first spike in the grand universality of railway systems has not yet been dreamed of. The first iron spike of the Nantucket Railroad was driven June 1st, 1881; but the first intellectual

spike for this railway, whose consummation we this day celebrate, was forged in the fertile brain of an honored son of Nantucket, and hammered out upon the anvil of Nantucket's faith and hope in the eternal progress of the world, nearly forty years ago. It is a part of our history that a survey was made by a civil engineer for a railway to Siasconset, under the direction, and, I may say, inspiration, of the late Judge Edward M. Gardner, nearly forty years ago. The route then proposed, however, was not by way of Surf-side, for that romantic and health-giving resort had not then been discovered, save by the fishers' tribe and stranded mariners, who read upon the lonely boathouse the humane direction preceding the painted hand with its index finger pointing—"Strangers in the fog or snow, there is the road to town." What a prophecy was that, as we contemplate it now, through the dim vista of forty years—a period of time corresponding with the period the children of Israel were wandering in the wilderness ere the Promised Land was reached. The prophetic utterances of Judge Gardner have their fulfillment to-day. He made figures to show that a railroad to Siasconset would pay. Many people laughed at the project and sneered at the figures. But the project survived the jeers of opponents, and has passed through the dark domain of experiment, emerging into the full light of triumphant fact. How very little encouragement the management of this railroad has received from the general public of Nantucket, the world may never know. How much opposition, discouragement, lack of confidence, and ridicule has been placed in the way of the road, only those who had the pluck and the patience, and have struggled on through unspeakable trials, through tedious days and wakeful nights, shall know.

Before the Wannacomet Water Works—before the organization of a gas company—before the Bakker's Camels were built—before the keel of the first ship constructed on the island was laid—before the first lighthouse on the American coast was lighted, sending its beneficent rays of hope to the returning mariner—before the first pamphlet was printed against chattel slavery in America—before the first ship had flung the American ensign to the breeze in the English channel—there were noble, brave, and true-hearted men in Nantucket. They came here principally from 1651 to the close of the 17th century, and left a goodly heritage. But they have not ceased coming yet; and, in view of this fact, the rational mind may rejoice, and the faint-hearted thank God and take courage. With a faith as sublime as that of the great Law Giver, who struggled through Egyptian darkness, and with courage as undaunted, Messrs. Folger and Norton and Coffin, re-enforced and sustained by that most eminently practical engineer, Staabury, who threw into this work his whole soul—the promised land of Siasconset has been reached by rail.

"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways which we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of Him He loved so well."

I will no longer retrospect. The future is ripe and laden with golden promise. You cannot reap where you have not sown, nor garner what is not your own. There is, I believe, a glorious future for Nantucket. Many people regret the decadence of the whale-fishery, and I confess to a moderate share in such regrets. But there is more taxable wealth on Brant Point to-day, than was ever there represented by the whaling industry in its palmiest days. And this wonderful transformation, which we there behold, is the result of the stern and inexorable logic of events.

"The fixed decree, which, not all Heaven can move,
Thou, Fate, fulfill it, and yet Powers approve."

The Nantucket of the future must be very different from the Nantucket of the past; and, in recognizing this fact, I have no regrets, for I believe in the eternal progress of man, and the everlasting fitness of things. I should as soon think of donning the worn-out home-spun garb of my ancestors with the expectation of making myself presentable to this cultured assembly, as to revel in the thought that the oar and the harpoon professed the acme of human attainments for the rising generation of Nantucketers. Why, the world has changed since I was young. Men even go whaling now by steam, and capture leviathans by aid of whaling-guns and bomb-lances. There are yet miles of ocean-bound Nantucket lying along the line of this very railroad, all undeveloped, inviting the denizens of interior continental cities to come and make themselves summer homes, not to mention the other miles of shore by the sea and by lakelets.

I love Nantucket and her people—her lore, her traditions, her history and her renown. Every street and lane which my juvenile footsteps traversed—every schoolhouse and church I have been wont to attend—every pond and swamp, hill and valley is as dear to me now as when I first roved among them in the freshness and buoyancy of youth. The swamp apple sends forth the same delicious fragrance it did when I drove cows to pasture ever-so-many years ago; the cranberries look first as green and then as red, and the ripe huckleberries as black, as when I gathered them without a thought of the morrow. The restless waves of old ocean even now bring music to my ears. And, amid all these thoughts that come trooping to my mind, I feel that I love Nantucket better than ever; and, perhaps, better appreciate her charming resources because the best portion of my active life was passed among other scenes. Nantucket people, in times past, have been wanderers all over the globe, and now the people from all parts of the country seem to be flocking to our island in search of recreation and repose, and they bring with them, I estimate, half a million of dollars annually, and some of it remains here in circulation. There is enough of the ancient Nantucket spirit left to secure them all a hearty welcome.

No great truth was ever born to the world without pain and labor on the part of the one that gave it birth. No great enterprise has ever been projected that has not encountered doubts and fears and fierce antagonisms from those who have subsequently been benefited thereby. The Nantucket Railroad has experienced its full share of obstacles, and, notwithstanding, has made success a certainty. I congratulate the management upon this success. The operations on the road have caused a large amount of money to be expended here, and it has gone into the varied channels of trade. Almost every kind of business has been benefited by its expenditures, and its continued operations will cause continual expenditures to be made. It must prove a public benefactor, as long as the present business of Nantucket continues. And while its financial success must depend largely upon its prudent and discreet management, the indications are altogether favorable for dividends at an early day.

Hon. William R. Easton was next introduced as one who had witnessed the ups and downs of Nantucket, but had lived to see her resuscitated, and was present to assist in the pleasant celebration of the hour. He spoke as follows:

Lord Byron, on a certain occasion, said to one of his contemporaries, "Medwin gin and water is the source of all my inspiration." Now, if the intellect of Byron required gin and water to bring out its brilliancies efficiently, what are we to fire up with, in this quiet, cool, comfortable, and sleepy atmosphere, where Wannacomet water is the principal beverage? I can tell you, my friends, what animates and stimulates us on this interesting occasion, and that is the happy completion of the Nantucket railroad to Siasconset, the most attractive spot of all the out of town places, (and there are many) on this little isle of the sea.

As early as about the commencement of the present century, its attractive features were appreciated by visitors, and its praises pronounced in poetry, in prose, and in song. An Orthodox minister sojourning here, notwithstanding the strictness of his sect, who were ever clamorous for proselytes, and strict in the discipline of disciples, not permitting any kind of revelry, nor indulgence even in the singing of songs, nor spiritual, was so charmed with 'Sconset, that his harp was involuntarily attuned anew, and sent forth its music in poetic, dulcet strains, with the spiritual left out, thus—a few stanzas occur to me:

"Wide in the East on Nancy's Isle,
Where roars the loud surf louder,
Ascends to view the happy village
For freedom famed and clowder.

Its pump the lymph oblivion pours
To drown despite and treason;
Its purer air at once restores
To liberty and reason.

When erring virtue asks excuse,
'Tis free good-nature grants it;
And that which else would be abuse,
Is winked by laws of 'Sconset."

The first railroad, I think, was that of Manchester, England, the second that of Quincy, Massachusetts; with these beginnings, the first for the transportation of coals, and the second of granite, we have gone on conquering and to conquer, until nearly the whole of our vast domain is netted with railroads, and the proprietors of the Nantucket Railroad have exhibited great sagacity in persevering to completion what I doubt not will prove to be a necessity to the increasing prosperity of Nantucket. May a full measure of success attend this laudable enterprise. The good-will and thanks of this community they are richly entitled to, and are now receiving.

Edward F. Underhill, Esq., of New York, was called upon, and responded in the following happy vein:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In responding to the request to participate in the celebration of an event so important to Siasconset, I labor under peculiar embarrassments. I was only notified within half an hour that I was to be a part of the funeral, and now that my turn has come, I feel that I am to act the part of the corpse. [Laughter.] I am like the Frenchman, who, after years of study had prepared for the press, as he supposed, a profound and exhaustive work on philosophy, chanced to look at the writings of Aristotle, Pythagoras, Plato and other eminent writers of Ancient Greece, and saw that he had been anticipated by over 2000 years. In great rage he said: "Sacre bien! Zose infernal ancients have stolen my best ideas." [Laughter.] It occurs to me now that it would have been better for me had I told my story first. All I undertook to do was to fill the gaps that other speakers had left, and they haven't left me any gaps! Still, I can speak of personal experiences as a stranger among you. This is my sixth summer on the island, and, as you know, my time has been passed on 'Sconset bank. I came here after two years' suffering from nervous prostration caused by overwork, during which I had but little sleep and only the memory of an appetite. I took a little cottage on the bank where myself and family felt that we would have a maximum of comfort and a minimum of care, however the stay might affect my health. My first week's experience was promising. I slept twelve hours a day. The other twelve I was only sleepy. [Laughter.] As for my appetite, the first day I was able to run the gamut of the bill of fare at the Ocean View House, and thenceforward I got around three square meals a day; for I never flinched until I had successfully wrestled with every dish the proprietor dared to present for discussion. [Laughter.] It was the misfortune of two waitresses to be assigned the duty of serving me at the table. One broke down and went home be-

fore the season was half through. The next week I saw an announcement of her death in the newspaper. The other stood it out until the end of the season, and her muscles became so strengthened and toughened by the amount of travelling necessary to satisfy the cravings of my monstrous appetite, that, on her return to Boston, she entered the lists for a six days' walking match, go as you please, and she won the stakes. [Laughter.] But with the landlord—well, my patronage was a matter of serious concern if not of grave solemnity. Day by day he saw his stock of provisions disappear in my omnivorous maw, and was sick at heart as he saw the season's profits slowly diminish under the withering influence of my hunger. Still he accepted the inevitable and with that calmness men exhibit in the sight of death. But the time came when we had to part. The scene I shall never forget. When in solemn and regretful tones I told him that the next year I should return but that I should keep house, he grasped my hand with visible emotion and tremblingly said that he was my friend for life! [Laughter.] I took in the situation. Little did he appreciate me as a living, moving, breathing example of the excellence of his table. The thought uppermost in his mind was that another year he would retrieve the losses my presence had entailed upon him in that. [Laughter.] I tell you it is pleasant to see such exhibitions of tender sentiment in a world in which ingratitude is so often displayed! He told a mutual friend in strict confidence that it was bad enough to have a guest die under his hospitable roof, but it was even pleasant compared with having some persons live under it. [Laughter.] He didn't mention any names, but I caught on to the significance of his statement the moment it was repeated to me. He didn't want any more of my style of invalids. But in five years I have seen changes in 'Sconset as miraculous as that which life on the bank has wrought in myself.

The history of the place you know better than I, for you are familiar with the course of events within your own memories, and have heard others which have been handed down by tradition to your fathers, and have read those which have been preserved in writing or in print. Probably no man can say with approximate certainty when Siasconset may be said to have been established as a fishing stage, and much less when it ceased to be that and became a village. But the best information obtainable is that, as a village, it is 150 years old, and that portions of some of its dwellings, which had been removed from Sesacacha, can count 200 years. A century and a half was required to make it a place of 80 habitable houses, and for near a quarter of a century little or no progress had been made in its enlargement. Indeed, with the dry rot that seemed to have taken possession of the island, Siasconset, still less than the town, promised a future in which prosperity was to be a part. But there were those from the mainland and a few on the island who appreciated the advantages of 'Sconset bank as a natural sanitarium. They had seen in other places mere sand spits transformed into valuable estates worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and whose health-giving qualities were not to be compared to those afforded by the little village in which they had found rest and health. They predicted for Siasconset a future which promised more than others had dared to entertain in their thoughts, and much less express. Their words were not idle conjectures. They proved their faith by their works. They bought land, and in less than three years new structures, half as many in number as had been erected in 150 years, have been reared, and are the summer homes of their owners or are transient residences of visitors. And the end is not yet. To-day the only needed means of bringing 'Sconset to the extensive notice of the people from the mainland has been completed. Men of nerve and enterprise have hazarded their reputations and their capital in a project which, as we have heard to-day, was seriously entertained by an eminent man on this island forty years ago, and whose vision, could it have spanned the future, would have seen the fruition of what was then regarded but a dream, in the scene we have witnessed this day. Henceforth, each season, twenty people will come to the bank and view the waves as they beat upon our shore, where one has come to us in seasons past. We have already seen the result of the faith of men embarking their means in this little neglected corner of creation. For two years not a man in 'Sconset but has had employment, if he desired, winter and summer, spring and fall, and at remunerative pay. The neighboring soil has given up its richness in the increased production of those things needed for table, and has found a ready market at better prices than ever realized before. Mechanics have ceased living from hand to mouth, and have found it easier to pay their debts, and some have discovered that it is quite as easy not to get in debt at all. To Norton and Coffin and Folger and their confreres, who have dared, almost without encouragement, to risk their means in the enterprise, we owe a debt of gratitude. It was at the best problematical. Now it is an accomplished fact, which will change Siasconset from a mere geographical point on the map of New England, to a beautiful and charming village, known to the sight of many thousands of families, and with a yearly expanding reputation as the place on the coast, above all others, where the energies of overworked men and women may be renewed by rest and recreation. [Applause.]

Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, who was the last to speak, was heartily received, and made a forcible and eloquent address, sparkling with local hits that were warmly applauded. He said:

over

Mr. President—Ladies and Gentlemen:—There is nothing that succeeds in this world, in a worldly-wise sense, like success. I know of no mechanical triumph that has not had its opponents. I recall no one man of our century, or of any other, prominent in trade, profession or politics, or foremost in any of the humanitarian movements of his time, who has not had his traducers. Why, there are some people—you and I know them well—who imagine themselves delegated to take up this man and say of him: "He may succeed, possibly, if we help him;" or to declare of that man: "He shall not succeed, if we do not help him!" Of all the miserable failures in this world, these self-constituted umpires of other men's accomplishments, are the most miserable. Any man or woman worthy the name, with a grand life-purpose in view, cares as little for such people as Longfellow's village blacksmith, while he stood by his blazing forge, cared for the moth-miller. Theodore Winthrop, author and soldier, whose manly life was yielded up, a costly sacrifice for country, in the war of the rebellion, has said in one of his most readable books, that the croaker serves his day and generation; never positively harmful, always eminently troublesome.

I recollect now a somewhat humorous story that is told of a small-sized, choleric, half-pay British officer who went storming up and down the platform of a Swiss railway station, finding all manner of fault with the management. His wife, one of those demure, quiet little bodies, so like a balance wheel to a Swiss watch, approached him, and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, she said: "My dear, don't you think it possible that you may be a little wrong yourself?" "Zounds!" he shrieked, with an oath; "I know I'm wrong, and that is what makes me so mad!" The opponents of this railroad scheme, and of the credit of this celebration, know that they are wrong and that is why they are so vexed. But we are glad of this success, and are here to offer our congratulations to the managers of the Nantucket Railroad, in this unique event.

All kind of obstacles have stared them in the face from the beginning to this glorious end. They have surmounted them all. I do admire the perseverance and dogged tenacity that have characterized the officers thus far. Starting from the steamboat landing in Nantucket town, the iron rails first span the dock, where, half a century ago, the noble men of our island home—representatives of her pristine vigor and renown—stood and watched the out-going and in-coming ships—those queer, staunch vessels commanded by as sturdy and reliable a set of men as ever trod the earth! The railroad then creeps across "the creeks;" actually leaps the Goose Pond, which, it was predicted, no man could bridge; onward over the fair, fragrant moors, to the sweet shoreland at Surf-side; thence through Nobadecr valley; past Tom Never's Head, down to the flinty strand, winding its bristling way along, by the shore of the sounding sea, to its present terminus. I conceive the whole to be a magnificent success in its way. The breath of the locomotive mingling with the breath of the emerald ocean, and falling in a rainbow shower of encouragement upon the head of superintendent and officials alike.

Too much praise cannot be awarded Engineer Stansbury for his fidelity in pushing this work to so remarkable completion. In season, and out of season; through storm and shine; battling with this obstacle, and contending with that obstruction, he has nevertheless, in this grand result, won for himself the confidence not only of the travelling public, but that of his employers as well. Honor to whom honor is due! It would be culpable in me to forget the band of working men who have labored so faithfully with the engineer in his arduous task. I respect such men, in whose rough and ready hands the spade and pick are far more honorable implements than the assassin's pistol, or the bandit's knife. These workmen are sharers with us in this interesting celebration. I like to crown them knights of labor. Indeed,

Our country is famed for its labor and gains,
No less than for largess of manhood and brains;
You know the tradition concerning Pike's Peak;
That is nothing, for listen, and hear our Spike speak!
The rugged old ocean roars out in his glee:
"Great shadow of Neptune! What is it I see?"
In politics, once, Locofoco was votive;
Times have changed, and the tocsin is now Locomotive!

'Tis an age of invention—great epoch of steam!
For the sea-gull's we have the fierce engine's wild scream!
Innovation! Ah, no; 'tis the popular thing;
Dionis is Queen, and our Philip is King!

The selections rendered by the band at the conclusion of each speaker's remarks were well received, and there were many complimentary remarks made upon the quality of the music.

Cheers were given for the Railroad Company, the management, the band, engineer Stansbury and mine host Coffin, of the Ocean View, when the crowd dispersed in various directions.

Several of the cottages were decorated in honor of the event, that of Mrs. S. J. Clute being adorned with flags and lanterns. William C. Swain, Esq., also made a display of flags, and bunting floated from the residences of Mrs. S. P. Reynolds and Mr. R. B. Coffin, the Atlantic House, and other places. During the evening a pyrotechnic display was made in front of the residence of Mrs. S. J. Clute, comprising some very handsome pieces.

The road is as yet a trifle rough, but this is to be expected on a new line, and does not detract from the delightfulness of the ride along the surf-washed shore, with a charming view on the other hand of the unbroken stretch of commons, while the scenery between Tom Nevers Head and Siasconset village is strikingly picturesque.

The most hearty congratulations of the INQUIRER AND MIRROR are tendered the company upon the success that has attended their efforts.

July 12, 1884

BY RAIL TO 'SCONSET.

The railroad track is being extended eastward day by day from Surf-side towards 'Sconset, with a fair prospect that the month of July will witness the completion of the work and full connection by steam between the town proper and that quaint little suburban village. The standing joke of a generation ago, when scarcely anyone believed that it could ever be any more than a joke, is soon to become a real live institution. 'Sconset may be called our own watering-place and summer resort, for even in the busy commercial days, when summer was the busiest season of all, our merchants and retired sea-captains appreciated its advantages as a spot sacred to rest and comfort, and found delight in having a little villa of their own where they could spend a certain portion of their time in the warm season. But till within a very few years the charms of that unique locality were scarcely known to any but natives of the island, while the increased facilities for travel to the cities and towns on the continent had tended to leave 'Sconset and all its beauties to be enjoyed only by the few who made their permanent homes there and labored hard both by sea and land for a frugal living. The quiet routine of their lives was only varied occasionally by the coming and going of a few young folks on a picnic, and by some temporary addition to the population when the fishing season was on.

But a marvellous change has come over 'Sconset and the dwellers therein. Strangers have come within their gates; men and women from afar off, even from the cities of the Great West, who have the means and the leisure to make summer a season of enjoyment, and the beautiful village has found favor in their eyes. They have fraternized heartily with the old 'Sconseters, and the association has been one of mutual pleasure and advantage. Property has risen in value, the old cottages have been renovated and beautified, many new ones have been erected, including not a few larger and more pretentious ones. 'Sconset now boasts a post-office, a neat church, a country-store and a fire department, and instead of one little hotel languishing for want of patronage, each succeeding year calls for increased accommodations, for the visitors now number many hundreds, which will probably be swelled to thousands after the completion of railroad facilities. We rejoice in the growing prosperity of 'Sconset and its people, who may safely look forward to a more lively season this year than ever before.

May 17, 1884

PROGRESS ON THE



Since our last issue the progress upon the Nantucket Railroad has been rapid, and on Monday afternoon the work of filling in the "Goose Pond" was completed, which disposes of the most difficult piece of grading on the line of the road. Teams are still at work carting sand upon the dump there, in order to raise it to the proper grade. A wooden sluice some forty-four feet in length allows the tide to ebb and flow as heretofore, and is of such dimensions that there is no possibility of its becoming filled up. The small strip between Orange street and the pond has been graded to the required level, also a short distance upon the east side of the Clay Pits. Still farther on to the southwest the work of making a cut through a field of Mr. Michael Foley has been successfully completed, the sand being used in raising the grade on the dump across the Goose Pond. This cut is several hundred feet long, and about four feet deep on an average. From this point the line of the road crosses the fields of Messrs. C. M. Thomas and Michael Foley, entering the South Shore road a short distance east of the farm of Mr. L. A. Hooper, which is to be the first "way station" on the road. The work is being pushed with vigor, and according to supervisor Downs' estimate, the filling in of the Clay Pits and grading to that point will be completed early next week. He expects soon an invoice of rails, ties, etc., when the construction cars can be put on to assist in the work. No dump cars will be used in constructing the road bed, which will be "plain sailing" for several miles after reaching the road at Mr. Hooper's, the greatest grade upon the entire line being but one foot in a hundred feet of road bed.

NOTES.

The steady stream of teams and wheelbarrows leaving and returning to the pits and sand hills is an exhilarating sight, and to the complete system of the work is due the excellent progress already made.

The working force has been largely increased since the start by the accession of help from among our own people and abroad.

Recent advices from Superintendent Folger stated that he should have the ties and rails here the last of the present or the first of next week.

There is a current report which has some foundation, that Mr. George E. Creasey will be engaged as engineer upon the road. Mr. Creasey's long experience in that capacity upon the New York and Harlem road is evidence enough of his qualification for the responsible position, and then, too, his geniality will make him a favorite with all who may take the "shore line to 'Sconset or way stations."

Tom Nevers' Pond is to be bridged. The workmen were paid off on Wednesday.

We feel called upon to speak of the general excellent bearing of the off-island force employed, and congratulate the supervisor upon securing the services of so well-behaved a gang.

May 15, 1880

NANTUCKET RAILROAD.

SUMMER TIME-TABLE.

FOR SURF-SIDE AND 'SCONSET.

Leave Nantucket at 7.50 and 10, A. M., 12.20 (or on arrival of boat), 2.30, 4.40 and 7 (or on arrival of boat, P. M.).
Leave 'Sconset at 8.55 and 11.05, A. M., 1.30, 3.30, 5.40 and 8, P. M.

Leave Surf-side 25 minutes later.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Nantucket at 8.45, A. M., 12.30, 2.30 and 4.45, P. M.
Leave 'Sconset at 9.45, A. M., 1.30, 3.30 and 5.45, P. M.

Leave Surf-side 25 minutes later.

Until August 1st, a train will leave for Surf-side and 'Sconset on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 4.50, A. M. Returning, leave 'Sconset at 5.55, A. M. On and after August 1st, a train will run daily on above-named hours.

FARE—To 'Sconset, round trip, 80 cents. Five round trip tickets, \$3.50. Children half price. To Surf-side, round trip, 35 cents. Five trip tickets, \$1.50. Children, 15 cents. To Hooper's, 15 cents.

The right is reserved to change the hours of running trains on excursion days and special occasions without notice.

Trains will stop at the Washington and Main street crossings on return trips to leave passengers. No passengers will be taken on at these points on outward trips.

Other trains may be added during the season.

P. H. FOLGER, Supt.

Nantucket, July 20th, 1885.

y17—tf

Nantucket Railroad.



ON and after June 15th, until July 1st, trains will run to Surf-side and way stations as follows.

Leave corner of Main and Candle Streets daily at 10 and 11, A. M., 2, 3, 4.5 and 7, P. M. Returning, leave Surf-side at 10.30 and 11.30, A. M., 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30 and 7.30, P. M.

Fares for Round Trips.

Hooper's,	15
Surf-side,	35
Three Tickets,	\$1.00

Special rates to Picnic parties and Sunday Schools.
jelo—3t

P. H. FOLGER, Supt.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NANTUCKET RAILROAD.—The report of the Nantucket Railroad for the year past is given as follows: Capital stock \$95,000; funded debt, \$59,500; unfunded debt, \$13,078; cost of road \$156,906; equipment \$14,413. Income, \$7431; expenses and taxes, \$5706; net income, \$1725; interest, \$5091; deficit for the year \$3364, subtracted from former surplus leaves \$5155. Number of locomotives, 2; passenger cars, 4; freight cars, 4; employees, 15; passengers for the year, 22,020.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

ATLANTIC AVENUE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We commenced our labors again April 13th, before the frost was really out of the ground, and have been at work almost continuously ever since. We have been alone all the while, though expecting some assistance which had been promised, but it has never appeared. We have now reached the railroad track and are at work near the crossing, the north side being nearly completed, or enough so to make a safe passage over. Probably another week will be required to finish it smooth and handsome. Meanwhile the Railroad Co. are bringing us some earth, which we are using to raise the grade, that the approach from either direction may be nearly level.

The Surf-side Co. will now, we understand, lay out the avenue in a nearly straight line to their hotel, ploughing a furrow on both sides, giving a uniform width of fifty feet for the road. Whether they will in time make such a driveway as we have completed from the corner of Main and Pleasant streets to the railroad crossing is somewhat problematical. Should they extend the road it is not likely they will build it after our style, using brick and stone for the foundation. B.

June 13, 1885

OPENING OF THE N. R. R.



From Nantucket to Surf-side by Rail--The Glorious Fourth the Occasion of the Inauguration--The Trial Trip--Success Marks the Event in All its Details--Notes and Comments.

The opening of railroad travel on Nantucket could not but be an event of special interest to all our people, as an innovation in every sense upon our time-honored means of land travel in spring wagon and cart; and that the community has been out in force during the progress of the building of the Nantucket Railroad to gratify curiosity, is not at all surprising, for there are those in our midst who had, up to Friday of last week, never been favored with even a sight of a real locomotive and cars. But they have seen ground broken, the unfathomable Goose pond bridged, cuts and fills made through hills and in valleys, sleepers and rails laid, and trains bearing many passengers run safely to Surf-side from the business centre of the town; in fact, they have witnessed the successful consummation of an enterprise that it was prophesied at the outset would never be carried through. The cry of failure we do not attribute to a desire for such a fate, but rather as the honest opinions of those from whom it emanated, who, entirely unacquainted with plans of the management, could only form opinions from outside talk, and made up judgment adverse to the success of the project. These views were perhaps but natural, and we doubt not but those who ventured them are quite as gratified with the success of Monday's opening as the management itself.

In the few brief hours following the arrival last week, of the barge Roslyn with locomotive and cars, we could only present our readers with a few facts hastily gathered concerning the future plans of operations, but we are now in possession of details of interest concerning the road, which we present below, in connection with a comprehensive account of the successful opening of the road on Monday, July 4, 1881, and literary and other features connected therewith.

It is impossible for us in our limited space to note in detail the history of the road, and perhaps it is unnecessary, for we have kept our readers posted as the matter developed, and will simply state that the idea of a railroad to Sconset originated with the superintendent, Mr. P. H. Folger, in the summer of 1879. During the winter of 1879-80 a stock company was formed and incorporated, with the following list of officers: President, Jonathan Dorr; Treasurer, John H. Norton; General Manager, Charles F. Coffin; Superintendent, Philip H. Folger; additional directors, John H. Coombs, James W. Cartwright and John W. Cartwright; clerk and attorney, Asa Cottrell. The route originally surveyed contemplated running west to Madaket, thence along the shore to Sconset, but subsequently the present route was surveyed to Surf-side and along shore to Sconset. May 4, 1880, ground was broken on the South beach, and in June and July following the sleepers arrived and were distributed along the road bed, which was completed to Forked ponds during the autumn. June 1st, 1881, a cargo of rails arrived, and the work of laying them has been pushed along surprisingly fast by contractor Loren Downs since that time, his assistant, Mr. E. E. Downs, doing good work in superintending operations at various points along the route. On Friday afternoon of last week, July 1, 1881, the barge Roslyn arrived at Commercial wharf bearing all the rolling stock for the road, and she was hardly made fast ere the work of discharging the heavy freight was commenced. Mr. Downs directed the work with energy and skill, and though it is generally conceded that large bodies move slowly, he proved that there could be an exception to the rule, and all the rest of the day and through the night the huge locomotive and cars were worked upon, and the early forenoon saw them upon the temporary track. From this point they were pushed to the main track, and ere Monday morning dawned were ready for the first trip announced for the morning of that day. During Sunday all the connections on the line were made.

Engineer C. M. Stansbury took the engine in hand Sunday, and by dint of hard labor accomplished necessary work upon the machinery, and put everything in readiness for the start. The train was run to the temporary starting point early in the forenoon of Monday, the boiler and tank filled with water, the fire started, and soon the assembled crowd were greeted with the sound of hissing steam, and the indicator on the gauge in the cab gradually moved up, up, until it reached the required figures. Then the locomotive Dionis (named thus at the suggestion of Mr. C. F. Coffin) was trimmed with gay flags, and early in the afternoon the peal of the first locomotive bell, the shriek of the first locomotive whistle in our land was heard; the throttle was pulled, the wheels revolved, and the Dionis and her tender, bearing the treasurer, general manager, superintendent, contractor Downs, Mr. Winchester Veazie, civil engineer, Mr. E. E. Downs, road hands, and the omnipresent William D. Clark, moved slowly over the road, greeted by the shouts of the hundreds assembled. A short run was made as far as Hooper's station, and then she returned for the cars to make

THE TRIAL TRIP.

The management courteously invited a representative of this paper to take the trip, and shortly after 2 P. M., the train moved away from the station corner Main and Candle streets, and slowly around the sharp curve near the foot of Coffin street (this curve has been lengthened), when engineer Stansbury "opened on her" gradually, and away the train went over the Goose pond, the Clay Pits, by Hooper's station, through the short stretch of pines, to the open commons, where the speed was increased, and we went whirling along towards the station at Surf-side, which was to be the scene of festivities at a later hour. The evenness of the road was freely commented upon, and the officials were loud in their praise of the work of Mr. Downs, whose beaming face near by gave evidence of the gratification he was deriving from listening to the words of praise; and he was justified for feeling thus "good," for it was more than one point in his favor, and he could but feel supremely happy. The run over to Surf-side occupied but a few moments, when the train returned to transport invited guests to the scene of the festivities. The platform was crowded as it drew up at the station, and as "all aboard" sounded from conductor Keene's lips, the cars filled rapidly, and shortly after the appointed hour, several hundred persons were being borne along on a REAL NANTUCKET RAILROAD. We listened attentively to the comments on all sides, and were greeted with "Ain't it funny;" "This is just lovely;" "Here's the Goose Pond;" "I could ride all day;" "Well, I never expected to ride on a railroad through Weeweed valley," and other similar remarks. Pleasant faces greeted one on every hand, and the novelty of the occasion added greatly to the pleasure of the ride, which was enjoyed to the fullest extent by all participants. The familiar scenery along the route seemed laden with a different and peculiar charm. Passing along the pleasant shore of the harbor, thence across the flats, the Goose Pond, the Clay Pits, out into open fields, thence entering a sweet-scented grove of pines, and beyond rushing out upon the broad, level common, with the sea in front, drew out frequent expressions of delight, as the tastes of different members of the company were called forth. As the train drew up at the station at Surf-side, one lady gave utterance to the only fault-finding heard for the day, which fully expressed the feeling of all in attendance. It was that the ride was not long enough. This was a happy and deserved compliment to all connected with the road.

As the company walked up to the station, long tables, temptingly spread, greeted their gaze, and after strolling along the shore, or gathering in groups for an interchange of expression regarding the success of the trip, they were called to partake of the repast, which was discussed amid lively chat, and general good feeling.

The literary exercises following the bountiful collation, were keenly relished by a throng of auditors in and around the improvised pavilion where the speakers were seated. General Manager, Charles F. Coffin, was fortunate in his selection of Rev. Daniel Round for President on this truly joyful occasion. To preside acceptably at an after dinner celebration requires a

nice tact and discrimination; and our clerical friend, Rev. Mr. Round, happily combines the two. The clatter of dishes over, and knives and forks having been brought to a parade rest, Mr. Round announced a song by the Glee Club, composed of Messrs. John W. Hallett, Almon T. Mowry and B. G. Tobey, and Mrs. Almon T. Mowry, Mrs. John W. Hallett, Mrs. M. A. Wakeman and Miss Clara Cook. The song was entitled "Soft Glides the Sea," and it was sweetly rendered, the chorus mingling with the receding waves on the adjacent beach. Allen Coffin, Esq., was then announced by the President as the first speaker, and his address which we publish below, was frequently applauded.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Amid the gloom of our national calamity which hangs like a pall about the hearts and minds of all true Americans, we have gathered upon this favored spot under otherwise auspicious circumstances, to interchange the greeting of exalted and patriotic friendship in commemorating our Nation's natal day in conjunction with a great local enterprise—even the formal opening of the Nantucket Railroad. [Applause.]

One hundred and five years ago to-day the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, and the birth of a new Nation announced. Two hundred and twenty odd years ago the settlement of Nantucket was commenced. In laying the foundation of the Republic our fathers builded better than they knew. They published universal principles of right hitherto unknown among the Nations of the earth—principles which shall survive the downfall of empires; for, while the Republic itself may become disintegrated, and crumble and pale away from the history of Nations, yet the people will live to perpetuate a purer Democracy under the guiding star of our own historic national achievements. In the settlement of Nantucket Island, our immediate ancestors constructed more than they intended, and better than their most fertile imaginations ever conceived. We are unworthy of our progenitors if we do not improve upon the National and local institutions they have transmitted to us. I have said they builded well; but not to perfection. Ours is the high mission of preserving and improving that which has been handed down to us. The American Eagle is still on its flight; and we should follow it with the gentle Dove of Peace, as embodied in the industrial and mechanical developments of the age, most prominent among which stands the iron horse.

It was my fortune to witness the formal opening of the great bridge at St. Louis, which spans the Missouri River, beneath the arches of which the largest steamers pass, and I was lost in wonder and admiration at the sight, and undetermined which most to admire,—the work of nature or the work of art. So, in standing here to-day in the august presence of this majestic ocean laving the white sands of the shore, with a freckless blue canopy above, and a full view of the locomotive engine with its historic name, wending its way across the naked plains, I am again perplexed to decide which I most admire,—the works of nature or the triumph of human skill. [Applause.]

When our ancestors walked this beach two centuries ago, their eyes greeted this same lovely expanse of blue waters; their ears listened to the same music which swells up from old ocean in its ceaseless murmurings and soft cadences; the Indian war-whoop was the only strange noise that disturbed their fond reveries, and they beheld only the works and beauties of nature. In addition to these, we behold the wonders of art in the perfection of steam machinery, and instead of the war-whoop the sound of the locomotive whistle. [Applause.]

The officers of the Nantucket Railroad Company have constructed a railroad, notwithstanding the doubts and murmurings and oppositions of many good citizens. Like our illustrious ancestors in town and nation they too may have builded what they know not of; and generations yet unborn may have as good cause to thank their immediate ancestors for spanning the island with iron bands, as we of to-day have for thanking ancestors more remote for crossing the sea to found a community where individual thought has had a most abundant fruitage.

I was greatly moved when I read upon the locomotive the name "Dionis." It carried me back through the dim vista of two centuries, when the maternal progenitor of our Coffin line lived in this land. And I want to read you four lines from the records of Newbury:

"1653. September—Tristram Coffyn's wife, Dionis, was presented for selling beer at his ordinary, in Newbury, for three pence a quart. Having proved, upon the testimony of Samuel Mooers, that she put six bushels of malt into the hogshead, she was discharged."

The law which she was supposed to have violated was passed in 1645, and is as follows:

"Every person licensed to keep an ordinary, shall always be provided with good wholesome beer of four bushels of malt to the hogshead, which he shall not sell above two pence the ale quart, on penalty of forty shillings the first offence, and for the second offence shall lose his license."

It must be remembered that this presentment was during the same period that women were presented for wearing silk hoods and scarfs and other trifling matters of dress, which were in violation of the abortive attempt to regulate the fashions of the people. Dionis doubtless intended to make a better beer than was afforded at other ordinaries; and as three pence per quart bore the same relation to six bushels of malt, as two pence per quart did to four bushels, she could see no reason why her beer should not sell for three pence per quart notwithstanding the law. Proof of this fact secured her discharge, and there can be little doubt that her beer gained a good reputation from this proceeding, and Coffyn's ordinary became distinguished as the place where the best beer was sold.

The name Dionis is the diminutive of Dionysia, and was often written Dionys, which I cannot find that she was ever known or called in America by any other name than Dionis. It is quite remarkable that, while the name of Tristram has been perpetuated through all the generations, and in genealogical researches becomes a source of confusion it occurs so often, the name of Dionis is repeated but once in all generations down to the present time. One grandchild only, the eldest daughter of Stephen Coffin, youngest child of Tristram and Dionis, was christened Dionis, but when she came to be married to Jacob Norton, the name appears as Dinah.

So it may be said that the wife of Tristram Coffyn possessed a name that disappeared with her life, and has remained obsolete for two centuries. Yet it shall live again. In contemplating this fact I am reminded of the beautiful legend of Saint Humbert; after that good saint had been dead just a hundred years, as the story goes, his sarcophagus was opened and a sprig of laurel that had lain in burial with him during the whole century was taken from his ashes in as perfect green as if newly plucked, and fresh as if wet with the morning's dew. When the maternal progenitor of Clan Coffin was laid away to mingle with the cold clods of the valley, her laurels may have been buried with her. But as sure as eternal justice will triumph in the end—as sure as the white rose will bloom anew with every returning season, so surely will the hand of impartial history penetrate the dark portals of the tomb and lift her laurels to a glorious resurrection bloom again green and perennial before the world, and another century shall have been numbered with the two preceding ones of indifference and oblivion. If her name and memory be not immortalized by a figure of bronze, her life and character shall grow in the righteous estimation of her numerous descendants, till no marble or alabaster shall be found pure and white enough on which to inscribe her name. [Applause.]

I congratulate the Railroad Company upon their success thus far, and bespeak for them a continuation of the same interest which this auspicious opening seems to augur. [Applause.]

When Mr. Coffin had finished speaking, the President called for a song by the Glee Club, entitled "Hurrah for Old New England!" Following this spirited glee, Hon. William R. Easton was introduced in complimentary phrase, as one early identified with the business interests of Nantucket in her palmy days. Mr. Easton then said:

I am so profoundly impressed with the horrid event of last week as to be nearly paralyzed and disqualified to speak on this interesting occasion, and though no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, in view of the many gatherings in our country approving of the shooting of the Czar of Russia, I said, the life of the President was not so secure as it was before the utterances alluded to. Tyrants are not the only ones that are shot. What was the good

and lamented Lincoln shot for? No countenance should ever be given to such horrible deeds, no matter what the character of the intended victim may be.

A gentleman said to a darkey waiter at a hotel, "Is that the second bell?" "No," said the waiter, "dat is not the second bell, dat is the second ringing of the first bell." Well, at the first jingling of the first bell we left the starting point on the first railroad, and soon found ourselves comfortably seated at Surf-side to partake of the hospitality of the proprietors of the first Nantucket railroad. This new enterprise is entitled to and should receive the hearty support of every individual in this sea-bound community. All we now need to ensure success, is good will and unity of action, both of which are richly deserved.

It was my good fortune to be in the lobby of the United States Senate in 1840, and hear a sharp and heated discussion between Clay, of Alabama, and Col. Benton, on the subject of further patronage to a railroad in Alabama. The subject becoming somewhat personal, the ponderous and "half omnipotent" Webster addressed the Vice-President: "I move you, Sir, that the further discussion of this subject be postponed to Tuesday next. I am in favor of railroads in general; whether I shall be in favor of this bill I know not, knowing nothing of its merits, but if we are to have a melee on this subject of railroads, I am for going into this discussion understandingly, and at that time I shall be prepared. When the proposition for our State to take a portion of the stock of the Western Railroad (now Boston & Albany) was made, our Representative voted against it, upon the ground that it would be of no benefit to Nantucket. I told him he had taken a narrow view of the subject; that I should have voted for it. It certainly would benefit the State, and as I thought, indirectly, Nantucket.

This being the 4th, I am reminded of Charles Sprague's eloquent 4th of July oration of 1824. I am sorry I can go so far back. The bringing of materials across the Atlantic to found a New Empire, and the bringing of materials to this isle of the sea to establish a new enterprise are not altogether dissimilar. Said Mr. Sprague: "Across the Atlantic came a Pilgrim bark bearing the seeds of life and death; the former were sown for you, and the latter sprang up in the path of the simple natives. Here they had lived and loved; now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedge lakes; now they paddled their light canoe along your rocky shores. Here, too, they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace."

But the tendency of the Indians was to the west, and as they ascended the distant mountains, they read their doom in the setting sun. The morning of the Nantucket Railroad has dawned, and with the rising sun is destined to achieve success.

Lookers-on could not fail to detect the interest developing as the speeches followed in quick succession, and President Round was at his best when he jocosely called upon Joseph S. Barney, Esq., agent of the N. & C. C. Steamboat Co., to infuse some of his enthusiasm into the hearts of all present. Mr. Barney did not disappoint his interested auditors. Loud applause greeted his opening sentences, and our readers will catch a little of the same "enthusiasm," as they carefully peruse the following. Mr. Barney said substantially:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Is it possible that I am to be called upon for a speech, when I scarcely ever made one in my life? It seems like an absurdity. I don't know how; have never been educated to such a contingency; but for all that, I perceive that I am doomed, and hence I must tell you what has brought me here. One of my young friends, who has been quite conspicuous in this project of a railroad to Surf-side and Sconset, and to whom we are very much indebted for this free ride and tempting spread of edibles, said to me on Friday evening last, after giving me the programme of to-day's exercises, "we want you to make a speech; we want you to go there and give us some of your enthusiasm." I instantly called to mind a conversation which we had one morning last Autumn, just as he was leaving here on the steamer, when he addressed me by name, saying, "I am almost killed with this everlasting decrying of our enterprise. Why, the croakers say that we shall never build the road; that we shall never cross the Goose Pond even; and if we should, that the sleepers would never reach the island; and if they came, that surely the rails would never come, &c., &c." I replied

to him, I can sympathize full well with you; I have been through with it all. I can remember with great distinctness the battle of "Two-boats-a-day," which we fought inch by inch some seven years ago. Now if you wish to kill the croaking as effectually as we did (and you may be quite sure we have stamped it out of existence) you must adopt the same means: grade your road, place your sleepers, lay your rails, and then run your trains. [Applause.] We who have ridden over the road, and are here on this festive occasion, can thoroughly judge how far this has been accomplished. [Applause.]

But, Mr. President, is it so very strange that we had croakers (and maybe the race has not yet become extinct), when we remember that all our early associations and training have been in a direction so entirely at variance with our present surroundings. Our views had become so moulded into one groove that we could think of nothing but our ancestors and their exploits. We were made to believe that when the business of our island, in which we had acquired such a world-wide fame, had become obsolete, and they (our ancestors) had passed away, that Nantucket must become a desert, as it were, or at the best that her population must be decimated, and we must dwindle away to a mere fishing village. What a mistake! Even Vennor could do better than that. And now for the "enthusiasm!" This idea that our ancestors have transmitted no good blood among their descendants, that when our grandfathers and fathers were called home, they left a generation of imbeciles, a race of nobodys, if it hasn't already exploded it is daily time it ceased to have any weight. And I say this with a due regard and reverence for those old patriarchs who have preceded us, for I have a perfect veneration for them and the example which they have left for us to follow. I knew them full well, Mr. President, for I happened to be quite a grown-up lad in Nantucket's palmiest days. I don't have to ask anybody what she was in her most flourishing times, for I was right here myself, and lived in that very atmosphere of work and drive in which these same patriarchs figured so conspicuously. I can seem to see some of those great muscular men, six feet high, and shoulders broad in proportion, and I can remember full well their stern and resolute countenances, so filled with that iron will which bespoke determination to overcome difficulties of every name and nature. Why, Mr. President, the thought of what those men could accomplish in a day (and a day in those times meant from four o'clock in the morning until nine at night) almost lifts me from my feet this very moment, with admiration.

In those early days, Mr. President, we Nantucketers were taught that there was nothing in this world but whaling and the manufacture of oil and candles, and I used to think that but for us the Earth could not revolve on its axis, and that its people must sit in darkness unless we could furnish the oil, in the one case to grease the axle, and in the other to feed the lamps. We used to think in those times, too, that our neighbors across the ocean could not run their spindles without we lubricated them with our sperm oil, and that they would pay us \$3 per gallon, rather than do without it. Ah, Mr. President, what a change has come over our dreams, and what do we see to-day? The annual importation of sperm oil less than one-third what it formerly was, and at the price, 80 cents per gallon, it goes a-begging. And I'll venture the opinion here, without fear of criticism, that if not a gallon of either sperm or whale oil were ever again imported, that every spindle would be lubricated, and every bearing thoroughly greased. But why dwell longer upon this misguided picture of the past, for it is not true of the Nantucket of to-day. She has a different future, and the very misfortune which we always encountered, and which at first caused our decline (the fact that we were out in the ocean, separated from the main-land) is the very thing of all others, that is destined to make Nantucket one of the most noted places of resort on the sea-coast. Why, Mr. President, it makes no difference from which point of the compass the wind may blow, the air is wafted clear and pure, and full of health-giving properties.

But to return again. Has all the good blood of our ancestors been buried with them, or have they transmitted some of it at least to their children and grandchildren, and don't we see it developing in every part of the globe, for their descendants are spread far and wide, in each hemisphere, and in every prominent city and

secluded spot as well, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Aye, Mr. President, isn't the evidence right before us? What signifies this graded track across these commons, and what means the shrill whistle of the locomotive? What would those old patriarchs say, were they to rise up and behold the scenes of to-day? Take for instance, if you please, this very gathering, and the event which we are here assembled to celebrate. Could they by any force of reasoning, be convinced that this is the Nantucket of their former home? What would they say of the iron horse, starting right from the centre of the town, near the very building (the Commercial Insurance office of former times) where those wise heads used to congregate, to talk over their own business and the affairs of the nation? And would they believe their own eyes, were they to be placed on North Shore hill (as they used to call it) and cast a glance about them, and behold a miniature city as it were, with the stately iron tank of the Wannacomet Water Co. towering into the heavens? And what expressions of wonder and amazement would they utter, when they saw that jetty stretching out toward the bell-buoy, and reflected a moment as to our destiny, should it result in deepening the water, as is fondly hoped, to 14 feet at low tide. And suppose we should whisper a word in their ears, and tell them that instead of the old Marco Bozarris and the Telegraph of their day, making tri-weekly trips, and a packet upon intermediate days, that the line to Nantucket now comprised four stately sea-going steamers, and that during the summer season there were two boats a day, [Applause] and a daily line during the rest of the year, could we possibly make them believe all this? Nevertheless it is literally true, and this isn't a tithe part of what will be witnessed by those who are living ten years hence. This very road which we have just crossed over is, I am told, to be extended to Sconset. [Applause.] And this very plateau is to have cottages and a hotel placed upon it during the coming year. [Applause.]

And now, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, will you please follow me a little further, and let's see if all the good material was laid away with those old patriarchs. How was Nantucket's record in the war of the Rebellion, and hasn't she a monument in memory of those who were sacrificed, and upon which is inscribed: "Eternal honor to the sons of Nantucket, who by land and sea gave up their lives to preserve a united country?" Does her record compare unfavorably with any town in the State? No! it is head and ears above the average. [Applause.] Pardon the expression, Mr. President. And how about the deeds of bravery and daring, by which the many lives have been saved from vessels stranded on our shores, I may say directly under this bank, where the surf never ceases to roar. In fact has there been any emergency where the sons of Nantucket have not figured, and to her credit, too, and I mean by those who are living to-day. And here, Mr. President, I beg of you to caution me, lest I omit to speak of the daughters as well, for they by no means have taken an inferior rank as compared with their brothers. They are filling positions of trust and emolument, as teachers, saleswomen, cashiers, etc., etc. They have distinguished themselves at the head of science, in the pulpit, upon the rostrum, and in every conceivable position within the sphere of woman.

Have you perceived that when there was a demand for a Town Clock, one of Nantucket's sons instantly appeared upon the scene; and hasn't his princely munificence gone even further, and doesn't he say to the proper officials, "if the dome needs gilding, I'll gild it; and if the church requires painting, I'll paint it?" [Applause.]

And now comes the Coffin Reunion. Do we need to disturb the resting place of Tristram and Dionis, or any of their descendants even, who have passed on, to mark out a programme or to carry any of its details into execution? No, Mr. President, they can rest in peace, and there will still be enough material to carry it to its ultimatum, and with all the success which its most sanguine leaders can hope for. I was sorry to notice that the Secretary felt compelled to draw the distinction, in a recent issue of one of our local newspapers, between a Coffin Reunion and a Nantucket Reunion, for I believe they will be one and the same thing, and what Nantucket undertakes, Nantucket consummates. But, Mr. President, I expect that you are getting tired of this overflow of enthusiasm, but it is just what I promised you in the outset, and you have had to endure it.

I do wish to say in conclusion, that however much pride we may have in reviewing the former history of Nantucket, and however much we may revere the names and memories of those old Patriarchs, let us take some credit to ourselves for the Nantucket of to-day; and let us be united and work with a will and a purpose, to the end that she may the sooner become what she is surely destined to be viz: one of the most noted summer resorts on the sea coast. Let's disabuse our minds that Nantucket is lost beyond any resuscitation, for depend upon it, Mr. President, it isn't so. We have passed the worst; the tide has done running out, and you know that a very low ebb is apt to be followed by a full flood. Let's hope for the flood. [Prolonged Applause.]

"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and all other American patriotic airs, sounded in our ears, as Mr. Tobey struck up "Yankee Doodle," and was accompanied by a lively chorus. It was a truly grand march to the speech that had preceded it, and it was received with rounds of applause.

President Round then pleasantly introduced as the last speaker upon his programme, Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, whose address was full of earnest feeling, and eloquently delivered, the close attention of his hearers being held to the final word. Applause greeted him frequently. His remarks were as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This trial trip of the cars drawn by a live engine, from Nantucket town to Surf-side, was a grand ovation; emphatically I might say, an innovation. To some of our inhabitants it is marvellous as Mark Twain's recent incomparable description of the comet train which we can behold any bright evening in the Northern sky. And there are some to whom the sand-bridging of the Goose Pond was a piece of engineering stupendous in execution as the famous Hoosac Tunnel; and both, as by consent of the common people—the Tunnel and the Nantucket Railroad—had been voted down as perfect bores; the one thro' the solid rock, scarcely more impregnable than the rock of social prejudice against the new enterprise. [Applause.] But laying joking aside for the present, I would go backward in my mind's eye to the downs of England. There I see a Northumberland county coal-miner bending over his charts; we all know him as the inventor of the locomotive. Between his day and ours, what a fertile history is that of the railroad! There is no more delightful height to enjoy the triumph of more than fifty years than this breezy upland, poetically called "Surf-side," overlooking the broad Atlantic. From the downs of the British Isle I return to the Downs of Nantucket, the gentleman to whose superintendence, associated with a corps of energetic mercantile men and hardy mechanics—let us never forget our mechanics—is due the success of this undertaking. [Applause.]

When the idea of the Nantucket Railroad to Surf-side and Sconset was mooted, I frequently heard: "Why build the railroad at all? Better to have a good driveway to Sconset." There are men present in this assembly old enough to recall the eloquence of Henry Clay in favor of what was called the Cumberland Turnpike. But later the State Congress of South Carolina overruled the brilliant rhetoric of America's graceful statesman, and the iron horse came off victor in the race for the supremacy. From the Boston Daily Advertiser of Sept. 17th, 1851, I quote a correspondent's words: "First, the South Carolina railroad from Charleston to Hamburg, was the first road commenced in this country, with a view of using steam instead of animal power. Second, the first locomotive engine ever built in this country, was built for and used on this road. Third, it was the first road that carried the United States mail. Fourth, when completed and ready for use, which was the second of October, 1833, it was the longest railroad in the world." Thus, by rail, and not by political railing, are South and North united by mutual interdependence. Only yesterday our anxiety to know of President Garfield's condition, was an irresistible plea for cable connection between Nantucket and the mainland. And but for the railroad, servant of commerce, and prime agent of traffic and interchange, Mrs. Garfield could not have winged her way from Long Branch to the White House, to enter the room of her prostrate husband, and press the kiss of her love upon his pale brow, and whisper words of peace in his ear.

Gentlemen, managers of this new railroad, your pride in this day's celebration is proper. You have overcome all obstacles, surmounted aggravating difficulties; all the credit is yours. Mr. President, I hail, with enthusiasm, the brightness and promise of this day's ceremonies, on this broad bluff, with a glimpse of the dear old town yonder, and the possible terminus of this road in the quaint little village of 'Sconset beyond! Ladies and gentlemen, every undertaking of man has its Rubicon; we must cross it with a determination to win. The rock in your way, harder than any which the Almighty ever imbedded among granite hills,—I mean the rock of local prejudice and daily positive opposition to your business scheme, you have this day shivered to atoms, and like useless driftwood on a lazy stream, it will never be heard from more. [Applause.]

It has been well asked by the gentleman who preceded me: "What signifies this graded track across the commons, and what means the shrill whistle of the locomotive?" I answer: Enterprise, large and growing promise for Nantucket's future. Here, on this sounding shore, cozy cottages shall be erected, and in the sweet twilight of long summer afternoons, the cultured stranger shall hear the sad sea-story of our brave surfmen,—old Ocean's minute men,—who leap into the threatening waves yonder to rescue the drowning mariners. And here, too, grand and glorious local history yet unwritten, shall be revived,—of how our young men went to the front in the late civil war, to save the day; and now Nantucket became the banner-town of the old Commonwealth, furnishing more than her quota for the war! Yes, Mr. President, this little branch of the Nantucket railroad coming thus far, and planted by your tireless energy and resistless pluck, will prove to the grand army of visitors to our island shores, that Nantucket, verily a part of the world, moves with the world!

The President said that the board of directors requested him to return their thanks to Mr. J. Bradlee Starbuck for his excellent supervision of the collation, to the island ladies who had kindly furnished the provisions, and to the young lady-attendants upon the tables, the High School graduates and their friends, for their very valuable services. The careful direction of Mr. Starbuck was visible on every hand, and our treat was a most excellent shore dinner of quahang chowder, baked clams and bluefish, cakes, fruits, tea and coffee and iced lemonade.

Mr. Charles F. Coffin, General Manager of the Nantucket Railroad Celebration, as well as of the Company's official board, then returned the thanks of the Directors to Rev. Mr. Round for his willingness to act as their President. Mr. Round then called for some response from the Selectmen. This was pleasantly answered by Mr. J. W. Hallett, when the very enjoyable literary feast closed with the singing of "America," all joining in the chorus. The president announced that but for the lack of time others would have been called upon for remarks.

By the breaking of a coupling the train was late in getting out for the passengers, and to dispel any anxiety the engine ran out to announce the fact. Shortly after 7, P. M., the company arrived in, and the management received congratulations from all sides for the success attending the opening of the Nantucket Railroad, which is largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Downs, who performed such faithful work, to have the road opened on time.

THE TRAIN ARRIVES.



First Trip Announced for Monday, July 4.

THE RAILROAD.—The Selectmen since our last issue have granted the Nantucket Railroad Company the right of way through Candle street and across other highways to Steamboat wharf, and the rails are laid and the road lined to the north side of the Old North wharf. The dump cars are engaged in transporting lumber for the depot to Surfside, and work along the entire line is brisk, in anticipation of the arrival of the engine and cars, which are hourly expected. The company has engaged the services of Mr. C. M. Stansbury, of New York, as locomotive engineer, and he arrived here by Thursday's noon boat. In conversation with him, he stated that the engine and cars were loaded at New York, Wednesday, and left there at 11 o'clock that morning. The locomotive, he describes as a fine one, from the Baldwin works, 18-inch boxes and 12-inch stroke, and believes it to be just the thing for the road here. He will remain here during the entire year.

LATER.

Just after 1 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, the vociferous Clark announced the approach of the steam barge bearing the locomotive and cars for the railroad, and in his enthusiasm hung flags from the tower windows while he blew his blast. Shortly after 3 o'clock the barge, under pilotage of Capt. Heman Eldredge, came into the harbor, and ran up to the dock at Commercial wharf. A large concourse of spectators were in waiting, and were first greeted by the name "Dionis" in large letters upon the side of the tender.

The barge is the Roslyn Sherman, of the New York Lighter and Transportation Company. Upon her arrival at the pier work was commenced immediately to unload her, engineer Stansbury directing the operations. The locomotive is a handsome one, and we are assured that none better ever was put upon a road. The cars are of the open summer style, and were formerly run on the Long Island Railroad. They are to be painted immediately, and the entire work pushed forward day and night that the first trip can be made on Monday next, July 4. The services of Mr. Francis B. Keene have been engaged as conductor during the season. President Norton and Mr. P. H. Folger, treasurer, are in town superintending the work. The hour is too late for us to give further particulars this week, but our next issue will contain an account of the work, the trial trip, and other matters connected with the road.

The Nantucket R. R.

Work Resumed and to be Pushed Rapidly Forward—Notes Concerning the Plans of Operations.

The statement published in the last issue of the INQUIRER AND MIRROR, to the effect that work on the Nantucket Railroad would be resumed this week, was entirely correct as has proved, for on Monday contractor Downs arrived with a small force of track layers, and the following morning work upon the road bed was resumed at the Goose pond dump, which had been somewhat damaged during the winter. Teams were put on to cart on the needed sand. The bed was found to have settled considerably, but that we were informed was a decided benefit, inasmuch as it gave a wider and more substantial base for the road. Thursday noon the teams were taken off at this point, and assigned to carting sleepers from Commercial wharf to points along the line, the work of laying the same being also commenced. By Saturday's boat the rolling gear for two gravel cars arrived, the bodies of which are now in process of construction by Mr. William M. Hallett. As soon as completed they will be put upon the road (a cargo of railroad iron is daily expected, and will be laid in readiness to receive them), when the work of grading the road from the cut at the Clay Pits to the starting point will be vigorously pushed forward. It is thought that there is sufficient grade between these two points for the cars to run themselves one way, teams having been engaged to haul them back to be loaded. It was the original intention to have had the locomotive here when the iron arrived, but much trouble was experienced in obtaining such an one as was required, rendering it impossible. The engine secured was purchased in Illinois, to be delivered in New York by June 5, when it will be immediately shipped here and put on to assist in the work. Everything appears propitious for an early completion of that portion of the road set apart to be finished this season; and it is not impossible (this was whispered to us) that the entire line may be laid before the season closes.

As the plans are now made, the road will be run down upon Commercial wharf, in order to insure more rapid transportation of material designed for use in building; but surveys will also be made from the present starting point (on the land formerly occupied by the candle factory of C. G. & H. Coffin) to Steamboat wharf, which would give decidedly better terminal facilities and more "style" to the road. We shall watch further progress with interest, and wish the management plain sailing in their future labors.

JULY 9, 1881.

Railroad to Surf-Side and 'Sconset.

There is an old saying, if you want to know what is going on in the city where you live, go into the country and you will soon learn. Apropos of this, we clip the following item from an exchange, viz:

NANTUCKET.—It is proposed to build a light railroad about nine miles long on the island of Nantucket, to run from the town of that name by way of Surf-Side to Siasconset. It will be used mainly for pleasure travel in the summer.

And, by the way, somebody with a sharp lookout to business and an over-weening eye to the main chance (determined that somebody else should not get ahead of him), has addressed a letter to "The Nantucket Rail Road Company," in which he offers to take the contract to build the road; promising furthermore to "figure close;" remarking, moreover, as a proof that he will "figure close," that "business," you know, "is dull and forces are idle;" offering besides to "furnish required testimonials;" stating in addition that "securities shall be ample;" and finally hoping, as was very natural, "soon to hear in reference to the matter."

Now if this letter had been addressed to any one belonging to the "blue blood of Nantucket," to a Macy, or a Folger for instance, or a Starbuck, or a Coffin, or a Swain, our worthy Postmaster would not have been put to his wits' end to know what to do with it; but "The Nantucket Rail Road Company!" Shades of Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck and Peter Foulger, what is the "Nantucket R. R. Co.?" However, it would not do to dead-letter the epistle; and to return it might be offensive. A corporation is defined to be an artificial individual created by the State; and is generally understood to be without a soul. The Postmaster had heard of persons with false teeth, a glass eye, a wig and a cork leg, but was not acquainted with any thoroughly artificial gentleman; he had heard, moreover, of the public reader who took the price of a ticket out of his door-keeper's compensation because the latter had stood at the door after the audience had gathered, and listened to his reading; but our esteemed Man of Letters did not number among his friends one single person entirely without a soul. So the next thing was to find some one else, who, by a pious fraud, might be regarded, as to all intents and purposes, The Nantucket Rail Road Company. Who it was he found, has not transpired. The Honorable Mister Croaker might have suggested the Gas Company as coming pretty near to the mark just at present. However, the letter got into tolerably good hands, and the New York friend, with the eye to business, will doubtless not suffer when Monsieur, The Nantucket Rail-Road Company, turns up artificially and without his soul.

But seriously, we have a word to say in the premises. Is it nearly as absurd to expect a railway from Town via Surf-Side to 'Sconset, as it would have been to anticipate, twenty years ago, when they used to land people by the half dozen at camp meeting in whale boats, and half a dozen canvas tents embraced the entire settlement, that such a city as Oak Bluffs would be built up, and that railroad trains would run from it to Katama?

There is much more reason for saying that Nantucket may be made a city with its spacious hotels reaching out to, and along our Cliff, and with Surf-Side for its suburb, in far less time than twenty years. For we have the natural attractions of cool and comfortable air, and actual ocean scenery, while at Oak Bluffs, pretty much everything is artificial. There, there was nothing but the bare and sultry hills, and just such an inland sound as you can find in hundreds and hundreds of spots along our coast; this only to start with. But in spite of this, and of the fact that it has, as we understand, already become a proverb,

"As hot as Oak Bluffs," a pasteboard city has nevertheless sprung up there and thousands resort to the place. Here, on the other hand, we have a town already built, with paved streets shaded by trees and lighted with gas; here we have a population proverbially hospitable and attractive to strangers. People who come, almost invariably wish to come again. The place and the people both wear well with strangers. The "Two-boats-a-day" are bringing visitors by hundreds; and this, moreover, during a season of great financial prostration everywhere, when industrial and business interests are next to paralyzed. What may we reasonably expect, then, when the times shall change for the better, and when people are earning the wherewithal to expend on the luxuries as well as the comforts of life?

But again we urge that we must rise to the calls of our golden opportunity. A good deal must be done by our own citizens. If in a private mansion guests come in upon one, the host bestirs himself to do the needful and the courteous. It is the same with us as a town. We must have double as many hotels as we have now; our roads must be repaired and made tempting instead of a by-word; "Don't rut the roads" must be no longer a piece of poor humor; our wharves must be rejuvenated and made sightly; our sail and row-boat interest must be fostered and developed; we must have more bathing houses, with more comfortable arrangements, and with proper attendance; furthermore, a cable must connect us with the main land.

But we can be equal to the emergency if we resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole, determined that no croaking shall live a minute in our midst; that the day has come for us to look on the bright side, and not everlastingly on some gloomy side or other; that we will tell what we can do, and not perpetually be croaking of what we cannot do.

If we all put our shoulders to the wheel, we can, in ten years, with one-half the energy and enterprise of the originators of Oak Bluffs, positively leave Oak Bluffs in the shade. We must not be sparing in criticising our own short-comings, nor modest in setting forth the claims of Nantucket as compared with Oak Bluffs; for, as we have said already, we have nature here, *versus* art there. The Nantucket Rail Road Company is a thing of the future, it is true; but so is the sunrise of tomorrow, and the coming of next winter.

All-the-Year Railroad Service Contemplated—Track to be Extended.

That the Nantucket Central Railroad has entered upon a new lease of life, with every promise of success and prosperity, is now assured. The season just closing has been very satisfactory to the new management, which is making large plans for the future. As a factor for the development of the east end of the island, the railroad is generally admitted the best method of transportation that Nantucket can possess, and it should be the desire of the townspeople to help the road in every way possible. The village of Siasconset is growing steadily, and realizing that there are excellent possibilities for the development of the railroad system, the company is now considering a number of changes and improvements which will greatly increase its usefulness.

John Alvin Young, president of the Windsor Trust Co. of New York city, and Paul H. Grimm, consulting engineer of New York city, came to Nantucket on Thursday, accompanied by Cromwell G. Macy, Jr., the treasurer of the railroad, and are looking over the system carefully with the view of installing gasoline motor cars for prompt and satisfactory service. They are also contemplating other improvements before next season, which, with

the proposed motor car equipment, will probably give an all-the-year service between Nantucket and 'Sconset.

The motor cars which the company has under consideration have been used successfully for some time by other roads, and so confident are the promoters of the success of their project, that it is possible within sixty days a car capable of carrying ten passengers, with provision for baggage and mail, will be in operation between Nantucket and 'Sconset. The company is endeavoring to secure from the postoffice department at Washington a yearly mail contract, which, in connection with the business which would accrue, would warrant running the motor car during the winter months. These plans have not yet fully matured, but Mr. Young and Mr. Macy are looking the ground over carefully and are very enthusiastic over the feasibility of the scheme.

Other improvements to be made before another season include the extension of the railroad tracks down Steamboat wharf to the freight-house. Plans have been drawn by W. F. Codd, which meet the approval of the Steamboat company. The proposition is to remove the present wharf station to a site just east of the "slip" where the catboats have their berths, continuing the track along the south side of the road-way to the freight-house. It will be necessary to drive spiles on the north side of the basin for the support of the tracks, as the width of the road-way is insufficient to permit laying the rails there. This is a comparatively small task, however, and with the platform extended some distance farther from the shed, it will greatly facilitate the handling of freight and baggage for 'Sconset, while the accommodation to passengers resulting from the location of the railroad depot on the wharf is a feature that will surely be fully appreciated.

It is also intended to remove the baggage and freight platform to the foot of Main street adjoining the present depot building, which will be a much-needed improvement and of great benefit to the merchants and teamsters in the handling of freight, who find the present location of the platform on the wharf very inconvenient at times. These improvements will all undoubtedly be made before next summer.

SEPTEMBER 14 1907

The annual report of the Nantucket Railroad Company, filed in the office of the Railroad Commissioners, giving the result of business done for the year ending Sept. 30, 1882, and showing its financial status on that date is as follows: Capital stock, \$61,000; total debt, \$32,000; cash assets, \$2709.78; total property and assets, \$96,296.03; total income, \$5642.52; total expenses, \$3126.76; interest accrued, \$1,330; surplus for the year, \$1185.76; total surplus, \$3290.03; miles of road, 4; passenger train mileage, 9090; passengers carried, 35,738.

The Martha's Vineyard Railroad reports capital stock, \$40,000; total debt, \$38,192; cash assets, \$367.20; total property and assets, \$109,362.30; total income, 6811.36; total expenses, \$3810.31; interest accrued, \$2170; surplus for the year, \$831.05; total surplus, \$31,170.30; miles of road, 8.78; passenger train mileage, 6527; passengers carried, 26,192.

Off the Track.

'Twas a dismal evening when the locomotive 'Sconset left the village of the same name at about 8 o'clock on Friday evening week, for the last mail trip of the season. Rain fell in torrents, the south-east wind whistled through the cab, and engineer Vincent thought best to run along slowly, for fear of washouts, as it was a veritable flood. Everything was going well with the puffing engine, and the occupants of the cab were enjoying their pipes, when suddenly there was a thump of a very suggestive kind, and the springs of the engine took on an unusual motion. At the instant, the engineer pushed the throttle to its seat, and cried to his comrade to look out for himself. Thump, thump went the wheels over the ties, and there was a lurch, and Mr. Vincent went out of the cab door and conductor Chase over the boiler. When the smoke had cleared away and the boys had corralled themselves, it was found that their machine had gone off the track, and lurched to the eastward, the drivers and cowcatcher being buried in the sands of Low Beach, a few hundred yards west of the Tom Nevers Head humane house. Amid those pelting rain drops the fires were drawn and everything made snug, and shouldering Uncle Sam's mail pouches, the men trudged back to the village, secured a team, and were brought to town. Sunday morning a wrecking gang came up and at nightfall had the engine almost upon the rails. THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR reporter was at the raising, which was in charge of Mr. F. A. Mitchell, and from engineer Vincent learned the facts. He stated that the indications pointed to the breaking of a fish-plate on the outward trip, allowing the end of one rail to spring up, and this the engine struck on the return trip. The track was badly torn for a distance of fifty or seventy-five feet, the rails near the wrecked engine being considerably wrenched. Outside of a very small piece of skin lost from conductor Chase's nose, there was no personal injury, and the locomotive, from all appearances, was unharmed.

Oct. 4, 1890

THE RAILROAD.—Superintendent P. H. Folger, of the Nantucket Railroad, accompanied by treasurer Norton, was in town Wednesday to look over the road and make a few preliminary arrangements for the coming season. Mr. Stansbury has been doing a good work this spring, having very materially lessened the grade across the Nobadeer and Madequecham fills, shouldered out the road-bed at those points, and levelled the track at numerous places. It is now the intention of the company to move a portion of the Surf-side depot building to the road terminus at 'Sconset (which will be just below the Ocean View House) and re-erect it there for the shelter of passengers. The new iron for extending the road to that point is daily expected, and will be laid at once. Another locomotive and centre-aisle car have been purchased, and it is hoped to get them here by the 10th of June. Everything looks propitious for a successful season, and if the weather proves right the superintendent is in hopes to open up business by the 8th proximo, and give 'Sconset visitors an opportunity for rapid transit by the shore line.

May 23, 1885

The Railroad Question Again.

We have heard the subject agitated the past week in relation to a railroad to 'Sconset, via Surf-Side, though whether there will be any definite action in the matter remains to be seen. The route talked of would run over the "Creeks" and across to Surf-Side, thence skirt the shores of the island by Tom Nevers Head, Low Beach, &c., to 'Sconset. A talk with a railroad contractor who has recently been in town shows that the cost of building the road, (which by the way, would be nine miles in extent) would not be over \$75,000, including rolling stock, etc. What a most delightful and picturesque ride this would make—running along the shores of our harbor, thence across the island and the level plain called Surf-Side, and thence follow the shore, with its line of white breakers dashing upon the beach. All this can be done for \$75,000. We must be up and doing. Who will start the ball? Let us talk it over a little and then to business. Perhaps our New Bedford correspondent, who a few years since stated that he would give \$1,000 toward a horse railroad to this place, might feel inclined to offer a like sum toward a road with iron horses. We think the plan is a feasible one, and one that would be likely to pay. The work of grading could be done cheap, for there are always men enough laying idle about town during the fall and spring who are up for any kind of a job, and who would jump at the chance to "make a dollar." Let's have a railroad to 'Sconset. Who'll start the business?

Railroad to Surf-Side and 'Sconset.

There is an old saying, if you want to know what is going on in the city where you live, go into the country and you will soon learn. Apropos of this, we clip the following item from an exchange, viz:

NANTUCKET.—It is proposed to build a light railroad about nine miles long on the island of Nantucket, to run from the town of that name by way of Surf-Side to Sconset. It will be used mainly for pleasure travel in the summer.

And, by the way, somebody with a sharp lookout to business and an over-weening eye to the main chance (determined that somebody else should not get ahead of him), has addressed a letter to "The Nantucket Rail Road Company," in which he offers to take the contract to build the road; promising furthermore to "figure close;" remarking, moreover, as a proof that he will "figure close," that "business," you know, "is dull and forces are idle;" offering besides to "furnish required testimonials;" stating in addition that "securities shall be ample;" and finally hoping, as was very natural, "soon to hear in reference to the matter."

Now if this letter had been addressed to any one belonging to the "blue blood of Nantucket," to a Macy, or a Folger for instance, or a Starbuck, or a Coffin, or a Swain, our worthy Postmaster would not have been put to his wits' end to know what to do with it; but "The Nantucket Rail Road Company!" Shades of Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck and Peter Foulger, what is the "Nantucket R. R.

Co.?" However, it would not do to dead-letter the epistle; and to return it might be offensive. A corporation is defined to be an artificial individual created by the State; and is generally understood to be without a soul. The Postmaster had heard of persons with false teeth, a glass eye, a wig and a cork leg, but was not acquainted with any thoroughly artificial gentleman; he had heard, moreover, of the public reader who took the price of a ticket out of his door-keeper's compensation because the latter had stood at the door after the audience had gathered, and listened to his reading; but our esteemed Man of Letters did not number among his friends one single person entirely without a soul. So the next thing was to find some one else, who, by a pious fraud, might be regarded, as to all intents and purposes, The Nantucket Rail Road Company. Who it was he found, has not transpired. The Honorable Mister Croaker might have suggested the Gas Company as coming pretty near to the mark just at present. However, the letter got into tolerably good hands, and the New York friend, with the eye to business, will doubtless not suffer when Monsieur, The Nantucket Rail-Road Company, turns up artificially and without his soul.

But seriously, we have a word to say in the premises. Is it nearly as absurd to expect a railway from Town *via* Surf-Side to 'Sconset, as it would have been to anticipate, twenty years ago, when they used to land people by the half dozen at camp meeting in whale boats, and half a dozen canvas tents embraced the entire settlement, that such a city as Oak Bluffs would be built up, and that railroad trains would run from it to Katama?

There is much more reason for saying that Nantucket may be made a city with its spacious hotels reaching out to, and along our Cliff, and with Surf-Side for its suburb, in far less time than twenty years. For we have the natural attractions of cool and comfortable air, and actual ocean scenery, while at Oak Bluffs, pretty much everything is artificial. There, there was nothing but the bare and sultry hills, and just such an inland sound as you can find in hundreds and hundreds of spots along our coast; this only to start with. But in spite of this, and of the fact that it has, as we understand, already become a proverb, "As hot as Oak Bluffs," a pasteboard city has nevertheless sprung up there and thousands resort to the place. Here, on the other hand, we have a town already built, with paved streets shaded by trees and lighted with gas; here we have a population proverbially hospitable and attractive to strangers. People who come, almost invariably wish to come again. The place and the people both wear well with strangers. The "Two-boats-a-day" are bringing visitors by hundreds; and this, moreover, during a season of great financial prostration everywhere, when industrial and business interests are next to paralyzed. What may we reasonably expect, then, when the times shall change for the better, and when people are earning the wherewithal to expend on the luxuries as well as the comforts of life?

But again we urge that we must rise to the calls of our golden opportunity. A good deal must be done by our own citizens. If in a private mansion guests come in upon one, the host bestirs himself to do the needful and the courteous. It is the same with us as a town. We must have double as many hotels as we have now; our roads must be repaired and made tempting instead of a by-word; "Don't rut the roads" must be no longer a piece of

poor humor; our wharves must be renovated and made sightly; our sail and row-boat interest must be fostered and developed; we must have more bathing houses, with more comfortable arrangements, and with proper attendance; furthermore, a cable must connect us with the main land.

But we can be equal to the emergency if we resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole, determined that no croaking shall live a minute in our midst; that the day has come for us to look on the bright side, and not everlastingly on some gloomy side or other; that we will tell what we can do, and not perpetually be croaking of what we cannot do.

If we all put our shoulders to the wheel, we can, in ten years, with one-half the energy and enterprise of the originators of Oak Bluffs, positively leave Oak Bluffs in the shade. We must not be sparing in criticising our own short-comings, nor modest in setting forth the claims of Nantucket as compared with Oak Bluffs; for, as we have said already, we have nature here, *versus* art there. The Nantucket Rail Road Company is a thing of the future, it is true; but so is the sunrise of tomorrow, and the coming of next winter.

Aug. 21, 1875

Let's go follow the line of the old Nantucket Railroad. It isn't hard to do at this time of year when the grasses have matted down close to the earth and the low scrubby growth of the island has lost its leaves. There are mounds to be seen across the marshes, near the Old Spouter where such nice pottery is made featuring a spouting whale design. As you stand in the yard and look across the marshes you may picture the puffing smoke of the little engine as it made its way laboriously along the sleepers so precariously laid on sandy gravel. Often the high tides and storms would wash out these underpinnings — leaving much work for the repair crews. This was the most dangerous crossing place for the train and the crossing tender lived in the house across the way to flag any teams which thought they might beat the "Iron Horse."

There is always someone foolhardy, however, and in 1917 William Dodge at the age of 61 thought that he could outrace the engine, but he was killed instantly in the path of the oncoming locomotive. The crossing was an oblique one which went across where Hatch's Package Store now is and there was another mound raised up to carry the railroad across the little swamp which is located there. With the revival of the old song "Down By the Station Early in the Morning," on the airwaves today, it is well to recall the days when the train meant a great deal to the economy and the local color of the island. It seems like a dream that there ever were iron monsters stoked by coal and clanging their way across the moors but there are pictures to prove it as well as the "Pullman Lunch" — Allen's Diner, last car in existence of the once thriving means of transportation to Surfside and Siasconset, those models of health resorts, during the last part of the 19th century's land booms. It is the story of a completely different era but one which played its part in the development of Nantucket as it is today.

To go back a long way it was in 1879 that the first route of the proposed railroad was presented. This was to have started from North Water Street and Chester, and followed along West Chester out Maxcy's Pond and along Sheep Pond Valley to the head of the Hummock, thence along to Surfside and eventually to 'Sconset. The following year on April

19th, a charter was granted to the Nantucket Railroad Company but, by the time construction began in 1881 they had decided that town-to-Surfside-to-'Sconset would be their aim and so it came about.

The first sleepers (wooden ties on the railroad bed) were laid on May 13th and the first train ran on July 4th, Nantucket always being prone to celebrate a holiday even then. William D. Clark, the town crier drove the first spike in this momentous undertaking. These were unusual times for it was the same year that it was discovered that the eye of a scallop was good to eat — and marketable. Heretofore they had been used as bait.

The following year a land-boom started in Surfside due to this transportation improvement. The island took on glamor ashore. President Arthur and his wife visited the island. The president made an address to the populace from the steps of the Sanford House. The first man to swim the English Channel, Matthew Webb, gave an exhibition of swimming out at Surfside with due éclat. This was the real fancy way of launching a bonanza and the arrival of the "Riverside Hotel" from Providence, R. I., for re-erection on Surfside shore, and which opened on July 4th, was the signal for much activity. That year even Coatue was divided into house-lots! A bath pavilion, and toboggan slide were erected for amusement there.

1884 saw the first death on the

railroad when a construction worker fell from the train on the way to 'Sconset. The first train to go all the way through was on July 8. They built an annex to the Ocean View Hotel due to the increase in business from the train. Everyone wanted to be amused and enjoy themselves on Nantucket. A large skating rink was built on the corner of Sea and Beach Streets, the floor using 8,000 square feet of lumber.

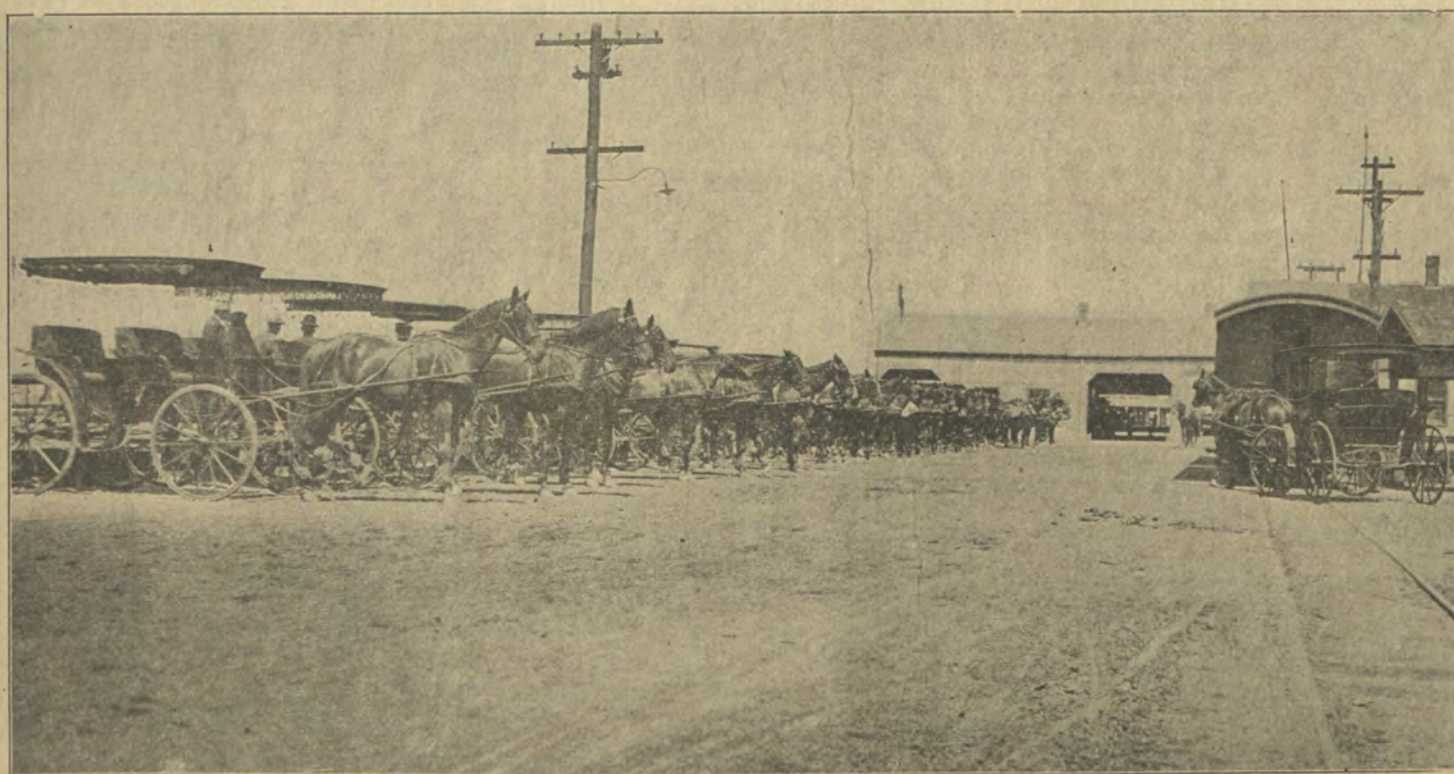
The Dionis was the first locomotive but the second came in June of '85 and she was called "'Sconset." The first cars were open sided and it was a gala day's trip to ride on them. What a picture the costumes made! It is said that it was the only train where the engineer would stop to let you pick mayflowers or blueberries in season.

The hotel at Surfside was placed 265 feet from the bank which was good planning on someone's part. The railroad was not so lucky. They had a great deal of trouble with storms washing away whole sections of track when the sea cut into the banking. There was an average inroad of 40 feet a year for a 25-year period and any one storm could leave ravages in its wake. That is why eventually the railroad had to give up the shore route to 'Sconset and a shorter way over the moors was built. As this cut out Surfside it led to the eventual decline of that section as a popular resort and 'Sconset had its day.

Town records show 1887 as a time

of changes, for this was the last year of "Fast Day" and they abolished the office of "culler of cooper's stuff" both of which sound rather mysterious. Who knows their background? There was interest in Wauwinet at this time and the sailboat "Lillian" was put into operation to carry day passengers there on outings. A lot of promoters must have been on the island for the year 1889 they even laid out lots for the "city of Dionis" west of Capaum pond. Also Monomoy was laid out for development. Nantucket even had a brief era of "horse-cars" when a route was laid out between Main Street, the Steamboat Wharf, Brant Point, and the Cliff. This was the start of the Gay Nineties and bathing costumes were all the rage — striped jerseys and long drawers for the men and a most

Baxter drove, no d
lived in the Dutch c
ples' Home.



The following year the railroad was bought by the Macy Syndicate. They put a car on the tracks which was called "the Bug" and on November 28th this vehicle took only 19 minutes to get to 'Sconset. The next year the tracks were extended down to the Steamboat Wharf so the railroad revived for a while, a new engine and cars going into service in 1910. Things went along with the usual vicissitudes of storm and tide until after the death of William Dodge at the Orange Street crossing. The firm decided to sell the whole outfit, tracks and all to the government to be used in France where there was a need for just such a narrow gauge line during World War One. It was the patriotic thing to do but it would have been fun to have seen the original.

A few relics of the past remain. There are available a great many interesting pictures of the days when the trains ran, as well as mementos of that era, on display at the Island Service Company. Peek into the Country Store window and you will see some models of the kind of equipment that used to be in service here. Perhaps when you are out searching for arrowheads you may come across a square spike — an artifact of times gone by.

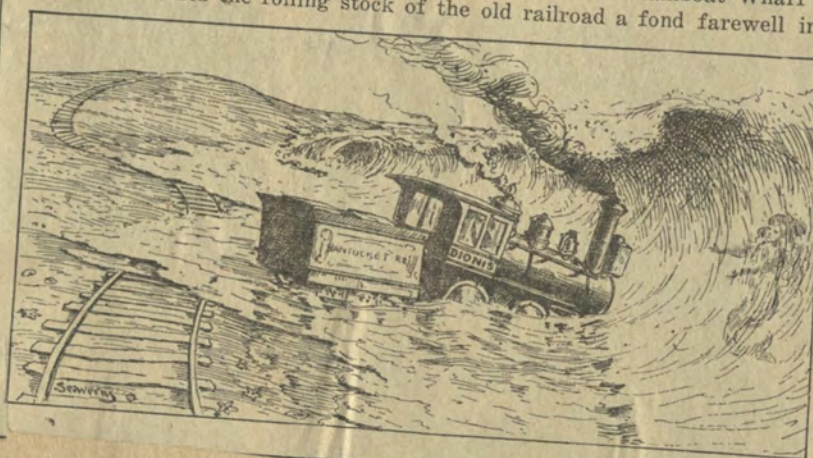
unrevealing outfit for women. Not only a dress of considerable modesty but long bloomers, stockings, and swimming shoes as well. A hat and umbrella completed the disguise. Bicycling became a fad and a bicycle path to Siasconset was planned by the town in 1896. Within three years the hotel at Surfside had collapsed, wind, rain, and neglect having taken its toll, and at the turn of the century the first "horseless carriage," a Stanley Steamer, came to the island. The handwriting was on the wall, although many chose to ignore it and even fought tenaciously to keep autos off the island. Natives always resist change.

By the year 1906 the railroad was no longer running. A stagecoach was the means of transportation to 'Sconset, that one which Captain Billy oubt. He was quite a character and ap-roofed house next to the Old Peo-



Nantucket's first train, the "Dionis," poses for its picture.

Above—"Down by the Station," "taxis" lined up at Steamboat Wharf nearly a half-century ago. Lower Right—The "Dionis," named in honor of Tristram Coffin's wife, had much trouble from tracks being washed out by the booming surf, but none quite so bad as that pictured here by Alexander Seaverns. The "Dionis" was kept busy carrying people out to Surfside during the period when that area was enjoying a "boom." In August of 1881, about a month after the railroad service was established, the Coffin family held a reunion at Surfside. The little "Dionis" carried many of the descendants of the illustrious Tristram out to the South Shore for their reunion and clam-bake.



Rep. 5, 1960

1879

A NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD.—A project of this kind has several times agitated the public mind here, and now there is another. Like those which have preceded it the plan is simply in an embryo state; but such rumors are afloat as we present to our readers, keeping the names of those who are making the effort from the public till matters have more fully matured.

As now contemplated, the road is to run from Steamboat wharf, westward to Madaket, thence across to the southern shore of the island, which it will follow along to Siasconset; thence by Sankoty and Quidnet to the Haulover, returning to the starting point along the southern shore of the harbor. It is said that if \$15,000 or \$20,000 can be raised among our own people, the rest of the sum required can be obtained; and if rumor is correct, the amount can be raised here.

While we should favor such a project, we shall for the present refrain from comment, preferring to await a further advance of the scheme.

Mar. 29, 1879

The Railroad Project.

The preliminary step toward a railroad between town and Siasconset has been taken this week. On Monday last Mr. Philip Folger, formerly of this town, arrived in company with a number of civil engineers, and on Tuesday active operations were commenced in surveying the route, which was staked from the Springfield House through Chester and West Centre streets, out by the head of Macy's pond thence over Trotts Hills, by Cambridge, and through Sheep Pond Valley to the shore, within a short distance of the head of Long Pond, when they turned eastward, skirting the shores by the Surf-side property to Toochka, thence across to a point near Philip's Run, and along the regular road to Siasconset. Although this is the route surveyed, the road as now contemplated will continue along from Toochka, by Tom Never's Head, the land of the Sunset Heights company into the village. It will be necessary to run the road across the Hummock pond, at a point some three hundred feet from the beach. No other obstructions appear along the route. The line as contemplated and surveyed will be laid out on one of Dr. Ewer's large maps, when it will be presented to the New York parties who are interested in the project, for their subscriptions. These parties are very sanguine of the success of the enterprise, and have in view a narrow-gauge road which can be purchased at a low figure and moved here. The estimated cost of the road, over the route surveyed, is \$40,000. Should the route lead from town directly to Surf-side, and thence to 'Sconset, the cost would be about \$25,000. The work which has just been completed will be gone over again this fall, when perhaps some slight changes may be made in the route, and if the stock is taken this winter, as there is every reason now to believe it will be, work on the road will commence in the spring, and the road soon after be in operation. The interested parties feel that the investment will be a paying one, and present figures which certainly give encouragement.

It is the purpose to erect a hotel or refreshment saloon at Surf-side, on the line of the road, as a way station.

Aug. 16, 1879

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

THE RAILROAD PROJECT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—During a recent visit to Nantucket rumors reached me of a new railroad project, and soon after the preliminary surveys were made. The first public announcement however was made in your issue of the 16th inst. Your editorial is so non-committal in tone, being in fact little more than a statement of the intentions of the projectors, that it is difficult to form any idea of the feelings of the people in regard to this enterprise. The objections are so many and so strong, while the advantages to be derived seem so few and unimportant, that I hope some action may be taken to prevent even the commencement of any railroad on the island at present. A narrow-gauge road to Siasconset would undoubtedly be a convenience to a certain number of people who desire to see something of the island in a short time, and the intended road along the shore would of course make a pleasant route, but little or no benefit would result to Nantucket or Nantucket people. A railroad would not attract visitors to the island, as nearly every one has plenty of such travel on the main-land, and people visit Nantucket rather to get away from rapid transit and enjoy a much-needed rest. I have never heard that any number of visitors have ever intimated the need of or desire for a railroad and there certainly is no general demand for one. A majority of the visitors remain for the season, or at least for several weeks, and something should be done to make the island attractive to them, and at the same time prove a substantial benefit to the people of Nantucket.

What Nantucket really needs, what would attract more people and leave more money on the island than anything else, is a good carriage-road to Siasconset. Nearly every visitor feels the need of a good road, and when completed it would compare favorably with the pleasantest drives on the coast. If the cost of the proposed narrow-gauge road were to be put into a good carriage-road to 'Sconset, the same to be made a toll-road, better horses and carriages could be used, many regular visitors would be induced to bring and keep their own horses, transient and other visitors could enjoy a comfortable visit to 'Sconset, the peculiar features of Nantucket scenery, so to speak, would remain the same, and the investment could certainly be made to pay better than any railroad. While at the present time there is a great deal of driving, this would not only be largely increased, thus contributing a considerable income to many, but travel would be diverted to the new toll-road with the probability of its becoming a popular afternoon resort.

I do not understand this narrow-gauge road to be, in any sense, a Nantucket enterprise, as the road is said to be owned in New York and the profits, if any, will go to outside parties, and the people of the island be no richer for the introduction of an element that will change the whole character of their summer life.

There appears to be a tendency to look upon any new project as a great thing for Nantucket, but it seems to me considerable discrimination should be used, as Nantucket is totally unlike other resorts, and only those things that are likely to prove a real and lasting benefit should be encouraged. I am an earnest admirer of Nantucket and particularly interested in anything that pertains to the prosperity and popularity of 'Sconset, but a railroad is the last innovation I want to see introduced there. The peculiar charm of 'Sconset and 'Sconset life would be destroyed the moment an engine was heard in the village, and I trust it will be many years before the quaint little village will be disturbed in that way.

I suppose there is little probability that the people of Nantucket would feel disposed to bear the expense of a carriage road, but when parties are willing to invest \$40,000 on the island, it does seem to me they ought to be induced to use it, not simply for their own profit, but also for the best interests of Nantucket and her people.

ROXBURY.

Aug. 30, 1879

The Railroad Project.

The arrival of Messrs. P. H. Folger, Joseph Veazie, Thomas F. Wells, Francis Amory and others interested in the construction of the narrow-gauge railroad, on Tuesday's steamer, and the subsequent information gleaned, tends to convince us that the enterprise is now an assured fact. The parties above mentioned, having succeeded in getting the stock taken up, have appeared upon the scene of action to make the preliminary arrangements for building the road, which will be about the route previously specified in these columns. Their first action will be to obtain from the town and individuals a right of way over various lands and roads, for which purpose it will be necessary to call a special town meeting. If successful in obtaining consent, as there is little reason to doubt, work will begin immediately. The rails, ties, and other material required are to be purchased as needed, and within three months from the time operations are commenced, it is expected the road-bed will be complete. Within a month it is thought that a force of workmen will be at work on the road.

During an interview with some of the above-named gentlemen, yesterday morning, they stated that the road, instead of diverging from the shore to the Siasconset road, would be continued on by Tom Never's Head, Low Beach, and Sunset Heights, which, to our minds, is more preferable, as it will embrace one of the pleasantest spots on our shores (we refer to Tom Never's Head) in its course. The road is intended wholly for pleasure riding, although circumstances are likely to arise which will make business for it during other months than the "watering season." One suggestion is advanced, that the Revenue Department contract with the corporation for a platform car to be placed on the track, by which the crew of the life-saving station can move their boat and wrecking apparatus to any desired point along the shore in case of necessity. This, we consider, is an excellent and reasonable suggestion, and will, without doubt, meet with favor by those interested.

In connection with this matter (and all rumors may contain suggestions that can be acted upon to advantage), it is said that a prominent citizen dropped the remark that if the road was completed, he intended to run a branch from Low Beach to his farm for conveying kelp.

The projectors are now talking of carrying the line of road up North street, and by and through the Cliff and Sherburne Heights property, instead of through Chester and West Centre streets, as heretofore planned.

Conjectures as to the financial result, as well as on other matters connected with it, are of course rife, and opinions are as varied as can well be imagined; but as far as our own people are concerned there is evidently nothing for them to fear for, as the work will be carried on wholly by foreign capital, and hence they will have nothing to lose, and perhaps something to gain. We feel an interest in seeing the plan successfully carried through, and shall await its consummation with pleasure. As the work progresses we shall make it known through our columns, giving as full and complete reports as are obtainable.

Sept. 13, 1879

For the Inquirer and Mirror.
That Railroad.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Is there no way in which Nantucket can be summarily delivered from the threatened calamity—a railroad?

I am only a "summer visitor," and therefore may not be entitled to speak at the town-meeting; but I see nothing but disaster to the island in the railroad project. It is clear enough to my mind that the enterprise can never pay. But people may be so far imposed upon as to be induced to put their money into it nevertheless. And thus mere jobbers may succeed in getting the means of inflicting an irreparable injury upon Nantucket.

How can a railroad benefit this island? Little or nothing used in constructing or operating a railroad will be bought here. So that the money spent in the construction of the road, will go to parties who do not live in Nantucket. The people of Nantucket will not ride in the cars, and they have no merchandise to transport by rail.

If it is a convenience to any one, it will be only to the excursionist who comes here for a day or two, and will be glad to be able to run out to 'Sconset and elsewhere at the cost of a few cents. But on the other hand, it will break up the business of the livery stables, and of all who seek to employ their horses and carriages profitably during the summer months. But this is not the worst. The sparks from the locomotives will be a constant threat of conflagration. How many farms and forests have been desolated by fires caused by railroad engines. Again, the charm of Nantucket to me, and to all who come to sojourn on the island, is its quiet and simplicity. This charm will be destroyed by a railroad. If the road be constructed, it may, at first, bring a few more "excursionists," who, staying a day or two, may each leave three or four dollars on the island; but it will drive me away, and with me many others, who now take up their abode here for the entire season, in order that they may enjoy quiet with the sweet climate with which the island is blessed. I trust therefore, that at the coming "town-meeting," the people will "sit down" on the project with such unanimity and emphasis that we may never hear of it again.

SHERBURNE.

Nantucket, Sept. 17, 1879.

Sept. 17, 1879

52

THE RAILROAD.—There is nothing further to report this week relative to the proposed railway, other than that new routes have been surveyed, the most popular of which with the surveyors is one which runs along the Cliff Shore, by the bathing houses, thence across the Cliff lands, by the farm of Mr. W. H. H. Smith, and then takes a southwesterly direction over the "Narrows" of the Hummock pond, and joining the line first laid out near the farm of Mr. James Collins. The projectors of the road were expected by last night's boat, in order to be at the meeting of the town to-day, when they will be prepared to present their plans in detail, if necessary. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be large, and a free discussion of the matter had, each side presenting its strongest argument *pro* or *con*. As far as we have been able to judge from expressed opinions about us, the number in favor appears to be the larger; but what the meeting may develop remains to be seen. We desire to see the project thoroughly tried, and hence hope for a favorable decision by the meeting of to-day. Many object strongly, thinking the road is laid out to run through the public streets; but we would inform all such that no definite line has been settled upon. Should the town give them the right of way through North Beach street, and thence by the route above mentioned, it would obviate any of the dangers which present themselves in travelling the more public streets, for North Beach street is but little used compared with the others mentioned heretofore. At any rate, give the matter the full force of your eloquence to-day, whether it be for or against.

Sept. 20, 1879

THE RAILROAD.—The proceedings of the town meeting held on Saturday last, and the spirit manifested there, go to show that there is no serious or well-defined opposition to the railroad project. From the talk which had been overheard in some private gatherings, it was surmised that a strong feeling of hostility to the proposed enterprise might be developed at the meeting, but those who had prepared themselves to hear a stormy discussion were disappointed. It was well remarked that the projectors of the railroad had shown their knowledge of human nature by thus calling the citizens together at the outset to discover the drift of popular feeling. As the attendance at the meeting was large, and a full and fair opportunity was given for the statement of all objections, of which none were offered, the railroad company will probably have no difficulty in arranging their route with the town fathers, who appear to have full authority under the statute.

It is probable that all other rights of way for the road will be secured without much difficulty or delay. The proprietors of the common and undivided land will not be likely to interpose any obstacles, and Mr. Joseph Veazie, one of the projectors of the road, is himself the owner of large tracts of land along the proposed route, and in several of the outlying divisions, the value of which may perhaps be enhanced by the contemplated improvement.

Sept. 27, 1879

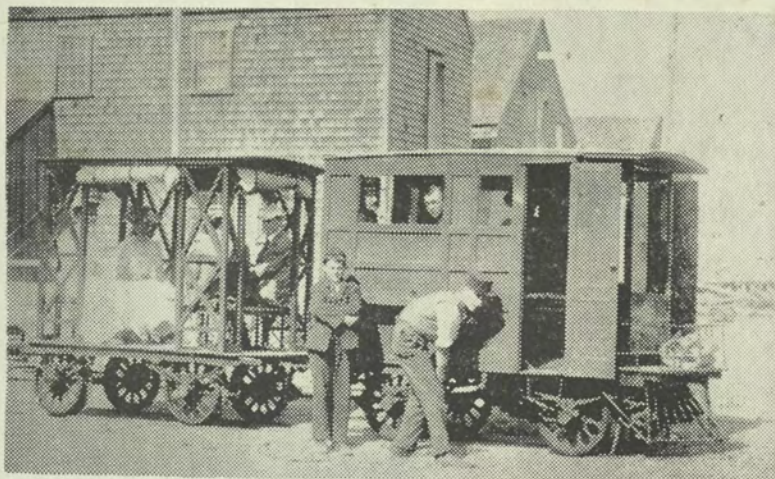
THE RAILROAD.—Messrs. Joseph Veazie and Philip H. Folger, two gentlemen prominent in the railroad scheme, arrived here by Thursday's boat for the purpose of making further investigation of the amount of grading that will be required at the Cliff and Tom Never's Head—the two most difficult points of the route—that they may be enabled to complete maps of the route. They report everything as progressing finely, and express the opinion that within a few weeks the work of grading will be commenced. The recent rise in iron will of course increase the cost of the road, but is not of sufficient importance as to hinder the work in the least.

Oct. 16, 1879

THE RAILROAD.—The map of the alignment and profile of the proposed "Nantucket Railroad" has been received by the Selectmen, and is on exhibition at the office of the Town Clerk, where the public have the privilege of examining it. The route is through North and Beach streets to the Cliff, thence across the Hummock pond Narrows, westward around the Sheep pond, and skirting the entire south shore to Sconset, crossing the Reedy, Hummock and Mioxes ponds. The profile shows the limited amount of grading that will be required, the greatest work being at the Cliff and Tom Never's Head. The map is a handsome piece of work. The Selectmen will give a hearing on railroad matters on the 24th inst., as announced in our advertising columns.

Dec. 1879

Rolling Stock Of Defunct Narrow Gauge Railroad Of Island Went To France During World War I



The Nantucket Railroad made its maiden voyage on July 4, 1881 when the little engine Dionis hauled two open passenger cars packed with Island dignitaries across the Island's narrow belt to Surfside three miles away.

After its successful debut the little 25-ton locomotive, named for the wife of one of Nantucket's early settlers, chugged across the Island and back, carrying hundreds of holiday fun seekers.

Business was booming and in 1884 the promoters of the Nantucket line laid tracks to 'Sconset and purchased another engine from the Mason Machine Works in Taunton.

In the course of its development, the narrow-gauge Nantucket Railroad did frequent battle with the elements and on several occasions the shore line tracks were almost carried away in raging surf. In 1888, a heavy November storm washed part of the road into the ocean and in 1893 a long stretch of the line at Nobadeer was inundated and the little Dionis took an unexpected salt water bath.

Adding to the woes already caused them by fickle Mother Nature, the owners of the Nantucket Railroad found that the Surfside "prosperity bubble" had burst. Tourists had abandoned Surfside as a vacation spot and the hotel there was closed and collapsed in ruin in 1889.

New owner Francis B. Keene abandoned the Surfside run to the sun, salt air and sea gulls and proceeded to lay a new shorter route to 'Sconset. He hoped to recoup some of the line's losses in that rapidly developing village.

But from that time on, however, the railroad failed to prosper and though it changed hands several times the results were always the same. High operating cost and a short Summer season made the line a losing proposition. In 1906 the railroad was given a rest and its high-pitched toot was not heard once during the Summer. A stagecoach supplied transportation

to 'Sconset but this Buffalo Bill type of Commuter service proved highly unpopular with Summer visitors.

The next year the Macy family of Nantucket, backed by New York capital, gained control of the railroad and launched "the Bug" on its famous career. "The Bug" a tiny motor car capable of carrying six to eight passengers, careened along the tracks to 'Sconset like a frightened beetle and captured the imagination of all.

The next innovation by the New York controlled railroad was a gasoline motor strikingly similar to the "Toonerville Trolley." It accommodated 30 persons and on every trip across the Island vibrated so badly that it threatened to shake itself and its courageous occupants to pieces. It was rejected as useless and returned to the mainland in October of 1908.

New rolling stock, including two new locomotives, was added to the Railroad in 1909 and 1910 by the "Macy Syndicate" but the line remained more of a curiosity than a convenience. It was one of the few narrow-gauge railroads still in existence in the United States and ran in a leisurely fashion.

The road continued to lose money and in 1917 the Empire Trust Company announced the line had been sold to a Boston firm for scrap. In the Spring of 1918 the track was torn up and rails and rolling stock were shipped to the mainland and later went to France where they were used by the American Expeditionary Forces at Bordeaux.

Plans are in motion to start a Nantucket railroading museum which will be located for present in the upstairs foyer of the Island Service Company. Robert Deeley and two summer residents who are also intensely interested in the railroad will combine to stock the museum with their collections.

55

1880

THE RAILROAD.—We can this week report rapid progress on the road bed, which, as we go to press, has reached Weeweeder valley, the long stretch across the commons being completed. It was the original intention to raise the grade through the valley to eight or ten feet, but a subsequent survey has shown the engineer that it can be reduced to five feet, which of course will require less labor, and will necessitate making slight "cuts" through the brows of the hills on either side. It is very probable that the bluff along the beach will be reached to-night, and in another week we shall see the road bed completed as far as Nobadeer pond, as the two miles now remaining before that point is reached is "mere boy's play," requiring simply the turf removed.

Superintendent Folger is expected today, and while here will adjust the land damages which have been agreed upon.

THE RAILROAD.—Mr. Winchester Veazie has this week been making an examination of the marshes over which the proposed railroad is to run, and has also laid out a route by the farm of Mr. L. A. Hooper. The company contemplate locating their depot on the land of Messrs. Charles G. & Henry Coffin, where their candle factory formerly stood, and will make the road broad-gauge, as second-hand rolling stock of that class can be obtained. We heard an interested party express, a few days since, the opinion that the road would be completed by June next. We sincerely hope this will prove to be the case. Most of the above statements are based upon current report, and cannot be implicitly relied upon, though we believe there is foundation for some of them. When official information is received, we shall immediately acquaint our readers with the facts.

THE RAILROAD.—On Monday the Legislature granted a charter to the Nantucket Railroad Company to lay a narrow gauge road (three feet) from Nantucket to the village of Siasconset, a distance of about nine miles, with a capital of \$100,000. One of the temporary directors of the corporation, Mr. Charles F. Coffin, who arrived here Thursday, informs us that the first payment for stock has been made, and that the entire amount will be paid in (the funds are already) after a meeting of the stockholders at No. 7 Exchange Place, room 17, Boston, on Wednesday next, which is called for the purpose of organizing the Company under the charter, electing a board of directors, adopting a code of by-laws, etc. The company have advertised for iron, and expect to begin work very soon, with the view of completing the road by early summer. We fear the host of unbelievers are to be disappointed, and that the road is a thing of the early future. Clear the track when the bell rings!

THE RAILROAD.



As announced last week, a gang of laborers arrived Monday to "work upon the railway," and early the following morning each was armed with a shovel and barrow, and the whole force marched to the beach south of the brass foundry, where they immediately broke ground, and before night, with the assistance of a few teams, quite a piece of road bed had been completed over the marsh. Since that time the force of workmen has been increased, until about one hundred men and some forty or fifty teams are now employed in the work, which is at present confined to filling in the "Goose pond," the gang being divided on either side of the pond and working toward each other. The bed over the marsh has an elevation of about two feet, and is fifteen feet wide at the base and ten at the top. This spot is by far the most difficult piece of grading on the entire line, and when overcome, which will require several days' time, the further work will be pushed ahead rapidly. Everybody appears interested in the progress of the road, if the throng which daily hovers in the immediate vicinity is an indication, and we are sure we are ourselves, and wish it prosperity to the very terminus. Mr. Winchester Veazie, engineer, is superintending the grading, assisted by contractor Downs.

Several of the teams were mired Thursday, but no serious damage resulted.

The Nantucket Railroad.

Since we issued last week, a rapid stride has been made with the road-bed of the Nantucket Railroad, and by to-night it will be up to grade to a point in the pines south of Mr. L. A. Hooper's farm. When we last went over the line (Thursday), a small piece of bed had been filled in the lot of the above-named gentleman, and it being a low grade, the work was pushing forward rapidly. The Goose pond dump is complete, and the "fill" across the Clay Pits and through the cuts in the two lots of Michael Foley also. It is estimated that 8000 cubic yards of sand was dumped in the "fill" from Orange street across the Clay Pits. The carriage drives across the track have been fixed properly. The railroad, after reaching the farm of Mr. Hooper, is an easy matter, and Mr. Veazie considers that the larger and more difficult half of the grading has been completed, as from the present time until it reaches Nobadeer slough, Nature has made a perfectly level stretch of ground, which will require but little work in filling up the slight hollows along the line; and before we issue again, it is anticipated that the bed will be complete nigh to Surf-side. The cross ties are daily expected, when they will be teamed from the vessel to the road and laid, and on the arrival of the iron, which is to follow the ties immediately, a construction car will be put on the track to carry the rails along as needed. The road will make two opposite curves from Orange street to Mr. Hooper's, when it will strike a "bee line" for the shore,

which it reaches about five hundred yards east of the life-saving station. Most of the teams were taken off Thursday night, and will not again be required for some time, as what material is required for the bed will be taken from either side and thrown directly upon it, and even the wheelbarrows will be but little needed. To our unpracticed eye the work has been done in first-class style, and entitles those in charge to great credit. Nobadeer slough is now the most difficult part on the route, but this is slight compared to what has already been accomplished, there being a short "fill" of three hundred yards there to overcome, but with the material right under foot it will soon be accomplished. It looks really railroadly to stop on the "Orange street crossing" and glance along the line on either hand, and we await anxiously the announcement of "the railroad is done."

Mr. Veazie has made accurate surveys of the land damages by the Nantucket Railroad as far as the road has been graded, and deeds of the land taken for railroad purposes will be made in accordance with these surveys. Parties damaged will be offered a reasonable price for the land thus taken, and any party not satisfied with the price offered, may leave the matter to referees, or submit it to the arbitrament of a panel of twelve men. We do not anticipate much trouble in the matter.

N. R. R.

A Long Leap on the "Shore Line"—A Proposed Slight Change in the Route—Progress Since Our Last Report—A Few Hints as to the Further Work.

One month ago yesterday ground was broken for the Nantucket Railroad, and not a few predicted the abandonment of the work ere this. But it goes on from day to day, and each night marks decided progress in the construction of the road-bed. Good weather has favored the company in pushing their work along rapidly, and they feel well satisfied with their progress thus far. Our last report left the road-bed complete on the western slope of the Weeweeder valley, where a fill of five feet in height was required to bring it up to grade. The rains of Monday and Wednesday compelled the laborers to suspend operations, but work in the two valleys was completed yesterday, which makes the line of road complete to the shore. One gang of laborers broke ground at Nobadeer pond, yesterday morning, where a deep fill of three hundred feet in length is required, and Mr. Veazie, the engineer, informed us that when the men quit work to-night, it will be up to grade at that point, and

THE ROAD-BED ONE-HALF DONE.

A careful survey of the route from Weeweeder to Nobadeer showed that it was unnecessary to even remove the turf between those two points, so carefully has nature graded it, and hereafter the whole force (which is to be increased by the addition of from seventy-five to one hundred men next week)

will be employed on the line east of Nobadeer. From the Forked ponds nearly to Tom Nevers, there is another level stretch of ground, and there is no reason, if favored with good weather, why the present expectations of the builders, that

THE NANTUCKET RAILROAD WILL BE COMPLETED BY JULY FIRST,

cannot be fully realized, for by far the heavier part of the grading has been successfully accomplished, in the one-half of the distance completed.

After surveying the remainder of the line, Thursday, it was decided to slightly change the route, after reaching Low Beach, running it along the foot of Sconset bank, with the terminus at the foot-bridge gulch at the base of the bluff of the Sunset Heights property. This change has been made to avoid encroaching upon private property, and for other good and sufficient reasons.

NOTES.

The company amicably adjusted the greater part of the claims for land damages on Wednesday last.

A fourteen-ton engine and six cars, it is thought, will constitute the rolling stock of the road.

Bring on the ties and rails, gentlemen.

THE RAILROAD.—We have but little to say this week relative to the railroad, which has now reached a point in Maddequecham valley, where the work has been going on for several days, there being a heavy fill at that point. Everything appears to be progressing finely. Another week will probably develop further important features in the building of the road, a vessel load of ties having left for this port last Wednesday.

On the Historical Map of Nantucket, a specimen copy of which we have been favored with, the Old Colony Railroad Company has delineated with great exactness the line of the Nantucket Railroad, which trims up the South Shore, relieving the heretofore long, blank stretch. The Company are anxious to know if the road will be completed and in operation this season, in order that they may advertise the same in their notices. Hurry up the road, gentlemen, and derive all the advertising benefits offered.

NEW ROLLING STOCK.—Early Thursday morning the approach of the schooner with the additional rolling stock for the Nantucket Railroad Company was heralded by Clark. The vessel was in tow of tug Nellie, of New Bedford, and was docked shortly after 9 o'clock, A. M. During the afternoon the passenger car was unloaded and drawn to the car house. About 5.30 o'clock yesterday morning the engine was taken off and also taken to the car shop. The car was built expressly for the local road by James G. Brill & Co., of Philadelphia, and is a beauty in every particular. It is fitted with the Miller platform and outside is painted a light straw color and neatly lettered. The interior is cheerful, being finished in cherry, oak and white wood; the chairs are back to back, and the seats are of the same style as those of the old cars. The car is of the centre-aisle pattern and entered through doorways at each end, like the usual railroad passenger coaches, and has seating capacity for sixty-four persons. The locomotive was built at the Mason works, Taunton, and is several years old. It is a different pattern from the Dionis, and better adapted to the work of the road, having greater power, which will make easier work on the grades. The locomotive and tender are combined, and the cab is a more complete shelter for the engineer and fireman. It is lighter than the Dionis by about seven tons, weighing eighteen tons. The unloading of the heavy articles was watched with interest by a large number of people, who saw the job neatly done under the superintendence of Mr. Stansbury, not more than twenty minutes being consumed in taking off the locomotive. It is named "Sconset."

June 27, 1880

THE RAILROAD.—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Nantucket Railroad Company, held in Boston Wednesday evening, the following-named persons were chosen directors: John W. Cartwright, President; J. H. Norton, Treasurer; Philip H. Folger, Superintendent; James W. Cartwright, Charles F. Coffin, John H. Coombs and Thomas F. Wells. The superintendent writes us that it was voted to accept the location of the road, and proceed at once with the building.

A letter to Mr. Winchester Veazie, received Thursday, states that contractor Down, who is to build the road, will probably be here Monday with a gang of laborers and tools for commencing work immediately; also that the company have track of a lot of thirty-five pound railroad iron and two locomotives—just what is needed.

It is thought it will take forty days to complete the road.

May 1, 1880

The Nantucket Railroad.

The Work to be pushed Forward as Rapidly as Possible—The Road Expected to be in Operation before the Close of the Season.

The announcement Wednesday evening that an order had been received to suspend work upon the railroad gave those "of little faith" a chance to air their eloquence, and they were not slow in grasping the opportunity. Others sat quietly "on the fence," not knowing which way to fix their ideas, while a third class did not have their ardor dampened in the least by the wild rumors which were flying about so briskly from mouth to mouth; and this latter class will feel the better to learn that the suspension is but temporary. Upon this matter we can speak understandingly, having been officially advised of the future plans of the corporation, who have deemed it advisable to complete the balance of the grading by contract, and ordered the suspension of work in order to arrange the new plan of operations. Mr. Downs, who has been engaged upon the work heretofore, intended to leave town yesterday to get the iron through, when work will be immediately resumed and pushed along rapidly, and before the season closes there is no doubt but all who wish will have the opportunity of riding to Sconset on the Nantucket Railroad. The affairs of the company are in a very fair and prosperous condition, and all claims to date have been adjusted. We are advised of the shipment of another cargo of sleepers from Bangor, which will be here shortly.

The road bed is now completed to a point east of the Forked ponds, or about seven-eighths of the entire line, and it is believed that a week's labor by twenty-five men will finish that part of the work. The Goose Pond dump, which had settled badly, has again been brought up to grade. Everything looks promising for a speedy completion of the work. Success to it.

July 3, 1880

1881

The Railroad.

There was foundation for the rumors which prevailed here last week, concerning a continuation of the work on the Nantucket Railroad, as we learn from conversation with a gentleman directly interested, who states that everything looks prosperous for completing the road this season, and having in running order by summer. Rails have already been purchased, and will be shipped here within a few weeks. An issue of first mortgage seven per cent. bonds, payable in 1900, to the amount of \$60,000, has been ordered by the directors, who have also sent out the following circular:

THE NANTUCKET RAILROAD, when completed, will run from the town of Nantucket, Mass., across the island by that name to the south shore, thence following along one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast to Siasconset, Mass.

The total length of this road, when completed, will be about ten and one-quarter miles, and it is to be three feet in gauge. The road-bed is nearly graded, and most of the ties are on the ground.

This company is entirely free from debt. The income to be derived from the road will be from both freight and passenger traffic, and during the summer months the passenger traffic will undoubtedly be very large.

In order to accommodate this season's tourists it is the intention of the management to complete the road as early this spring as possible.

For the purpose of securing the necessary funds to purchase railroad iron and to fully equip the road with rolling stock, etc., necessary to meet the immediate demands, the directors have authorized the issue of \$60,000 First Mortgage 7 per cent. Bonds, payable Jan. 1st, 1900; and \$30,000 par value of stock upon the following basis:

For \$425 cash, subscribers are to receive First Mortgage Bonds (interest from Jan. 1st, 1881, included), \$500.00

Stock, par value, 200.00

For \$850 cash, subscribers are to receive First Mortgage Bonds (interest from Jan. 1st, 1881, included), \$1000.00

Stock, par value, 500.00

Subscribers for \$5,000 Bonds and upwards will be allowed to pay one-half of their subscription in cash and the balance at their convenience, previous to May 1, 1881, when the balance of their subscription will be due and payable.

An interest account of 6 per cent. per annum will be kept with each subscriber.

Subscriptions to this loan will be received at the office of J. F. Amsden & Son, Bankers, 50 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., and this company has authorized its agents, Messrs. Amsden & Son, to deliver said bonds and stocks to subscribers for the cash payments as they are made.

Interest on the bonds is payable Jan. 1 and July 1. Both principal and interest is payable at the office of the International Trust Co., at Boston, Mass., who act as trustees for the bondholders.

By a vote of the Directors a Sinking Fund of 7 1-2 per cent. is to be reserved from each year's earnings of the Road, and deposited with the International Trust Co., at Boston, to meet the first year's interest on the bonds, thereby relieving the management from using any of its first year's earnings for the first year's interest on the bonds.

Apr 30, 1881

THE RAILROAD.—A Nantucket man, who has been in Boston, learned that the Nantucket Railroad Company purchased rails and cars for the road last Monday, and were expecting to complete negotiations for the purchase of a locomotive the following day. He was also informed that contractor Downs had been ordered to commence the work as soon as possible, and that the latter expected to be here early next week. These rumors are in our opinion well founded, for the company is required to finish a certain portion of the road before they can dispose of more bonds. Come along, gentlemen, the more the merrier.

May 7, 1881

The Nantucket R. R.

Work Resumed and to be Pushed Rapidly Forward—Notes Concerning the Plans of Operations.

The statement published in the last issue of the INQUIRER AND MIRROR, to the effect that work on the Nantucket Railroad would be resumed this week, was entirely correct as has proved, for on Monday contractor Downs arrived with a small force of track layers, and the following morning work upon the road bed was resumed at the Goose pond dump, which had been somewhat damaged during the winter. Teams were put on to cart on the needed sand. The bed was found to have settled considerably, but that we were informed was a decided benefit, inasmuch as it gave a wider and more substantial base for the road. Thursday noon the teams were taken off at this point, and assigned to carting sleepers from Commercial wharf to points along the line, the work of laying the same being also commenced. By Saturday's boat the rolling gear for two gravel cars arrived, the bodies of which are now in process of construction by Mr. William M. Hallett. As soon as completed they will be put upon the road (a cargo of railroad iron is daily expected, and will be laid in readiness to receive them), when the work of grading the road from the cut at the Clay Pits to the starting point will be vigorously pushed forward. It is thought that there is sufficient grade between these two points for the cars to run themselves one way, teams having been engaged to haul them back to be loaded. It was the original intention to have had the locomotive here when the iron arrived, but much trouble was experienced in obtaining such an one as was required, rendering it impossible. The engine secured was purchased in Illinois, to be delivered in New York by June 5, when it will be immediately shipped here and put on to assist in the work. Everything appears propitious for an early completion of that portion of the road set apart to be finished this season; and it is not impossible (this was whispered to us) that the entire line may be laid before the season closes.

As the plans are now made, the road will be run down upon Commercial wharf, in order to insure more rapid transportation of material designed for use in building; but surveys will also be made from the present starting point (on the land formerly occupied by the candle factory of C. G. & H. Coffin) to Steamboat wharf, which would give decidedly better terminal facilities and more "style" to the road. We shall watch further progress with interest, and wish the management plain sailing in their future labors.

May 14, 1881

The Railroad.

Tuesday afternoon, at an early hour, Clark heralded the approach of schooner E. Waterman with iron for the Nantucket Railroad, and in five minutes from the time he first saw her the greater portion of our people were made aware of her coming, so boisterously did the excited William proclaim it. It was late in the afternoon when she arrived at the bar, where she anchored, awaiting flood tide. Early the following morning she reached the dock at Commercial wharf, and everything was rapidly made ready for discharging. A few rails were quickly laid and one of the construction cars put upon the track. At 7 o'clock work was commenced in earnest, and at 7.05 the first spike was driven. The honor of driving it was given to William D. Clark, and with vigorous blows (of a hammer) he settled it into the wood. A temporary line of track was laid upon the wharf and along Washington street, and the dump car was put into active service in transporting the rails from the vessel to the scene of operations. By night the track had reached a point near the brass foundry.

The line of the road on Washington street has been changed, and it will eventually be located on the east side of that thoroughfare, the work of grading having been already commenced. The work of laying the track was closely watched by many citizens, and we doubt not but that there were some among the crowd of lookers-on who were taking their first view of a railroad.

The vessel brought sufficient iron to complete the road to Surf-side, and Mr. Downs expressed the opinion that it would be finished and in running order by the last of the present month. The locomotive, it will be remembered, is to be delivered in New York by Monday next, from which place it will be forwarded by lighters in tow of a tug.

June 4, 1881

SURF-SIDE.—There was a large party at Surf-side, Monday evening. It was a glorious night, a cool breeze fanning the crowd of people who sought the beach to watch the tumbling surf. Within the depot many participated in roller skating, and during the evening Mr. C. B. Whitney gave an exhibition of fancy skating, which was warmly applauded. Special trains were run until 10, P. M., and all who rode to the shore were treated to as charming a "moonlight on the waters" as was ever presented to human eyes.

The Railroad Company are doing everything to add to the pleasure of their patrons, and have made the road very popular by their liberal management. Everybody talks of the road; everybody rides on the road; and everybody is charmed with it.

During the evening of Monday, fire balloons were sent up, and a limited pyrotechnic display occurred on the beach.

58

Nantucket R. R.

Progress of the Work—Day and Night Gangs Employed—Locomotive and Cars Expected in a Few Days—It is Believed the First Train will be Run Next Week.

Since our last issue little time has been lost in the work of constructing the Nantucket Railroad, and the progress has been rapid. Rails have been laid to the life-saving station at Surf-side, and the track levelled up the greater part of the distance. Two gangs of men have been employed, one working days and the other nights, each gang making the same number of hours. The last-named force has been employed in transporting rails. The engine, which is said to weigh fifteen tons, arrived at New York Monday, and together with the passenger cars, is expected here at any moment. In conversation with Mr. Downs, the contractor, he stated that in his opinion the first train would be run some time next week, or early the following week, for the road will be in readiness to receive the cars by Monday night next. Regarding the terminus in town he was not prepared to say much until the Selectmen shall have acted upon the petition sent them remonstrating against the road running lengthwise through Whale street, notice of which is made elsewhere. Upon their action will depend whether the head of the steamboat dock is to be filled in or not. It is the desire of the management to do this, in order that they may arrange for side tracks and a car shed at that point. Mr. Downs recently advised the management to have a Globe spark arrester placed upon the locomotive, which would prevent the possibility of the pine groves along the line taking fire. This may prove a detention to the early arrival of the locomotive, but such a result is not anticipated.

June 11, 1881

RAILROAD MATTERS—OPENING OF THE DEPOT AND RESTAURANT.—The railroad has been doing a brisk business the past week. The Sunday trains carried large numbers to Surf-side, and Wednesday and Thursday both cars were necessary to accommodate the crowds. On the latter day occurred the opening of the new depot and restaurant. During the entire day a grand surf rolled in upon the beach, and was watched with admiration by the company on the grounds, who lined the shore. Dancing was indulged in by those who desired during the afternoon, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Backus, of Hyannis. The special evening trains were crowded, and Surf-side for the first time was the scene of a brilliant evening gathering. The new depot was ablaze with light, tasty chandeliers and bracket lamps shedding bright rays, while happy faces beamed on all sides. It was an innovation,—one full of charming novelty, with merry faces, sweet musical strains and light tripping feet, and the rumbling roar of the surf, and screech of the locomotive whistle at frequent intervals as a grand accompaniment. And then followed a brilliant display of fireworks from the bluff, which would have illumined the heaving surf and produced a grand effect but for the low mist which hung along the shore, that dimmed the brilliancy of the numerous pieces. The new restaurant was open, and attracted many, both young and old. The dancing continued until 11.30 o'clock, when the party boarded the last train, which landed them safely in town just previous to midnight.

July 23, 1881

The Passing of the Railroad. What Next?

Ere many more weeks have passed, the Nantucket Railroad will be only a memory. Day after day workmen are ripping up the track and the little locomotive is bringing the rails into town, ready for shipment to the mainland—and possibly to France. Each day the distance the rails have to be hauled grows less and already the track has been torn up all the way from 'Sconset, along Low Beach, up over Tom Nevers, and half way to town. There is not a single person on the island but feels sorry to see the road go. Even those favoring the admission of automobiles feel just as badly over the passing of the unique narrow-gauge outfit as do those who are opposed to autos.

Setting aside the automobile controversy in its numerous phases, the loss of the railroad is going to be a distinct blow to Nantucket as a summer resort. The little outfit has been unique. For a span of thirty-seven years it has furnished transportation on Nantucket—first to Surfside and then to 'Sconset—and it has become one of the island's attractions. Something must be provided to take its place—but what? Naturally the progress of the times turns one's thoughts to automobiles—the modern mode of conveyance. A few years hence it may be to air-ships.

With the wonderful progress now being made in aeronautics, it may be that the next generation will have forgotten all about the railroad that used to run across the island and folks may then take wings and fly over to 'Sconset much quicker than the railroad ever permitted. At present, however, the situation following the removal of the railroad will undoubtedly resolve itself into the simple little question of "horses versus automobiles".

'Sconset must be provided with some kind of transportation—it is too important a part of Nantucket to be cast ruthlessly aside, with its half million dollars of taxable property, which is bound to drop in value without transportation facilities. Whether that transportation is to be afforded by the admission of automobiles no one knows. That is a question for the near future to decide. In the meantime we will all join in lamentations over the tearing up of the little narrow-gauge track and the junking of the outfit.

It was only thirty-seven years ago that railroad transportation was started on this island. A Nantucketer, Philip Folger, was one of the prime movers in the enterprise, if not the very originator of the project. Laid out with quite extensive ideas, which included circumnavigating practically the whole island, with the road extending from the corner of North Water and Chester streets, out to the westward around Hummock pond and thence along the shore of the island by Miacomet and Surfside to 'Sconset, the scheme dwindled down into the three-mile stretch of track which was laid across the moors to Surfside. The original project was altogether too big.

The first sleeper was laid on Friday, the 13th of May, 1881, and the first train was run on the Fourth of July. It was a gala event for Nantucket, as many can remember, and "Billy" Clark, the famous town crier, had the honor of driving the first spike. That was the year of the Coffin 'Reunion, when all who could of the "clan of Coffin" came to the island and had a big time at Surfside, with a clam-bake, and a good time in general. The first engine was named "Dionis" and she bore the letters in gold on her side.

The next year the Surfside "land boom" started and in 1883 the Riverside Hotel was brought to the island from its site on the Providence river and erected at Surfside. It was formally opened on July Fourth and then followed a "boom" which taxed the capacity of the railroad to its limit.

The little line wanted to grow and it did grow, for the next year it was extended to 'Sconset, following along the south shore of the island. Then 'Sconset boomed, too, and the annex to the Ocean View Hotel was built to accommodate the increasing patronage. In August the village held its first "illumination." The 'Sconset fire department was organized. The village commenced to grow and she has grown steadily ever since. It must be admitted that railroad transportation with the mother town was alone responsible.

Prospects were then bright for the little railroad line out here in the ocean and a second locomotive was brought to the island in 1885 and named "Sconset". But the seas commenced to cut into the shore along the south side of the island and the little track was many times threatened with destruction by the pounding of the surf. In 1887 it was necessary to move the track in from the edge of the bluff for quite a distance. The next year and several years after, storms made trouble for the road, first in one place and then another.

Finally, in 1895, the road was rebuilt by a shorter route to 'Sconset, and Surfside—originally the terminal—was abandoned and the Nantucket Railroad centred all of its energies on 'Sconset. A new passenger coach had been purchased, the two coaches originally in use having been "open cars". The road commenced to have its troubles, some of which may have been due to mismanagement, some to circumstances, and it passed from one control into another, gradually gaining notoriety through its trials and vicissitudes.

In 1906 the road was not operated and it was a hard year for 'Sconset. An old-style stage coach was put in service, but that mode of conveyance was very unsatisfactory. It was then that members of a Nantucket family, probably more from sentiment than philanthropy, secured control of the line and under "the Macy syndicate" the road was again placed in operation in June, 1907.

Then came the famous little gasoline car known as "The Bug", which did fairly good service between town and 'Sconset after the locomotive was placed out of commission at the end of the season. And in 1908 came the large gasoline motor-car, which made a few trips over the track, but vibrated so much that the company feared it would fall to pieces on the way over some day, to say nothing of the damage wrought to the false teeth of some of the passengers.

Once more the railroad changed hands and, strengthened by New York capital, the roadbed and track were rebuilt and an entire new system arranged for. Everything looked encouraging that year, even if the locomotive did "turn turtle" down on the south beach when the rails spread because they had been laid without plates to fasten the ends together.

And in 1910 an entire new outfit of rolling stock arrived—the same equipment which is now to go to the junk-heap. With new road-bed, new track, new locomotive, new coaches, the future of the Nantucket Railroad certainly looked most promising less than eight years ago. Who would have thought at that time, when all Nantucket was so jubilant over its new lease of life, that in such a short time the whole outfit—sleepers, track, locomotive and cars—would be unceremoniously consigned to the scrap-heap and the island left without its railroad, with 'Sconset's principal means of transportation cut off?

It is the very worst blow that could possibly have struck 'Sconset—a blow that will doubtless open the eyes of all to the fact that some means of transportation must be provided, if 'Sconset is to continue to prosper.

We have heard an electric road suggested, but that is not within reason. Such a scheme is not new, however, for it was not so very many years ago that the route of a "proposed" electric line was actually surveyed and stakes driven. Nothing of the kind materialized then—nothing can materialize now. The expense of constructing an electric line is prohibitive, especially so now that the railroad track is being removed.

'Sconset is a very important part of the town of Nantucket, and a very promising part, too. Her future growth and prosperity is in the balance now that the railroad is to be a thing of the past. In these days of progress, the village cannot be forced to depend solely upon horses. In fact, a mental picture of the state highway some hot summer day, with horses being driven to and fro dragging heavily laden teams of passengers and freight, with the poor animals sometimes obliged to make double, and possibly triple, trips between town and 'Sconset in a day, trying to make connections with the boats, is not particularly pleasing.

(over)

Some of our readers can doubtless recall the terrible things that some folks predicted would happen when the railroad was first started away back in 1881. There would be runaways galore; people would be killed at the crossing at the foot of Main street; teams driving in from 'Sconset would be struck by the train as it rushed from across the Goose Pond by the foot of Orange street; the smoke from the engine would "dirty the washing" hung out on the line, etc., etc.

Liverymen objected to the coming of the road in 1881 just as strongly as they object to the coming of the auto in 1918. But in the nearly four decades which have passed they have found that the little road was not their enemy—that instead of ruining their business, it helped to make business—and now they, too, are sorry to see the road go to the junk-heap. But it is going there, rail by rail and pound by pound, and now we are all confronted with the question "What is 'Sconset going to do?"

It is not a time to air petty differences and nurse prejudices; it is a time for rational thinking. If the admission of automobiles would be of advantage to Nantucket, they should come; but if they would be a detriment to the island, they should not be allowed. It is for the voters of Nantucket to decide the question, so says the Legislature. Meanwhile, the columns of *The Inquirer and Mirror* are open for discussion from any and all stand-points.

Pleasant Wedding Surprise at 'Sconset.

Last Sunday, as well as being the first pleasant day for a month, was also the occasion of a pleasant wedding ceremony between two of 'Sconset's best known citizens, which was an entire surprise to the invited guests. So cleverly had the details been arranged that, until the officiating justice was called upon to perform the ceremony, none knew it was to be. William Brown Gardner, 'Sconset's well known contractor, and "Jeanette" his faithful housekeeper, had invited a few old friends to dine with them Sunday afternoon. To be invited to this hospitable cottage is to accept without hesitation, and so there assembled on the broad verandas, Mes. Underhill and Cadza, Mrs. Manning and Miss Fallon, all of the summer colony, and Messrs. Bunker, Ring and Riddell, old friends of the host and hostess, from Nantucket. After an hour of pleasant converse and repartee, the company were bidden to the spacious dining room, where they were treated to one of "Jeanettes" finest. Interspersed with anecdotes of old times in 'Sconset, joke and story, the time passed all too quickly until, when the salad was reached, the host and hostess asked to be excused for a moment, quickly reappearing arm in arm, and "William Brown" called upon Judge Bunker to perform his official duty. Catching the surprise in an instant, the company stepped to the adjoining parlors where, in his most impressive manner, Judge Bunker made them man and wife. Congratulations have showered upon the newly wedded couple, and all unite in wishing them many years of happiness.

Father Walsh Speaks for Siasconset Association.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

In reply to Miss Eliza Codd, I would regret if the lack of official utterance from the Siasconset Improvement Association anent the issue of automobiles on or off the island of Nantucket were interpreted as tantamount to a vote for their exclusion. It is a straining of the axiom, "Silence gives consent," to so interpret it. A moment's consideration on the part of your amiable correspondent would, I am sure, convince her of the misjudgment of her statement.

The vast majority of its members are off-islanders scattered over many states, their addresses unknown and many no doubt in blissful ignorance of the present auto agitation. If it were a summer issue, when we are on the island and could convene, there would be no hesitancy in recording our wishes. Meanwhile, as one who knows them by long years of closest association, I may venture to speak for them.

Our record for many years demonstrates we are heart and soul for the welfare of our little community at Siasconset. We have tried to prosper it—to build it up and make living there as wholesome and comfortable as the town authorities would or could permit.

What we have feared more than all else is isolation and the rearing of barriers that would intercept our free and easy access to and from the town—to and from the steamers, to and from our mails, our living and the world abroad.

Whilst the little railway was in operation we were satisfied. There was no dissent then from the town in its outlawry of the autos. Now, however, the conditions are vitally changed. All of our members whom I have been able to interview—and I have seen some in New York city who hitherto were hostile to the auto—now favor it as a superior conveyance and an economy in time and expense, besides making a closer bond of union with our neighbors.

We who have lived at Siasconset for two decades will recall the seasons when we had only horse service with all the attendant dullness and inconvenience. We have no yearning to duplicate that time if the voters will safeguard us.

We are living in stirring times—we want our news and our letters promptly—living is high and taxes are soaring—we want a service quick and economical, and unless our people over there get it I fear dark and lonely days for Siasconset.

Then there are those there who have investments in houses for rent on which they depend to carry them through the year as much as the fisherman on his catch. And, ah, what changes time has wrought! In my years many prosperous men have come there and builded and gone away in death and their widows are now obliged to eke out a living by renting their former homes.

Is it fair or just or humane to jeopardize their interests and Siasconset's future by a failure to give the adequate means of transportation?

The alleged increased expense of road repair I believe to be largely fallacious. The Polpis road might suffer with much auto traffic, but the season's dust on that road would be prohibitive of all driving save the most unavoidable. The main highway (state road) is so deeply tarred that with smooth tires and light loads I look for only moderate wear and no more, if as much, as by the iron-tired narrow wheels and calked-shod horses now. With us on the mainland it is the heavy auto truck, with its tire surface in sections and cross furrows between, that is the most destructive, and perhaps that sort of car would be unnecessary. However, admitting the increased road repair, of what consequence is that in comparison with all the serious consequences involved?

Personally I regret when the petition for the re-admission of the auto was framed it was not restricted to the auto-bus, commercial cars and tractors for the farmers, and eliminating still the pleasure car and the joy-rider. Such a measure I presume would forestall the objection of the liverymen, whose interests we ought to protect and meet the approval of many others. Unfortunately, however, I fear it is too late now for such an enactment and the vote will be for all or none.

Let me thank Mr. Brinton and Isaac Hills, Jr., for their very strong and persuasive letters on the issue.

Mgr. John Walsh,
President Siasconset Association.
Troy, N. Y., May 4th.

The Nantucket Central Railroad.

Ode to "The Bug."

Oh, that funny little Bug,
Hear his coughing chug-a-chug!
See him swing his little tail
As he canters o'er the rail
From Nantucket to his bughouse by the sea!
He's a nightmare, he's a dream.
And his appetite is keen,
For he feeds on gasoline
And his like is yet unknown to histories.

Every now and then he tries to
Skid along the rotten tires to
Shorten up the journey from Nantucket,
And his single eye gleams red
When he rounds Tom Never's Head
And he sees his little shed—
He is lucky if he doesn't kick the bucket—
But he does the best he can
Over seven miles of sand,
Though they tell me that he sometimes
leaves his tail!

Every day this fiery dragon
With his typsy little wagon
Like a sailor with a jag on
Comes careering o'er the crooked iron rails.
And though rocky as to gait
And occasionally late,
He is sure to keep his date,
And he never yet forgot to bring the mail!
Siasconset, 1908. J. L. Wood.

But, alas! in one short summer,
This small Bug, once called a hummer,
Was declared to be a hummer,
And was banished from the railroad of the
isle.

And now, strange tho' it may seem,
A new (?) engine runs by steam,
O'er new rails, and ties that gleam,
While the "natives" and the "summer
people" smile.

Henry A. Clifford.
Siasconset, August 23, 1909.

AUG. 11, 1906

'SCONSET,

(Continued from Page One)

ran from Nantucket to Siasconset was junked during the war and melted up to make munitions. Now the colony is reached by motor or by motor bus, over the pike, a distance of about seven miles across the moors and cranberry bogs from Nantucket harbor.

The village of 'Sconset is a quaint agglomeration of narrow laned and little one-story cottages scattered over a considerable area. Like Nantucket, it is suggestive of England and Holland, and the air, seldom clear, often foggy, strains out the brilliancy of the sunshine and produces a peculiar soft, luminous quality in the landscape that is the joy of some artists and the despair of others.

The Rev. Dr. John S. Allen of New York has written a bit of verse that express the spirit of the place:

Where the fog rolls in so easy,
And clouds engulf the town—
Presto! Sunshine bright and breezy
Like smiles that follow frown:
That's 'Sconset by the sea.

Where old homestead, shack and lean-to
Are scattered all askew,
Where the quaint, wee studios mean to
Look picturesque to you;
That's 'Sconset by the sea.

Where the highways are all by-ways
That end, meet anywhere,
All the paths have sudden sly ways
Of tumbling down a stair:
That's 'Sconset by the sea.

Where the rambler roses ramble
Over rambling roof and shed,
And the honeysuckles scramble
On arbors overhead:
That's 'Sconset by the sea.

Where the rose hips shimmy flagrant
With poppies blushing red,
And moorland flowers are fragrant
As lilies in their bed:
That's 'Sconset by the sea.

Where the actor folk and preachers
Are playtime pals while here,
And sedateness falls from teachers
In toy-town atmosphere:
That's 'Sconset by the sea.

Queer old 'Sconset! Dear old 'Sconset!
Good-bye's are all in vain,
For if you have been here "once"
You're bound to come again:
That's 'Sconset by the sea.

The Summer Folks at 'Sconset

As the versifier says, there is the greatest variety in the types and professions represented in the summer population of 'Sconset. There are, for example, the brothers McKay, Bob and Nate, one a playwright, the other an ardent golfer, and so hospitable a soul that he has earned, through his finesse in offering the keys of 'Sconset to the arriving visitor, the title of the "Mayor" of the colony.

Then there is that remarkable man, N. W. Norcross, a retired insurance expert of Lowell, who began life as a log driver in Maine, and now, at the age of 85, is still an athlete. Until a time two or three years ago, he was an ardent golfer, and he has not yet shown any signs of giving up his long hikes. Tall and erect and vigorous, he is a distinguished figure at 'Sconset.

Frederick C. Howe, noted as an immigration commissioner of New York, spends much time at 'Sconset, and some persons have said that

without his glasses he bears a striking resemblance to President Wilson. Edward Ellis, who played the original Blackie Daw in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," is another summer resident. Ernest Torrence and his brother, Percy Ames, and an English actor, Brandon Hurst, often make up a party at the golf club.

Julius Tannen, the monologist, and the humorist of 'Sconset, declares that he is "chaplain" of the links. Some one was bragging not long ago about his performance on the course, which was rather remarkable. "Oh, that's nothing," put in Julius. "I do three holes in 70 any day, and think nothing of it."

Judge Fitz-Randolph, too, has a story to tell, now and then, and after

one, another. One of his funniest is the yarn about the prisoner who went home nights. This fellow, it appears, was once confined in the old Nantucket jail, where, somehow, he contrived to make for himself an avenue of escape which he used for the double purpose of entrance and exit. Through this hole he would leave the jail after bedtime, and through it, after a night's repose in his own bed at home, he would return to confinement before day-break.

Eventually this practice was discovered, however, and it was decided that he must be placed under rather more restraint, if the letter and the purpose of the law were to be carried out. The sheriff was charged

one night with the duty of recapturing the prisoner; but the officer, instead of going to the man's home, waited at the jail for him to return. In so doing, the sheriff displayed shrewdness, for not only did he catch his man, but he also discovered the hole through which ingress and egress were effected.

On Evelyn and Lily Streets

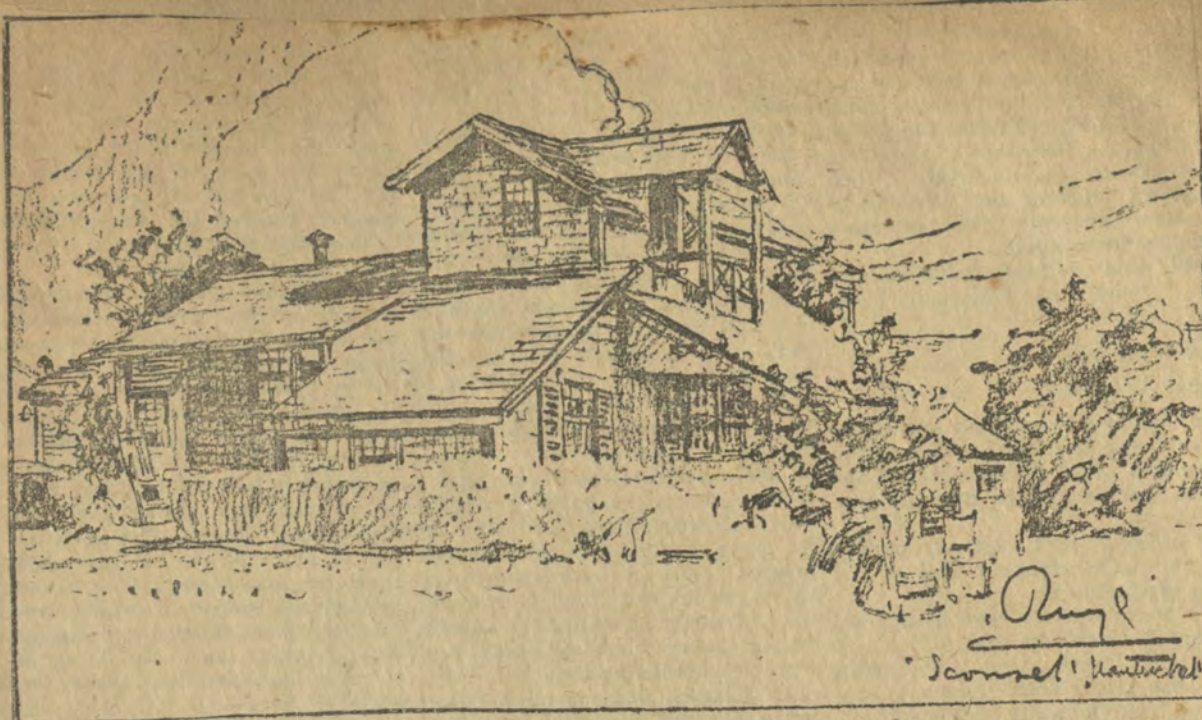
The judge exhibits a cane to which attaches the tradition that it was made of a piece of wood grown many years ago on the island of St. Helena, where Napoleon was confined after his downfall. The cane was brought to America, it is said, by the captain of a whaler on board

which the former emperor attempted to make his escape, hidden in a whale oil barrel.

Another celebrity at 'Sconset this summer is Nannette Comstock, whose home on "Broadway" is called "High Tide." She leans toward yellow—yellow sweater, yellow stockings, yellow sunsets. She protested that the artist who sketched her on Broadway the other day made her Pekinese look inconsequential, but the gentleman explained that it would never do at all to depict a Pekinese on the scale of a mastiff, and, having control of the pencil, he did as he willed with the sketch. "The Maples," another cottage on Broadway, is to be filmed in an Alice Brady feature. Broadway itself belies the name. It is neither broad nor straight nor well-lighted nor congested with traffic—it is just a pretty green lane.

"The Snuggery," the Brady-Crane (or should one say Crane-Brady?) cottage is on Evelyn street. Mr. Webb's place, "The Helm," just across the way, is next door to "Ye Doll House," the cottage of Mrs. Drake, sister of Digby Bell, aunt of Mr. Webb and a relative of Mr. Crane. Evelyn street is just a long, level lawn, with a dirt roadway running through it, and two rows of cottages. On Lily street is "Dixieland," home of W. G. Smythe, manager for David Belasco—a low house for a tall man, such that, according to the neighbors, its occupant must lower his head to enter.

In fact, the homes in 'Sconset are so little and so low that they make ordinary folk look Brobdingnagian. That is to say, a man who is accustomed to seeing New York office buildings towering above the heads of the people on the sidewalks will view with astonishment the village of Siasconset, where the pedestrians are as tall as their houses. This circumstance, taken into consideration with the terrain, which is flat as a western prairie, and the hit-or-miss architecture, gives 'Sconset the atmosphere of a fairy play-town or of a stage setting.



"The Rambler," All Angles, Cottage of the Rev. Dr. Dumper, Rector of New Trinity Cathedral, Newark, N. J.

The old town pump is still standing, and its handle is chained down. It is a symbol of an ancient fountain that has failed, and of the shackles of prohibition. 'Sconset, however, still remains a bit of an oasis in the desert of thirst, and occasionally a good bottle is brought out of the cellar and sampled by connoisseurs. Yes, occasionally, as was the case elsewhere before the end of the world.

While "kanten," or isinglass, made from seaweed, is produced in practically every part of Japan where climatic conditions are favorable, the prefectures of Osaka, Kyota and Hyogo are said to produce more than two-thirds of the entire production of isinglass in Japan, which was about 2,809,207 pounds, valued at \$977,492 in 1917.

The exports of manila hemp in 1918 amounted to 163,260 tons, valued at \$58,191,555, while in 1917 the exports were slightly larger, being 169,435 tons; the value, however, was but \$46,807,779, owing to a great subsequent rise in price.



By Courtesy of the Childs Gallery, Boston, to THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"NANTUCKET JOURNAL": A Painting by George Newell Bowers

GEORGE NEWELL BOWERS was a native of Springfield, Massachusetts. During the 1870's, he studied painting in New York and in Paris. His fastidious description of details reflected one kind of training in craftsmanship which seemed well suited to the temperament of the American painter of genre.

"Nantucket Journal" is painted with skill and sentiment. These elderly people lived quietly on the island of Nantucket. The name of the island originates from the Indian Nanticut, which means "The Faraway Land." Here is a picture of peacefulness and domesticity which prevailed in Nantucket, in 1889, when Bowers painted his little canvas.

The "Nantucket Journal" was published from 1878 to 1899. Edgar W. Nye wrote humorously about newspapers of that era: "The newspaper of today is a library. It is an encyclopedia, a poem, a biography, a history, a prophecy, a directory, a timetable, a romance, a cook book, a guide, a horoscope, an art critic, a political résumé, a *multum in parvo*. . . . It is, in short, a bird's-eye view of all the magnanimity and meanness, the joys and griefs, the births and deaths, the pride and poverty of the world, and all for two cents—sometimes." A considerable burden to set upon the modest pages of newspapers like the "Nantucket Journal"! The news sheet, which this gentle old man is reading, was printed only a few years after "Bill" Nye made his analysis of the American press.

The little picture is a work of American genre. The artist has dwelt thoughtfully upon many details, such as the silhouette on the wall, the light coming through the slightly opened door, the panels on the wall and the doors, the windows, the hassock, the ball of wool on the floor, the creases in the elderly man's trousers. Such pictures are faithful documents of a bygone era.

D. A.

Christian Science
Monitor

Ninety-One and Eighty-Nine.

Capt. John Pitman and his wife, Phebe, of 'Sconset, are the oldest people on the island, and to all appearances they are the most contented. When questioned concerning his age, the aged Captain replied that, although he might be the oldest man in 'Sconset, there was lots of life in him, a statement which his appearance corroborated. Mrs. Pitman is two years younger than her husband, and she also has reached this old age in full possession of her faculties. The old people are delighted to receive callers, and are interested in the affairs of modern 'Sconset. This is the sixty-fifth year of their married life, and they are still to each other what husband and wife should always be.

A Good Citizen Gone.

ROBERT B. COFFIN

From earliest manhood the heart and mind of the late Robert B. Coffin have been animated by the spirit of the following couplet:

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

During his long, industrious life he profited by its lessons. He was the son of the late George W., and Emeline B. Coffin, and was born in Nantucket in 1831.

Mr. Coffin was a daily advocate, in word and in deed, of that noble sentiment of Marcus Aurelius: "A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others." Diligent labor he knew would bring its sure rewards; in such labor he found support, while his faith was ever unwavering in some future higher good, and in a Supreme Ruler, "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known."

His early vigorous manhood was passed in 'Sconset, where he and his family lived for years. During that period he was engaged in the local fisheries. Subsequently he became a successful land-holder, and was the owner of valuable residences which he rented to summer tenants. At one time he became associated with the late William J. Flagg, in real estate ventures that proved to be profitable. The development of the village from that period until its present delightful growth as a charming summer resort, is largely due to his energy and determination.

He was a striking figure in any one of its grassy lanes; of a social turn, hearty in his greetings, and ever ready to welcome a new comer; he was fond

Nantucket's interests, no less than those of 'Sconset, absorbed his thoughts, and received his attention. He has served the town with credit on many important committees. His feeling for others in need, made him efficient as an agent of the Humane Society organized in the interest of shipwrecked mariners. He was a sturdy champion of any measure that he thought to be right. Outspoken he was, morally courageous, firm when he took a stand, but magnanimous enough to acknowledge an error in judgment when convinced of his mistake; always a public spirited citizen, who spoke honestly from his point of view.

May 28, 1910



of a good story, and could tell one in return. He had a host of friends, and he dearly liked to enlarge upon the possibilities of that cluster of homes by the sea, which some people liked to style "a deserted village;" but he was sanguine, still, and lived long enough to see 'Sconset merge into "the loveliest village of the plain" Many of the summer colony of 1910 will lament the sudden departure of this good citizen. He was their friend. We can all the better bear our bereavement, if we will trust in the assuring words of the late Phillips Brooks: "Our friends must be more and not less to us in the other world, than they are here; this world only begins friendships."

Aug. 2, 1890

66

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

The Evolution of a Post Office.

Siasconset, September 4, 1883.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Siasconset is now a post village, with all the paraphernalia and dignity that appertains thereto. It has required nearly a century and a half to bring about the result. Twenty years ago, when Capt. William Baxter was accustomed to drive back and forth to and from the bank, during the fishing season, though he neither fished nor cut bait, he was accessory, both before and after the fact, by giving aid and comfort to those who did, by doing errands and carrying the letters and papers for the toilers of the sea. His labors in this regard were for sometime gratuitously given. Now and then a passenger would be carried, for which he received the sum of 25 cents. He didn't get rich at it. At last the inner consciences of the fishermen were illuminated with the idea that the Captain was a necessity for their convenience, and later he was accorded a small compensation for the errands he did and for the letters and papers he brought and carried.

In the course of time 'Sconset became a summer resort, a cottage here and there being taken by off-islanders for the season. And the number of visitors grew, until at last there was a necessity for a place for the receipt and delivery of mail matter. The captain's house became a depot for post delivery, the door of which the finger the ligneous statue of Martha pointed to the door; and later, in clear violation of the statute in such cases made and provided, the words "Post Office" were nailed above the portal. During the height of the season, the captain, well advanced in years but still as elastic in spirits as in his youth, went over his route, never twice a day than once, carrying the mail in a patent carpet bag, the like of which was never seen, in the heavens, nor on the earth; nor in the waters beneath the sea, and man could have bowed down and kissed it without violating any injunction of the scriptures. It was secured by a combination lock of manilla twine, the secret of opening and locking which was known only to Postmaster Murphey, Capt. Baxter and Mrs. Baxter, and they never divulged it until three years since, when the necessities of the mail traffic compelled them to let Mr. Henry R. Tucker, of Boston, into it, and they have never had occasion to regret the confidence they reposed in him. Since then, during nearly the season, Mr. Tucker has been a volent, receiving and delivering the mail matter coming through the office, and has also acted as cashier in collecting postage between 'Sconset and the mainland, which violation of the United States Post Office laws Mrs. Baxter has been an abettor and the Captain himself no better, but as everybody was glad that somebody was bold enough to defy the law for public convenience, neither Tucker nor Mrs. Baxter nor the captain has been molested.

Then, too, Mr. Tucker also took the contract for unravelling the intricacies of Captain Baxter's accounts as express messenger and common carrier, to which position he elected himself as everybody's friend. His accounts were kept in a unique method familiar to the Captain. It was a combination of single entry in his head, double entry on a slip of paper lying loose in his pocket, and a oftener no entry at all, and between the three it was difficult to tell whether the Captain was rushing into the vortex of bankruptcy or was amassing thousands of dollars each season. It has never been suspected, however, that the last named result was ever actually accomplished. That the former was not assured each year is probably due to the vigilance

of Tucker as a collector and his skill as an accountant and financial expert, and while Mr. Tucker has not made any money out of the trust, he has had lots of fun; for his labors have been like Quaker preaching, a labor of love, which after all gives one more pleasure to think of than paid efforts.

But several years ago the village had a premonitory symptom of what was to happen. A post office was actually established, and Miss Love Baxter, the daughter of the Captain, was appointed Postmaster—yes, Postmaster, for there is no such office known to the law as Postmistress,—at a salary of \$12 a year, and to Captain Baxter was awarded the contract of carrying the mail, for which he was to be paid by the Government of the United States of America, "by grace of God free and independent," the munificent sum of \$8 for every year's service! The result was that the postmaster found she was getting rich too fast; and as for the mail contractor, he was afraid he would be tempted to rush into Wall street and speculate in stocks out of the profits and get in to the papers as a "Star Route" swindler. And, bethinking himself of the scriptural statement that it was as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, he suddenly became sick at the stomach and threw up his contract. As for the Postmaster, she stopped short in her mad career of making money in office and retired into private life, and got married.

Again things went on in the old way until this year, when the island was visited by Assistant Postmaster General Elmer, whose official eye at a glance took in the situation, and at once a movement was made for a Post Office, but the trouble was to get somebody to take the place. None here were born great, nor had they acquired greatness, and they were averse to having greatness thrust upon them. It was the hardest task ever undertaken on the bank to hatch out a postmaster. Men and women were entreated and implored to accept the honor, but all declined. At last the batteries of argument and persuasion were brought to bear upon Mrs. Almy. After a prayerful night of solemn introspection, she concluded that she would accept the trust, and now the head of her name and the tail are identical in official correspondence, for she signs herself "P. M. Almy, P. M." To Capt. Baxter was given the contract as courier, at even a better compensation than he was accorded before, on the promise that he would bear his honors meekly and draw his salary without finching.

On the first day of September the new order of things went into effect. The machine works well and it gives universal satisfaction. Still it is with some feeling of regret that we see the Post Office removed from the watchful care of that wooden virgin, Martha, (against whose character not a word was ever uttered) who in sunshine and storm, under bright skies and clouds, has stood in front of the old house where we have often met the captain and heard his truthful stories about a hundred things we never could have believed if told by anybody else. But he is still with us. Each day he is going back and forth over his usual course. We are glad that his labors are lighter, though his pay is quite as good as when the burdens of a postmaster *de facto*, if not *de jure*, were resting on his shoulders. Long may he live to lighten the hearts of people younger than himself, for 'Sconset, without him, would, to many who have known him well, be 'Sconset, minus its most charming landmark on the field of humanity.

E. F. U.

POST-OFFICE FOR 'SCONSET.—Gen. Barnum, one of 'Sconset's annual visitors, has interested himself strongly this season in an attempt to secure better postal facilities for 'Sconset, and at present the success of his labors is almost assured. The movement has been brought about on account of the irregularity with which all mail matter for the village is received there or delivered in the mails in town, whereby a strong demand for better accommodations has been created. Second assistant Postmaster-General R. A. Elmer, who is at the Springfield House, and under whose domain the creating of new offices comes, has the matter under advisement, and there is barely a doubt but that contracts with a postmaster and transporter will be made this season. The mail matter for 'Sconset has been increasing from year to year, being this year double that of last, and the bulk of it is for a class of people who should receive it without delay after its arrival at the island.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. GAIETY AT 'SCONSET.

Last Monday evening Mrs. Clute and Miss Chipman gave a hop to the young people of 'Sconset, and it was the nicest affair of the kind that 'Sconset has ever seen. The occasion was well chosen, for there were a great many young people in the village, and for once in the history of Nantucket the ladies and gentlemen were about equally divided. The evening was a gorgeous one, as many can probably testify from personal inspection, and, in short, everyone was in the humor for a jolly time, and they were not to be disappointed. The depot, which has now become the place where all the 'Sconset hops are held, was used on this occasion. In the afternoon it was handsomely and tastily decorated with bunting, flags, Japanese lanterns, fans and flowers. Invitations had been sent to about fifty, and at a little after ten o'clock the guests began to arrive. They were received by Mrs. Clute and Miss Chipman, and in a short time everyone was well acquainted and the dancing began. Mrs. Chittenden and Mrs. Wood relieved each other at the piano, playing some very sweet waltzes, and other equally irresistible music. The orders of dance were very neatly gotten up, Miss Grace Dow having painted them on gilt edge cards of various shapes. Soon after receiving them, each lady and gentleman had their card full, and all then settled down to a couple of hours of dreamy happiness that they had secured for themselves. This happiness was interrupted only by that of another kind—doing justice to the refreshments. The tables had been set in one end of the depot, being shut out from view by a curtain of flags. In a moment this was drawn aside, leaving to the view a sight that would please a king. The refreshments consisted of ice cream and ices, cake, lemonade, apples, pears, bananas and grapes. In half an hour the curtain was drawn again, but this time to shut out a sight of sad demolition. The dancing was resumed and continued until about two o'clock, and even then it was with reluctance that the company took their departure. On bidding the hostesses good-night, the guests tried to outdo each other in giving expression to the good time they had had.

Sept. 6, 1883

67

'Sconset's Growth—A Parallel Of Fifty Years Ago.

The following article appeared in *The Inquirer and Mirror* for October 31st, 1885. Touching on the changes that had taken place in 'Sconset during the decade just passed, it commented on the busy season of '85 and made a remarkable prophecy for the village's future. Believing it will be of interest not only to 'Sconseters but to islanders and summer visitors, who have seen the changes of this century eclipse even the growth of the 80's, we reprint it as follows:

Those who reside in Siasconset, in the midst of many changes that have been constantly in progress for the last ten years, and the unobserving class who visit the village for brief seasons of recreation, have perhaps not been struck with the steady growth and increasing popularity of 'Sconset, if one may judge from their conversation upon the subject.

But the observing element that has been attracted to the village and has had opportunities to satisfy curiosity, is forcibly impressed with the idea that a prosperous future is in store for the village, as the improvements of the past decade are carefully noted.

A few years ago 'Sconset was known only to Nantucketers and a meagre number of summer guests, and the population was then swelled only by light accessions during the fishing seasons. Later the property known as Sunset Heights was purchased by two enterprising gentlemen—C. H. Robinson and Dr. F. A. Ellis—who erected a small restaurant and one or two cottages. From this time on 'Sconset has been gaining a boom, and at the present date is one of the most popular and growing sections upon the island.

The little nucleus of a restaurant has been added to as demands for accommodations increased, until it has almost wholly lost its identity behind the new walls that have been erected around it, and now boasts of an annex many times its own original proportions. While the little dining room building has been gaining its present size, cottages and pretentious summer residences have been raising their roofs about it, the line of buildings stretching along the bank to the southwest not far from a half mile in extent.

The growth has been slow but healthy, and Sunset Heights, with the eight cottages built by Mr. E. F. Underhill, of New York, now numbers not far from thirty new buildings that have been erected in the time specified, and of various styles of architecture, as the builders' tastes have dictated.

Old 'Sconset has also undergone many transformations, and but comparatively few of the houses wholly retain that quaintness which has proved such an attraction to visitors. Yet the inroads of modern architecture have not entirely obliterated 'Sconset, which is still sought by many of our people as of yore.

Eight new dwellings have been erected in the village limits, while the number of houses that have been remodelled is many. Street lights are maintained; a fire department has been organized and fire cisterns and a hand engine furnished; and for four months there is a railroad communication with Nantucket.

Continuing north from the village, we first come upon what is known as White's Hamlet, a collection of fourteen small cottages erected by Mr. H. K. White, of Detroit, in which it is said he has invested the sum of \$20,000. These cottages are rented in the summer at good prices. Beyond this are four completed cottages, and two in process of construction. The present indications are that a number of other cottages are to be built during the ensuing year, and those who live another ten years will see a continuous line of cottages along the bank for at least three miles.

At present the shore line is not short of a mile in extent, and gradually extending towards Sankaty lighthouse, beyond which several parties have already erected cottages.

The cottages erected number fifty-eight. In the ten years mentioned, houselots have increased rapidly in value, and in places where an acre of land could have been bought at that time for \$50, houselots 50x100 feet are now held at from \$200 to \$500, and are finding purchasers more rapidly than at the old figures. The boom is strong and strengthening, and 'Sconset in another decade will be a town of no mean proportions.

While dwelling upon the subject of 'Sconset, another item in our 50 years ago issue relates an incident in close connection with the village's transformation from a fishermen's headquarters to a recreational center and summer resort. It reads:

"Uncle Brown's Senate" is a thing of the past, the ancient marine having disposed of his 'Sconset property, thus cutting off what has been the fall club room for a good many years. Capt. Gardner has retired from active fishing, but visits frequently the scenes of his exploits to catch a few "roasters." The spirit of fishing dies hard with Uncle Brown. He was presiding at the House of Representatives a few evenings ago when we happened into the spectators' gallery, and refreshed the hearers with new versions of old stories concerning his exploits at Little Rip and the "Rat Hole." The abolishing of the Senate removes another landmark, and with the inroads of summer visitors 'Sconset is changing. But there is yet much that is pleasant to those who yearly seek the bank for a few weeks' recreation, and it will be long before the increasing changes will entirely obliterate the pleasures of a sojourn in the village.

Nov. 12, 1935

THE GROWTH OF 'SCONSET.

THE CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN A DECADE, AND THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE IN AND ABOUT THE VILLAGE.

Those who reside in Siasconset, in the midst of the many changes that have been constantly in progress for the last ten years, and the unobserving class who visit the village for brief seasons of recreation, have perhaps not been struck with the steady growth and increasing popularity of 'Sconset, if one may judge from their conversation upon the subject. But the observing element that has been attracted to the village and has had opportunities to satisfy curiosity, is forcibly impressed with the idea that a prosperous future is in store for this place, as the improvements of the last decade are carefully noted. "Do you realize the extent of building and land operations in 'Sconset during the last ten years?" asked one of these inquiring people of the writer, a few days ago, after looking for a time at one of the dwellings in process of erection. The question led to an extended consideration of the subject, and facts were developed that gave rise to the thought of a newspaper article.

A few years ago 'Sconset was known only to Nantucketers and a meagre number of summer guests, and the population was then swelled only by light accessions during the fishing seasons. Later, the property known as Sunset Heights was purchased by two enterprising gentlemen—Mr. C. H. Robinson and Dr. F. A. Ellis—who erected a small restaurant and one or two cottages. From this time on 'Sconset has been gaining a boom, and at the present date is one of the most popular and growing sections upon the island. The little nucleus of a restaurant has been added to as demands

for accommodations increased, until it has almost wholly lost its identity behind the new walls that have been erected around it, and now boasts of an annex many times its own original proportions. While the little dining-room building has been gaining its present size, cottages and pretentious summer residences have been raising their roofs about it, the line of buildings stretching along the bank to the southwest not far from a half mile in extent. The growth has been slow but healthy, and Sunset Heights, with the eight cottages built by Mr. E. F. Underhill, of New York, now numbers not far from thirty new buildings that have been erected in the time specified, and of various styles of architecture, as the builders' tastes have dictated.

Old 'Sconset has also undergone many transformations, and but comparatively few of the houses wholly retain that quaintness which has proved such an attraction to visitors. Yet the inroads of modern architecture have not entirely obliterated 'Sconset, which is still sought by many of our people as of yore. Eight new dwelling houses have been erected in the village limits, while the number of houses that have been remodelled is many. Street lights are maintained; a fire department has been organized and fire cisterns and a hand engine furnished; and for four months there is railroad communication with Nantucket.

Continuing north from the village, we first come upon what is known as White's Hamlet, a collection of fourteen small cottages erected by Mr. H. K. White, of Detroit, in which it is said he has invested the sum of \$20,000. These cottages are rented in the summer season at good prices. Beyond this are four completed cottages, and two in process of construction. The present indications are that a number of other cottages are to be built during the ensuing year, and those who live another ten years will see a continuous line of cottages along the bank for at least three miles. At present the shore front is not short of a mile in extent, and gradually extending towards Sankaty lighthouse, beyond which several parties have already erected cottages. The cottages erected number fifty-eight. In the ten years mentioned, houselots have increased rapidly in value, and in places where an acre of land could have been bought at that time for \$50, houselots 50x100 feet are now held at from \$200 to \$500, and are finding purchasers more rapidly than at the old figures. The boom is strong and strengthening, and 'Sconset in another decade will be a town of no mean proportions.

Oct. 31, 1885

TELEPHONE TO 'SCONSET.—We have received a letter from Mr. George H. Cary, principal of the First Grammar School at Pittsfield, in which he writes that he shall visit Nantucket the coming week, and deliver his lecture on "Electricity and the Telephone." He proposes to bring on telephones and wire, and run a short line from the Athenaeum to a point nearly opposite this office, and give practical illustrations of the workings of the instrument. He will see if sufficient interest can be worked up among our people to run a line to 'Sconset, and has already been in correspondence with parties here, from whom he has received some encouragement. The work can be done now at very trifling expense. Mr. Cary managed the first telephone exhibition that was given in western Massachusetts, between Springfield and Pittsfield, and has given several illustrated lectures in the vicinity of Pittsfield, and our people can expect something highly interesting on this topic from him on his appearance on the Athenaeum stage, on Thursday evening next, the hall having already been engaged for that time. The price of tickets has been placed at fifteen cents, which will allow all to attend. Those present will be allowed the free use of the instruments during the evening.

The carrying of a line between town and 'Sconset is one that would prove of immense advantage to the latter village, and would no doubt prove a profitable investment for three months at least of the year, and we really desire to have the experiment tried, now that the cost of completing the work will be so light.

1879

68

Judge Davis of New York Is Busy Doing 'Nothing' at Summer Home in 'Sconset

By MINNA LITTMANN

Standard-Times Staff Writer

SIASCONSET, July 14— "Sconset, you should know," said Judge Lee Parsons Davis, "is a place where there is nothing to do and never enough time to do it in."

The deliberate, gentle speech of the big man, who at the moment was rocking slowly in one of the world's biggest porch rockers, bubbles habitually with quiet humor. He looked gratified on observing his little joke was recognized as a Summer resident's sincere tribute to this village.

A prominent member of the New York State bar as a young man, for 18 years now a member of the New York judiciary, Judge Davis has been coming to Sconset uninterruptedly for 67 Summers. He was 5 when his parents first brought him here. He and charming Mrs. Davis have occupied Seaward, their present house, on the bluffs above Codfish Point, for 15 years.

Remembers Original Owner

His phenomenal red rocking chair, with rockers rivaling the keel timbers of a boat, posts heavier than many a Sconset porch can boast, and a seating capacity beyond any conceivable requirement, is associated with his earliest memories of Sconset. He can remember when its original owner, "old Captain Oliver Folger," sat in it, in a "billed" shirt without collar or tie, talking with three Summer residents, Ol' Man Chittenden, Ol' Man Rumsey and Ol' Man Jerome.

Seems Mr. Chittenden was superintendent of a House of Correction in Michigan. He had four big rockers made, just alike, in the prison shop, for himself and his three cronies. (The shipping bill must have been impressive.) Cap'n Folger's son, Horace, willed his pa's chair to Judge Davis.

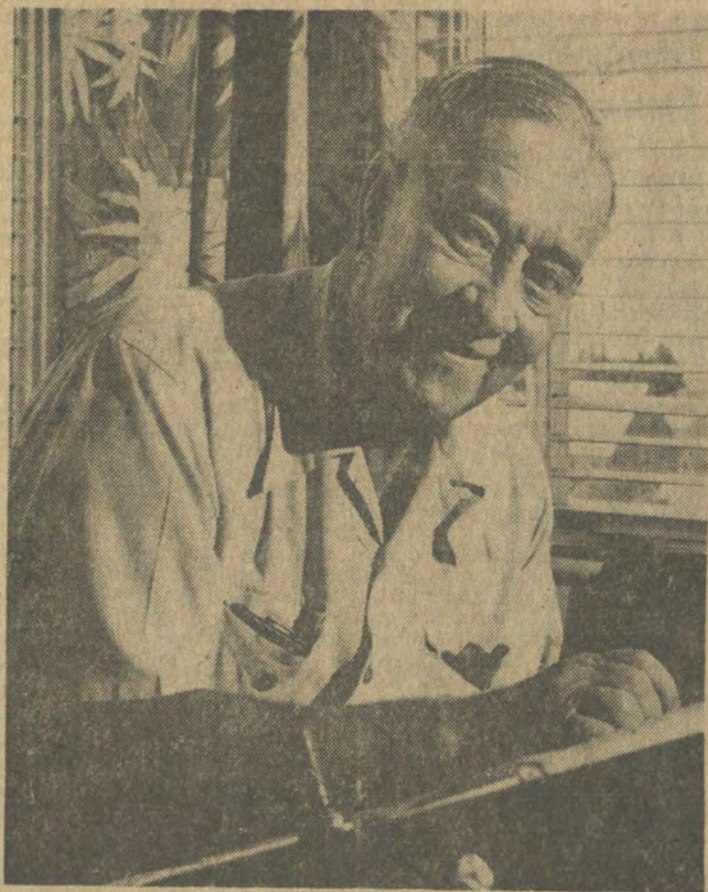
Doing nothing Summers, for Judge Davis, includes tying salmon flies, making fishing rods, fishing from a chartered boat—unfortunately an unreliable knee has eliminated surf-casting as a form of idleness for him—and hooking rugs. Yes, he hooks rugs, and he glories in it.

"I've an artist friend who designed this one for me," said Judge Davis, displaying a man-sized stretcher on which a handsome American eagle was taking form. Using an Audubon color print for guidance, he was meticulously reproducing the shadings of the original in fine, even loops.

Challenge Taken Up

"Some years ago," he chuckled, "I went into a yarn shop with Mrs. Davis, who wanted to replenish her knitting supplies. There was a nice little old lady there, making rugs with bits of woolen yarn which she knotted into place just as oriental rugs are made. Mrs. Davis remarked to me, 'There's something you couldn't do.'"

"Since I was a boy, I have never taken a dare. I told my wife I'd show her. I bought an outfit, and made eight rugs, for all the members of the family. When my artist friend saw what I was doing he gave me an awful look and said, in plainer words,



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

JUDGE LEE PARSONS DAVIS

he considered me beyond redemption. He forgave me later."

Judge Davis was cured of making flowery knotted rugs—he doesn't like them any more—when the supply house stopped selling yarn ready-cut into 2-inch lengths. He'd be hanged if he was going to cut thousands of little snips himself. Then along came another Summer resident, Irving H. Burnside of Monomoy, a New York Stock Exchange member who had found rug-hooking ideal for relaxation after a day at the exchange.

"Very easily," Judge Davis says, "I yielded to his persuasion to take up hooking. I like it much better. It is more of a challenge. It's really a form of painting. I have a machine to cut the strips. I'm always on the lookout, just like the women hookers, for woolen material to go into my rugs."

Still Makes Flies

In former years, Judge Davis used his special salmon flies on salmon-fishing trips to Canada. He still makes them, for fishermen friends. For years, he has made all his fishing rods. The result is a great many rods—"too many," he says.

A graduate of New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and Columbia University Law School, Judge Davis says the best two years of his schooling were those he spent in Falmouth, when he was 12 and 13. A Miss Mary Waite of Nantucket was his teacher, in the two-story, two-room school.

"My family were nomads," the judge joked. "I was born in Colorado, where my father had a sheep ranch. It was valuable experience. I learned there to pull the wool over people's eyes."

We came East when I was a small child. Father fell in love with Falmouth and we lived there two years. Later the family lived in New Jersey and New York.

"I had my heart set on going to Annapolis. I loved the sea. I prepared at a military academy, but I couldn't get the political appointment. I thought my world had crashed about me. Father persuaded me to study law. There had been a lawyer in every generation of the Davis family for a long time. He picked me as the most likely of his boys for a legal career."

Judgment Vindicated

The elder Davis' judgment was vindicated, it would seem. His son, Lee, served as assistant district attorney of Westchester County, N. Y., from 1908 to 1914; was elected district attorney in 1916, and held that post five years.

He won a verdict for Alice Beatrice Jones Rhinelander, when her husband, Leonard Kip Rhinelander, son of a wealthy New York family, charged she had perpetrated a fraud upon him when she married him, by concealing that she was of Negro blood. It was a case that made national headlines, nearly 30 years ago.

Judge Davis, a Republican, was elected to the New York Supreme Court, equivalent of the Massachusetts Superior Court, for two 14-year terms. After serving two years of his second term, he reached the compulsory retirement age of 70. However, he was then appointed a Supreme Court referee, and in that capacity, he says, he is busier than ever.

Asked his opinion of the rela-

July 14, 1954

N. B. Standard

Mr. Editor:

I had not thought that I should have occasion to answer two different articles on the matter that I thought fit to notice in your former issue, namely, the unfairness of the proposition to sewer at an expense of \$1500, to commence with, what is termed the old village of Sconset. "Modern Cottager" comes out in this article about as he usually does in every performance that he undertakes, with invective and statements that are not correct. Firstly, I never have expressed any opinion how the Sconset pump should be cared for, and have ever, while a resident of the village, cheerfully paid, whenever called on, for such repairs. So that whether the town assumes the care of such matters, really has given me very little concern. Secondly, I was in favor of the electric road to Sconset, though it has no bearing on this matter, having no doubt that it would be a safer, better-cared-for arrangement to proceed to Sconset by, than the poor old affair that we have been of late using. I also believe that our people travelling on the road, have paid for more than they would be required, to on the new one; and furthermore are not asked to take stock in the concern which I imagine, both stock and bondholders in the old road would really be very much pleased, as the result has proven to this date, had they kept entirely clear of it. The allusion to the new alarm clock of time, et cetera, is nice, but does not strike me as bearing especially on the matter. My idea was that the Old Village ever was and ever has been kept as clean and nice, by its native occupants, also by many of our summer visitors, many of whom are by all means as desirable acquaintances, and as pleasant, agreeable people as I ever met—and among them are some of my most intimate personal friends. My allusion to the people who are dirty about their premises, abusive in every way, so far as care of property rented to them is concerned, is I think, entirely correct; and I really view it as a hardship to entertain any idea of a proposition to sewer the old village, merely because a very few thoughtless, indifferent people, are uncleanly. Why should there be any trouble in removing any offensive matter at any suitable time without all the ponderous labors and wearisome efforts of a committee, which bring home a report that the field of operation should begin about 200 feet south of the Hamlet property, of course exempting that closely-built portion of the village as well as the adjacent property, as far, about, as Mr. Crosby's store, or nearly there, and as I understand it, continuing to the south end of the village. Well, I am not much surprised at anything that may happen in these days. I should think with common care in removing the offal from the public houses and private dwellings, all might be readily accomplished, without saddling on this town the cruel and unwarrantable expense called for in the submitted estimate. I should think it very hard if residing for six or eight weeks in Boston or New York, where there are certainly all the various troubles complained of, in full bloom, were the city authorities to get out a schedule of expensive matters to amend the cleaner portion of the city, and leave the dirtier. The whole affair is already tediously strained, and I have throughout, kept to my original topic—the uselessness of incurring a great expense in the old village, when ordinary care will answer to make it all that is desirable. As to my chronic grumbling, and the other allusions so happily put by "Modern Cottager," knowing the party quite well, I feel that it were of little use to reply to that sort of thing, as it really has no bearing on what I have said in my article, not one word of which would I

alter, believing it to be entirely true. I have no desire to continue this matter further, but will add, that all these proposed reforms are harder to bear on the greater part of our community, than perhaps they would have been in the quaint, simple days of our ancestors, who, after all, by toil, industry and reasonable economy, made the town and village quite endurable as a residing place; and the opinions may, and will differ in these matters. They were to my judgment as a race of people, in every respect, correct in their ideas of the public welfare. They are gone, even their immediate posterity are aged, and so far as I can see, each and every step and device is being taken to add to the taxes and expenses of about, say for argument's sake, 2000 of our permanent residents, leaving perhaps a balance of some 14 or 15 hundred who are in each and every channel of trade, benefited by this visiting business. To bear this burden in the main, in a town with very little remunerative business for the greater portion of the year, and a community who for the more part are not increasing in wealth—well might Dr. Franklin say: "Larger boats may venture more, but little boats best keep near shore."

"Modern Cottager" styles me a chronic grumbler, opposing every movement developing the resources of Nantucket. Now I may not see everything as M. C. does, but not being entirely devoid of sense, I know that the visitors are of great benefit to our home in many ways. All, I think, know that fact; there can be no doubt of it. But really, if we are to be called on to revolutionize everything, pay for everything, to suit the whim of parties that I have frequently heard speak of these matters very smoothly, many of the ablest talkers not owning a nail or shingle on the island, it occurs to me that our conservative people, the elders who have to economize every way owing to our decline and decay, to live decently, and our young men, many of whom I notice with pleasure, erecting houses to live in, with a hope for a happy future, all parties should reflect before rushing into the many fantastic and expensive whims, mooted in our midst, all of which must increase the load that plenty of our people find quite hard to carry. Thanking you for your courtesy, and scarcely expecting my ideas in these so-called progressive days to be popular, with those who have all to win and naught to lose, I close with this hope, that all will as far as possible, take reasonable care of their own obnoxious matters, and not saddle the load on those who have striven to thus do, and who as a rule, will continue to in future.

J. W. CLAPP.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

In reading over the remarks of Edward F. Underhill, Esq., who for many years I have considered a very intimate personal friend, not only of myself, but of my entire family, not excepting those that have gone away from this sphere, I find that in many respects we differ on a certain subject, wherein with my feeble train of thought I assume there is no actual help for the difference. Knowing this—that if Mr. U. does not view matters as both Mr. C. and I do, that C. differs from U., our personal relations need not be strained thereby, and I thank him for his courteous letter—couched in different language from Modest Cottager's. I can only say as regards my entire knowledge of Mr. Underhill, and it has ever been a pleasant matter to me, as Burns said of Maxwell: "Then Maxwell sleeps, the poor man weeps, but canting bigots blamed. But with such as He, where'er He be, may I be saved or damned."

Mr. Underhill tells many truths in his article and on many points is very accurate in my feeble opinion, and yet we differ in our estimate of some of his assertions. Now as I have some other cares, I have thought well to write him my views on that difference, as I do not care specially to fill the columns of the MIRROR with such differences, thereby invoking such an anathema as Modest Cottager saw fit to bestow. The fact is, on Nantucket, we are all known, and every one has his friends, and if of any status whatever, a fair proportion of enemies. That being the case, I think everywhere, I have concluded to write my friend, and it will not be the first letter that I have written him, and probably not the last. I am not generally considered a vain man and by no means one desirous to see my name in print. But I think when my friend receives my letter he will understand my ideas better than Modest Cottager does. My only views as expressed in my communication were to arouse a reasonable spirit of cleanliness among certain parties renting and using certain houses in and about the old village; the orderly, cleanly persons cannot be offended thereat, and I very little care for the opinion of the other class. A complete system of cleansing whatever imperfections may exist, is I think within every person's reach without any fearful outlay, and I am of the opinion yet that the true friends of my native town are those who do not seek to add to the load that the majority have to carry. I think my motive has been a good one. If warped and misinterpreted I cannot help it; and with this remark, thanking you for your courtesy, I withdraw my attention, to renew it on some more agreeable subject.

J. W. CLAPP.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Now that I am about to withdraw from the discussion of the subject of sewerage the old village of Sconset, said affair to commence with a 6-inch sewer laid in Shell street, and another in Broadway, the head to be placed about 200 feet south of the Hamlet property (as the report reads), same statement reading that in the new part of the village (with a few exceptions) slops and kitchen wastes are properly taken care of. But in the Old Village all is very different, thereby showing that the committee, to say the least, saw things very differently, and also smelt them very differently, than your deponent happened to do. Now, while in reading over this valuable report of automatic flush tanks as recommended, and ventilation, with tightly-cemented joints, extending above the roofs, and a numerous lot of other wearisome recommendations, summing up with an outlay of about \$1500 to begin with, with a careful addenda, that this is exclusive of house connections, and the value of the land for the disposal field, I must admit, confining myself to the subject, that the whole scheme is to me perfectly amazing, and somewhat bewildering—firstly, from the space included in *extensio*, and secondly, in all candor, for the reason that through my perhaps want of knowledge, I can certainly see, with ordinary care, no sort of need, in the place advised in the report (the old village) for such radical reforms, at the expense of the town of Nantucket; and, of course, as an integral part of the village of Sconset. Now, though any idea of mine, in these days of lavish expenditures will be found to possess no value whatever, allow me to state what I think were fairly well; and though not a Solon, nor quite a fool, let's see if we cannot arrive at a solution. Firstly, the cleanly, decorous portion of my townsfolk using houses at Sconset, I believe, as stated in my first article, are as cleanly a race of mortals as God looks down on, when His vision is attracted this way; also the decent, respectable portion of our visitors, many of whom are property owners, and nearly all of whom are most reputable persons. None can excel them. Among them are and have been present and absent, many of the most genial, pleasant, honorable people to be met anywhere this side of the grave, and I have never thought differently and so think now, as many, most, even, are among my personal

friends, foremost everywhere. Of such I have no fear that they will need to inflict upon this people the care of the matters spoken of aforesaid. My whole desire is to have the other class, the dirty house hirers—the objectionable and frequently best-dressed portion of our visitors—those who in the old village, and, as I well know, in the new, are indifferent, reckless and careless persons to every interest save their own, well looked after; and I would suggest that at expense of the town (for that is where everything lands) a large cart be purchased, and a suitable person employed to remove the daily garbage outside of the village, and also to cover it. Not place it in filthy pig pens, to send its scent everywhere as the wind listeth; and to regulate by law a penalty on all who do not strictly attend to these matters, all of which can be regulated by firstly, individual cleanliness of housekeepers; secondly, by a public conveyance; and rest assured the native islander will, with few exceptions, never be complained of, although I believe as a rule, they will and have ever had a due respect for sanitary laws. As to the recommendation that no hogs should be kept in the village, why not apply the rule to cows, and even hens; they are all irresponsible creatures. The effect of which is ever apparent. So that by banishing all of that sort of animal production, we can, I think, some generations hence, secure to the descendants from abroad a very different state of things than at present—a sort of New Jerusalem. How nice it must be for the exquisite portion of our growling friends, when they leave old, dirty Nantucket, and filthy Sconset and Surfside, to again inhale the pure balmy air of South street, Five Points, Pearl street, and in fact, any of the streets of New York and Brooklyn; or, in fact, any of the larger towns and cities of our continent. And yet, I really have never suffered terribly from the varied scents of many of the largest cities in this world. Finally, let every one be determined to be neat and cleanly, or be compelled to be so, and all will be right enough. I find in the terrible tirade against me by Modern Cottager, a few objections to my article, which I must not quite let go by unnoticed. Firstly, he objects to the "hiring experts." Dreadful! I have been all my youthful days somebody's hiring. Secondly, the term "salaried smelters" is objectionable. Now by all that is fair, I do hope that by subscription and otherwise that the gentlemen who attend to this matter have read the parable "A certain sower went forth to sow." Now a smelter would probably go forth to smelt, not to sow, or taste. A committee of such persons would by all that is fair, be a committee of men sent out to smelt, therefore, as smelters, I see nothing very horrible in that remark, ever assuming they did it well. The "Flora McFlimsy" remark I cannot alter. If M. C. ever read of Flora in Harper's Magazine, he will find that she was only an idle, dressy, silly woman, who, with Mrs. Harris, did dress and did walk, and grumble in Paris. There is no record that she was a bad person, only a shoddy, wealthy, idle, fashionable creature. I can't alter my expression of Flora. The next choice morceau, is the chronic grumbler part, "Schenck's pills," "cut in the ring," "opponent of every movement to benefit Nantucket, except pump at village of Sconset and electric road." Ye Gods! What bearing on the subject has the pump, electric road, my grumbling, or worse than all, the curious fact that my predecessors chanced to name me Joseph William, instead of Waldo or Walcott (I had a mother and aunt with the two latter additions instead of William. How important!) Next comes a fling as to sidewalks, and Custom Houses. But how much they bear on my subject, alas, my poor, feeble powers of reflection cannot solve. This, Mr. Editor, can only weary you, so with a few remarks, I will close. I thought, perhaps, in opposing this scheme, and some others, that the large conservative element of our dear old island might, perhaps, had I adherents, see matters of retrenchment in a more favorable light, than headlong rushing into utopian schemes of extravagance, which, with all our care, keep growing apace. The future will decide all. As the older residents drop away, and their property is carried off, these grand reforms and improvements must eventually come as a burden on the younger, and for nine months out of the year, we all know about how much there is to warrant reckless expenditures in our midst. Again thanking you for your kindness in extending your columns, I subscribe myself as usual,

JOSEPH W. CLAPP.

Mr. Editor:

Excuse me. In looking over the ponderous communication of Modest Cottager, I find he has made a mistake, thusly: In his zeal for promulgation of my name, which was signed in full, as it generally is, to aught that I may write or sign, I find this error, which, in event of any future bearing on other subjects more important than smells of various nature, had, before withdrawing from this profound topic, better be explained. I am of no known relationship with the *Watsons*. They were only my friends. I knew many of them, as useful people, living correctly and esteemed in this community. I have not the honor to be a *Watson*. That, unfortunately, appeareth not in my family record, nor in any church record. Alas! I have never been baptised, sprinkled or dipped; have never suffered particularly thus far from the lack of that ordinance. I am simply what I am—neither more or less; but in case I shall contract some debt that I could not well pay (*I have none now, of any nature, in this world*), a note or bill with *Watson* in it might complicate matters in this profound affair, in all of which, with my conservative ideas, I have been misunderstood by some, or misjudged.

JOSEPH W. CLAPP.

JANUARY 11, 1890.

For the Inquirer and Mirror

Mr. Editor:

I have read the four synoptic gospels of the apostle Joseph, translated out of the original Nantucket. They draw their inspiration from the lamentations of Jeremiah, and came to my soul redolent with the mould of the middle ages. Joseph was one who went down to the sea in ships and has a vigor of statement that characterizes youth, but a youth that was born old and looks admiringly at the retrospect, unconscious of the fact that we are hustling forward in a live age and not existing in a period of dry rot. Next to the prophet Wilhelmus Baxters the charioteer (whose call to me as one of the unconverted I shall never forget), the apostle Joseph was my earliest friend whose acquaintance I made on Nantucket—to me the half way house to Elysium. It does grieve me that he will borrow trouble, and I am going to lift him out of the slough of despond or perish in the effort.

For nearly 200 years nobody seriously thought that Siasconset would be a popular resort. It has come to be within the last ten years. Its primitive dwellings, begun by long-forgotten projectors, were added to until all the available ground about each was covered, and to-day the houses are in some cases not more than two feet apart. They were built for temporary occupancy during the fishing season or for a visit of but a few days by their owners in town, with no thought that the time would come when they would be occupied by strangers and that the village would so increase as to teem in summer with a population of near 2,000 souls. With the enormous increase of wealth in the United States within the past generation, there are a large number of families from the interior who seek a residence during the summer to breathe the wholesome air of the seaside. I have no idea that the Lord will make any more shore land on our coast for several years to come. When Nantucket Island was completed, he rested. From Bar Harbor to Old Point Comfort there is no place the equal of our Island, in respect to the beauties of which, Weyer's exquisite poetic tribute does not exaggerate. Here on the coast, summer resorts have built up, with populations in some instances amounting to scores of thousands, and the surrounding districts have been enriched by the patronage. Atlantic City in New Jersey has a resident population of 10,000, and a summer population of 80,000. I saw its beginning late in the fifties on a beach possessing no better advantages than the fringe of sand that fronts the bank at Sconset. Gravel and loam were brought at an enormous expense to make a site for a city. From the beginning care was taken to provide for proper drainage. Other places were projected on Long Island and the rocky shores. They possessed advantages which acted visitors. Scores of cottages were built, but the places outgrew the methods to en-

sure the health of residents. In the natural course of events diphtheria or typhoid fever, or both were developed, and their presence was followed by a hegira of transient guests at hotels and boarding houses, and in many instances by the departure of cottagers. The facts were given to the world in the newspapers, and in some instances the places have never recovered the prosperity they once enjoyed.

Last year a gentleman informed me that in the columns of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, a journal printed in this city, which circulates largely among wealthy people, was an article which was pointed at the defective drainage that menaced Siasconset. I looked over the files and found the article in the issue of June 1st. Under the head of "Causes of Unhealthy Summer Resorts," the writer says:

"The people think that it is the water that causes all the trouble. It is not the water but the contamination of the soil. Take, for example, one of the most popular resorts on the Massachusetts coast where a little collection of fishermen's cottages huddled together, have come into great demand as seaside residences for city people. In the winter the population does not number fifty. Last August (1888) there were more than 1,500 summer visitors. There was no system of drainage for these cottages, which were so close as to elbow one another. The beautiful fresh seabreezes and the sandy soil have proved sufficient to do the work of scavenging up to this time. But the time is not far distant (unless a reform is instituted) when typhoid fever will be a trophy carried back from the summer trip which will shortly efface the beautiful memories of ocean waves dashing on the sandy beach and glorious sunsets over picturesque moors."

The language clearly points to Siasconset. In time it may prove to be prophetic. Under any circumstances, it is not pleasant reading. Foresight is better than hindsight. I did not originate the movement which resulted in the employment of Messrs. Waring, Chapman and Farquhar to make an investigation into the sanitary condition of the village. I was not informed until the noon of the day on which the meeting was held, that it had been called. I was startled by the statements made by Prof. Norton, of the Boston Institute of Technology, Prof. Wilder, of Cornell University, President Taylor, of Vassar College, Prof. Harrison Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. D. W. Burgess and others, of facts which I was not aware existed. An examination of my own property, in the light of facts then discussed, satisfied me that I was, to some extent, a sinner, and I determined that those about me should not have their health endangered by defects in drainage that I can cure. Against my wishes, I was put on the committee, and at its head, and Mr. Robert B. Coffin and myself have held the laboring oars. The meeting did wisely in authorizing the committee to memorialize the town for an appropriation to pay for a resident health and police officer during the summer season, to see that the rules of the board of health are enforced. Mr. Gray's jurisdiction covers too great a territory. It is as much as one conscientious and vigorous health officer can efficiently do, to look after the condition of things in town, even with the aid of a half dozen police officers. There is enough for one man to do for three months at Siasconset as a health officer and to do general police duty.

But my friend Capt. Clapp is making a mountain out of a mole hill. The committee appointed by the residents at Sconset secured the best advice they could in reference to what should be done to insure the continued wholesomeness of the place. Whether the recommendations of the eminent gentlemen for a system of sewerage are practicable is a question for discussion at a time when all parties in interest can be heard.

But suppose that the town should vote to expend \$1500 in accordance with the estimate of the engineers for sewerage at Siasconset, let us see to what extent Capt. Clapp's bank account will be depleted thereby. For convenience we will suppose that, in the ordinary course, the tax rate for 1890 will be \$30,000, though it will probably be short of that sum. Add \$1500 as the cost of the sewerage recommended, and the increase of taxes will be five per cent. to be wrung from the impoverished property owners by that fiercest of tax gatherers, Capt. Starbuck, who will never take no for an answer. I do not know what Capt. Clapp's taxes will be this year, but I find in the printed report of 1886, that he paid that year \$3 on property assessed at \$300. I hope that by the enormous increase of his income through the grace of Grover I., whom we, as good Democrats, both admire, and by the favor of Benjamin I., whom we both must tolerate, Capt. Clapp will this year be assessed \$4, which he will be willing to render unto Caesar, instead of \$3, four years ago. If, perchance, the town shall vote \$1500 for Siasconset sewerage, then

my friend's taxes will be increased five per cent., equal to TWENTY CENTS in addition to the \$4, which the inexorable Starbuck will make him pay into the coffers of the town!

And has it come to this? Great Heavens! Twenty whole cents taken by force and arms from my friend Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, in a single year, that the village in which he owns property may be improved in its sanitary condition and its popularity continued as a seaside resort? Is it this gloomy possibility that has made my friend's life wretched with the perturbations of sadness by day, only to be followed by horrid visions in his dreams at night, and has caused him to pour out his soul in the four gospels of the new dispensation printed for the first time in Saturday's INQUIRER AND MIRROR of the 11th.

It goes without saying that I do not want to see my old friend in this morbid condition of mind. There is another aspect in which he can look at the matter of his increased tax. Establish a proper system of drainage in Siasconset, and that enormous twenty cents that he must contribute towards the expense will compound in the increased value of his property at the rate of 50 per cent. a year, during his declining years, and his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns will rise up and call him blessed. The least that the town at the coming meeting can do is to make an appropriation for the compensation of a health officer to reside in the village.

If I recollect aright, Sconset property owners pay taxes to the amount of \$1,500. How much of that sum is laid out for the benefit of the village? There is each year a reluctant appropriation for a few street lamps in the old village, while south of the gulley and north of the head of Broadway, there is not enough of light to make darkness visible. A school is maintained to the advantage of the children. Some years ago several thousand dollars donated by Mr. Charles O'Connor were devoted to making a good road eleven miles long between town and the village, when Sconset people wanted a road four miles shorter improved. Each year a small sum is appropriated to improve the old road. It is done in the interest of the Society to Discourage Profanity among Teamsters. But the fact remains, that not more than two-thirds of the taxes paid by Sconset is used for its interests, and I doubt if that much.

The boom that Siasconset is having will not be confined to its limits. In the lives of many now in middle age, houses will stud the entire shore from Wauwinet to the Life Saving Station, and the shore lines of the inner harbor, and the north and south shores to the westward of the town, to Madaket. A gentleman who passed last summer at Siasconset, and has travelled in all parts of America and Europe—a practical and sagacious man of affairs—stated to me that there is no place on the continent comparable to Nantucket Island as a health-giving summer resort, and that the time would come when it would have a summer population of 200,000 souls. I think he is over sanguine in his ideas. But divide his estimate by four and what is the significance of 50,000 people to entertain, and 50,000 mouths to feed during the three months of the year as affecting the prosperity of the Island? The town authorities should see to it that our favored spot have no set-back by a neglect of those precautions which experience has shown to be necessary to maintain the health of its residents. If this be done, Capt. Clapp and I, young fellows though we be now, will discuss in our old age the affairs of church and state, and his words will scintillate more brilliantly with the wisdom that will surely come from the friction of the criticism of one who cannot always agree with him, though his friend ever.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

New York, January 15, 1890.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.
The Critic Criticized Again.

Mr. Editor:

"Laugh when I laugh. I seek no other fame.
The cry is up, and scribbles are my game."
—Byron.

"Night hung low" on the placid bosom of the harbor and calm were the waters between docks when the Custom House glim was doused, on Friday night, three weeks ago, after Joseph W. Clapp had read aloud, with copious interpolations and feigned indifference, the story of "The Critic Criticized," in THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR.

Joseph Waldo had determined to write once more on the sanitation of Siasconset, if the newspaper editor would give him space; and,

having been assured that he could have all the space he desired, he retired to the seclusion of the "high office" under a heavy mental strain, lighted his taper, and commenced scribbling the official ink in a very unofficial style, so that in a short time he had spoiled considerable fair white paper. "The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse." Joseph, without pain or labor, brought forth a scripture (in four parts) devoted to "Modern Cottager," "Edward F. Underhill," "The Hamlet," "Old Village," and "Joseph Walcott Waldo William Clapp, without any Watson." There were nine parts Clapp to one of the other ingredients—a flux of words with *la grippe* of sentiment—a heap of washings to small pannings.

Not alone did Joseph wrestle with the theme of Siasconset's sanitation. He received much volunteer advice and boundless sympathy all along the line of his daily walks. And whenever a new idea was broached to him that struck his fancy, or a bright thought dawned upon him, he reduced it to writing, for had not the accommodating editor promised him all the space he desired to reply to his critics. In this way four articles—two signed "J. W. Clapp," and two signed "Joseph W. Clapp," were produced in attenuated elongation, to the extent of nearly three columns.

A learned scientist once remarked that whenever he desired to produce a perfect vacuum in his mind he read Capt. Marryat's novels until the result was obtained. Avant Capt. Marryat! To the fore, Joseph Walcott! Henceforth the perfect vacuum business is monopolized.

If the prolific author of three columns (in four parts) had written his second batch of contributions first, and boiled the four parts down into one, he would have found his views somewhat in accord with the recommendations of the sanitary committee as to the needs of Siasconset. But in the matter of detail as to the remedy, the "large cart," to be provided "at the expense of the town," for the removal of "garbage," as suggested by the sapient critic of the committee's report, would be found more expensive than the committee's recommendations, while effecting only a temporary relief. Whereas the committee, in accordance with the best engineering skill and the most successful and approved sanitary experiments in other parts of the world, propose a permanent relief, at a moderate expenditure.

But Joseph neutralizes his scattered suggestions of a practical turn as to the proper sanitation of Siasconset in his second scripture in four parts, by explanations and apologies for his first scripture in one part. A compilation of the several literary contributions of Joseph in five parts, with the directions for the use of Schenck's pills as a key to the same, would prove mighty entertaining reading for feeble-minded youth.

Here is a digest of it: "There is no filth at Sconset. The filth at Sconset should be removed at the town's expense. The old village is not as filthy as the new parts. Only filthy people need their premises looked after. No filthy people ever come to Sconset. Smellers are very much needed. There is nothing to smell at Sconset. The old pump is good enough. A garbage cart is a necessity. Flora McFlimsy has been at Sconset. Only sensible people come to Sconset. Taxes are burdensome. Mr. Underhill is my friend. Mr. Underhill knows nothing about Sconset. I have never been sprinkled. Am not a Solon nor quite a fool," etc., etc.

The proper regard for the sanitary improvement of Siasconset is commendable, and the committee has done a valuable service in calling the attention of the people to its defects, and the remedy therefor. Joseph W. Clapp's criticism of the report was unkind, ungentlemanly, undignified, and the slang phrases applied to the committee and the summer sojourners at the ancient village was an exhibition of coarseness and vulgarity that demanded a rebuke at the hands of some one. If the rebuke has been sufficient, and the three column explanations satisfactory to the parties interested, it may be well. But no such diatribes can be permitted to go unnoticed, less the uninformed reader might suppose the islanders were made up of such smallness.

MODERN COTTAGER.

Nantucket, Jan. 11, 1890.

When the Pump Had Two Snouts.

James Walter Folger, Nantucket's original and pictorial wood carver, has just executed a piece of carving which will undoubtedly prove one of his most popular subjects. He depicts the famous 'Sconset pump as it looked prior to 1857, when it ceased to glory in two "spouts," and the carving is surely a skillful bit of work. Beneath the lower spout stands a half-hogshead, resting upon a group of cobble-stones, and on the opposite side is shown the rear of a wagon or "tip-cart," backed up to the upper spout to receive water into the barrel it contains, which method of getting water from the pump was in vogue for many years. At the lower left of the panel lies a cod-fish, apparently fresh from the ocean below 'Sconset bank, and in the distance a white sail or two is seen on the horizon. Mr. Folger's illustration of the famous old pump as it used to be and as it was first constructed in 1776, when a fund was raised for the purpose, is a remarkable conception, skillfully executed in the wood.

Another of Mr. Folger's recent works of art is a water color sketch of "Breck Neck Alley" before its artistic features were spoiled by an attempt at modernization. This picture is of the alley as it appeared forty-odd years ago, with its uneven steps, deep ruts, stony path, rickety fences, etc., and the artist has illustrated with one of Nantucket's old salts (a character readily recognized in the picture) making his way with difficulty down the alley, with his pail of spilled milk on the ground below the steps. The water-color was taken from a drawing of "Breck Neck Alley" which Mr. Folger made some years ago.

Mr. Folger has also produced in water colors a picture which he has titled "An Ancient Neighborhood," which is extremely interesting inasmuch as it depicts Sunset Hill as it appeared many years ago, with the Calloway house in the foreground, the "Oldest House" in the background at the right and with two other houses, which used to stand on the hill, in the background at the left. The picture illustrates the vicinity as it was several generations past, with sheep grazing about, and a gang of men at work endeavoring to extinguish a fire which destroyed a "lean-to" on the "Oldest House" years ago.

APRIL 27, 1912

A Visit to Nantucket in 1872.

W. G. Morse, of Cotuit, is presenting some interesting extracts from the "Cape Cod Journal", that regarding Nantucket in 1872 being especially interesting to the islanders. Mr. Morse precedes the article with the following explanatory note:

(In 1872, a young schoolmaster and poet discovered Cape Cod—and grew old there. In 1878, when a young man of 36, James Herbert Morse bought a house in Cotuit and, with his wife, Lucy, and their children, spent the summers there until the death of James in 1923 and of Lucy, at the age of 96, in 1936. Their graves are in Cotuit's Mosswood Cemetery. (What follows are extracts from his journal at the time, as the events occurred.)

Installment IV—Nantucket, 1872

It was a desolate highway that I was to travel—a broad lane of moorland, showing a thin border on one side of scraggly yellow pine in the bush stage, the seed of them sowed in furrows. The plants that had survived drought and wind were but an apology for a fence.

Originally there had been a double-border of these trees, some 10 rods apart, this being the width of my road. Between them were six or seven pairs of wheel tracks, all parallel and all cut deep into the sandy soil. Each wagon that had passed over the road appeared to have required a separate pair of ruts, and most of the ruts were full of water and snow slush; for snow had fallen athwart the road and lay in drifts up to my knees.

There was the ocean to be seen afar at intervals, now on the north, now far to the south, and there was the long level of the downs ahead, bleak enough and barren of all large vegetation. The sun behind me seemed slow in setting, and only went down at last in a fog-bank just as I came in sight of 'Sconset houses and could hear the roaring of the Atlantic.

After rapping long at the front door of the Atlantic House, I was let in by a side door to the kitchen of Mrs. Chadwick, the keeper of the House in summer, but of the kitchen end only, it appeared, in winter. She assigned me, through Mr. Baxter's kind word as conveyed by me, an inner bedroom, belonging to the summer front, to be warmed, however, if needed as a sitting-room for the cold season.

It was with some reluctance that she opened the house for a lodger, thus anticipating the summer. She did consent to feed and house me over Sunday, and presently I was toasting my feet and unlimbering my half benumbed shoulders at a hot fire. A homely, comfortable den it was and when she brought in tea, with fried ham, pies and small biscuit, I mentally blessed the fat, motherly old lady who took me in.

All night there was the sound of the surf beating on the shore behind some high bluffs. I did not disturb my slumbers until 6 o'clock. I am now again in the cozy sitting-room journalizing. Mrs. Chadwick has gone to Nantucket to bring back the 'Sconset school mistress, who, it appears, must have been detained by the snow-filled roads. The young people have left me in possession. The day is not at all promising, a rain is threatened.

Afternoon: And down it came in a storm which has been raging ever since 9 o'clock—furious against the east windows. But I borrowed an umbrella and started out to look at some of the houses. These are all tiny buildings, owned by wealthier residents of Nantucket, and used in Spring as fishing centers. Hither they come, put in such simple furniture as will suffice for the early Spring months. By July they are free to summer people, and fetch a rent for the season of from \$60 to \$150.

The place is only a fishing hamlet, built behind the bluffs, and partly protected by the rise in them, the foremost row of cottages from their garget windows overlooking the sea. So do a few of the small living rooms. The rest of the buildings are housed behind these, shut off from any view of the water. Such people as remain here over the winter find their security from the weather and so their chief comfort in the huddled arrangement of the hamlet.

I confess it struck me with dismay when I found that the only available house for my purpose was a low-roofed structure whose ridge-pole I could almost lay my hand on as I stood outside talking with the owner. The rooms were of the state-room size on an ocean steamer—hardly more. The particular house which I could have, fronted on a muddy lane with a cow yard on the far side of the road, 10 feet distant. It backed close upon the kitchen of another tiny house, and at the end was continued in a row of similar diminutive buildings. Thirty or forty dwellings altogether, a few of them occupied through the winter, the rest closed and only scantily supplied with furniture for any season.

MARCH 6, 1948.



"AN EVENT OF HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE"

Broadway in 'Sconset has finally received a surface of concrete, as the above picture will prove. Discussion, pro and con, over a period of years, has come to an end. The famous street will be neither dusty nor muddy as in the past, causing discomfort to residents of the village.

Photo by Phil Williams

ILLUMINATION IN 'SCONSET.—On Thursday evening next, 21st instant, the little village of 'Sconset will be the scene of a grand illumination, when it is expected the cottagers and hotel people will join in making the scene inspiring. Prof. Benjamin M. Wedger, who conducted the pyrotechnic display at Surf-side last season with signal ability, will have charge on this occasion, and will present many attractive pieces of fireworks, among the most prominent of which will be the "American Star" which is a revolving zone of sparkling fires with scarlet and blue centres, which gradually change to a large star with red lance jets and a double circle of red and blue fires, the whole being surrounded with a shower of brilliant fire, with heavy explosion. The "Revolving Sun" is a beautiful piece which gave great satisfaction at the Crystal Palace, London. This is started in the centre with a rapidly revolving rainbow wheel, when suddenly magic fires open and present revolving saxons of various hues entirely surrounded by a huge wheel, which revolves about the whole in a chaos of beautiful scintillations. The "Emerald Wreath" will be a charming piece. Revolving colored fires change to a large wreath of olive leaves with green lance jets in the centre. The figures 1884 will appear in crimson fire, and in silver fires "Sconset"—dedicated to the Nantucket Railroad. The whole is surrounded with heavy batteries, discharging clusters of stars of all the colors known in the art and heavy exploding bombs. Besides the above set pieces, there will be a display of rockets, bombs, colored stars, golden and Japanese rain, comets, parachutes, torbills, &c. The display will commence at 8.30, P. M., and last until about 10, P. M. All that remains for the perfect success of the occasion is fair weather. Trains will run from the depot on the wharf at the regular hours of 2.30 and 4.30. An extra train will be run out at 6.15, and the regular 7 o'clock train will not leave until 7.30. It would be well, probably, to take the early trains to avoid any rush that may occur on the late trains, as is common on such occasions.

July 24, 1948

72

Mr. Editor—
Excuse

What 'Sconset is Like.

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, Mass., Aug. 25.—I am in a place the oddity of oddities. Built on a bluff in full sight of the Atlantic billows, it was for nearly 200 years a nest of two-score little nondescript houses, begun no one knows when, and added to from time to time, until each house assumed a shape incongruous, conforming to no example of existing architecture; and yet no two are alike. The beginnings were made by one generation of fishermen; another generation enlarged the little structures, and still another further added to them, until they assumed the shapes they had reached a half-century ago.

Except by natives of Nantucket Island the place was scarcely known until 1873. Then a contributor to Harper's Monthly drifted across the island from Nantucket town, saw and sketched the houses, village and surroundings, and thus they came to be known to the world. Tourists were attracted by the description and came to the village. Later the owners let them to tired-out people who came to rest and breathe the soft, cool and dry air. Any year, when you city folks are sweltering in midsummer with the mercury inconsiderate of the personal comfort of humanity up in the 90's, and the moisture is aiding and abetting the sun, here it is seldom above summer heat, and only two or three times in a season does the mercury reach the 80's. Ninety degrees would try out the blubber of a fat Nantucket man who should lie down in his back yard.

The visitors were enchanted with the village, its climate and surroundings, and in time they began putting up summer residences of a more pretentious character for themselves. Now there are cottage owners from fifteen States, as far East as New Hampshire and New York, to Wisconsin, Illinois and Missouri in the West. From the forty primitive fishermen's huts and thirty dwellings built and occupied by the prosperous whaling merchants of Nantucket fifty or sixty years ago, the place has nearly 200 houses. New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are represented among the owners, and twenty States are represented by renters. They come with their families to pass the season during the heated term, and many reach here earlier and stay later.

But the little 'Sconset houses, designed and built by the fishermen and others, made in the same style, seem to have been dropped down upon the greenward. There are no sidewalks; the grass greets the eye even to the middle of street, with only a couple of ruts to indicate that vehicles pass. Many of the old ones have been altered into structures supposed to be in modern style. The change has spoiled the old, and in the new forms they are not nearly so attractive. New houses made in simulation of the quaint fishermen's cottages remind old visitors of the village as it was in past generations. Nearly 100 of the houses, old and new, quaint or ornate, are let to visitors, furnished, the rentals varying from \$75 to \$400 according to the size, situation and age. Very few let for more than \$200, and far the greater number at less.

The quaintness of the dwellings is added to by the outward ornamentation. Trailing vines cover the sides of some. Whale's ribs and sections of the vertebra are displayed on the porches or on the edges of the roofs. Figure-heads off the wrecks of vessels are either fastened to the sides of the houses or placed on brackets on the roofs. A bust of John Adams, which was on that old frigate, is now mounted on the veranda of a spacious cottage of a citizen of Detroit. A bust of Commodore Decatur and another of Simon Bolivar are on other old cottages. Eagles' beaks, and the busts of now unknown men and women whose names have been given to vessels that have been wrecked on the island or on the surrounding rips, are to be seen everywhere. A very large bust of Washington, carved after Stewart's portrait, is standing on the roof of one of the new fishermen's cottages. On a board underneath Washington's head is the word "Quarters." And thus the little dwelling becomes "Washington's Headquarters."

The quarterboards of many a wrecked vessel are also nailed up on the houses. Among them is that of the bark Osprey, a New Bedford whaler, which picked up the genuine Sir Roger Tichborne at sea and carried him to Montevideo, after which he was never seen or heard of. Steering wheels are nailed up on the gables of houses and barns. Spars from wrecks, kedges and anchors are lying on the grass, and old oars and harpoons are fastened under some of the eaves.

The cottager is sure to name his house. We have "The Double Decker," "Nippantucket," "The China Closet," "The House That Jack Built," "The Hungry Home," "Castle Band-box," "The Chicken Coop," "The Main Top," "The Quarter Deck," "Sleepy Hollow," "The First Cabin," "The Crow Nest," "The Cat's Cradle," "The Snuggery," "The Caboose," "Mulum in Pravo," "The Observatory," "The Fo'cas'l," "The Bo's'n's Bunt," "The Cap'n's Gig," "The Nutshell," "The Lookout," "Big-enough," "London Tower," "High Tide," "Ocean Spray," "Wild Wave," "Acadia," "The Kansas Dugout," "Felicite," "Sans Souci," "The Big Sunflower" and many more that I could mention.

The apartments of the houses are not much larger than the cabins and the state-rooms of a good-sized coaster. Antique furniture abounds in them, and ancient engravings are suspended on the walls.

There are in the village perhaps a dozen streets of 500 or more feet in length. The cross streets number perhaps two score. They are dignified with names, although many of them are not more than 30 or 40 feet in length, and perhaps not more than 10 feet wide.

Prolonged sleeps prevail. Tired doctors come for rest and to escape patients whom they cannot cure. The patients of other doctors come and are cured in spite of the prognostics of their professional advisers. The sound of the billows dashing on the beach falls pleasantly upon the ear and aids sleepiness. Persons with nervous energies exhausted build up under the tonic properties of the air. At night double blankets are needed for comfort, even though the mercury has been above Summer heat in the morning, which is the warmest portion of the day. Appetites are enormous. An invalid not infrequently, during his first two or three weeks' stay, increases five or six pounds a week in weight, and thirty-five pounds during the season.

For nearly 200 years 'Sconset was without an edifice for religious worship. Visitors were short on religion and they chipped in and built a beautiful little chapel, which will hold nearly 300 people. In it visiting clergymen hold services without reference to shades or belief, and a Catholic priest on alternate Sundays. But ministers are too sleepy to indulge in controversy. Some of the congregation hear the benediction, after which the sexton walks through the aisles and wakes up the others.

'Sconset is the laziest place that I was ever in. It would be more lively if there were more men. Bellamy, whose "Looking Backward" has been sold to the extent of more than half a million copies, twenty years ago wrote a little book on Nantucket, entitled "Six to One." The name indicated the then proportion of women to men among the visitors. Things have changed somewhat for the better since. Among the natives there are three females to two males, as shown by the last census. Male visitors are at a premium, from the timid youth to the old man nearing his four-score years. All are in demand except boy babies and masculine corpses. It is a tussle among the women to get in the graces of anybody in man shape.

I don't believe that 'Sconset (thus they shorten the name by biting off the first syllable, Sia) will ever become a fashionable resort. It is too far from our commercial centres for men to reach on Saturday and be back to business on Monday. For well-to-do families who seek quiet and retreat during the Summer, brain-workers and those wanting physical as well as mental rest, and especially sufferers from nervous exhaustion, it is a haven. It is a natural sanatorium. During the last week the variation of temperature was only six degrees on any day, and only seven on any night. The average of the days was 67 and the nights 65 1-2 degrees. As a health resort its popularity will increase. The season will be longer and more profitable to farmers, tradesmen, hotel and boarding-house keepers and fishermen, whose only hope of continuing to live on the island is based upon the patronage of Summer visitors.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Sept. 1, 1894

OUR 'SCONSET CORRESPONDENCE.

SIASCONSET, August 20, 1880.

Among our visitors this year are Vice-President Russell (who with his daughter is stopping at the Ocean View,) and Professors Wilder and Gage, of Cornell University. Prof. Wilder occupies the Hussey cottage for the season. He fills in the University the chair of Physiology, Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, and to-day he stands in the foremost rank of scientists in the last-named branch. For some time past he has, with his assistant Prof. Gage, been making a special examination of the physical structure of the domestic cat, as reflecting light upon the science. From every point of the compass, Pussy has been explored by him, from the initial point of her sensitive sniffer, to the terminal hair on her elastic tail, and from the highest altitude of her spinal column in its extreme curvature, to her ultimate claws, which never fail to inspire respect for the feline understanding. He knoweth her osseous structure from the beginning of her coronal suture, to the last ring of her caudal vertebrae. He hath dissected her muscular system until he knoweth all that a reasonable being in the present state of natural science can hope, and a great deal more than laymen would ever care to learn about it. He hath gone into her thoracic cavity and measured her lung power in comparison with that of the average small boy while receiving forcible applications of the maternal slipper upon a sensitive portion of his person which I will not more particularly describe. He hath studied the intricate details of her abdominal viscera, and can tell from what par-

ticular section of her intestinal tissue, when transformed into the fiddle-string, the sweetest melodies and most ravishing harmonies can be extracted, to contrast favorably with her vocal gymnastics when receiving the nocturnal visits of her friends of the Thomas persuasion, and making night hideous from the back fence, whence a million of boot-jacks hurled in darkness have never, within the memory of man, dislodged a single cat. He hath gone into her cranial cavity and mapped out the cerebral convolutions with an accuracy that has exalted feline phrenology to the rank of a fixed science. Cats' brains hath he dissected vertically, laterally, longitudinally, and I don't know but latitudinally, and hath them preserved in glass jars filled with ninety per cent. alcohol, and hermetically sealed; so that the savans of future ages will thereby be able to learn from what the brain of the perfected cat of those days was evolved, and the chain will be so far complete, from protoplasm at the beginning of animate life to the grand cataclysm when the earth shall, in the natural course of planetary extinction, "bust" into ultimate smithereens. Congress has not decided when this little side-show will come off. But I am tolerably safe in saying that it will be at a time when Tuckernuck clams shall for ages have degenerated into fossil existence, when the Sheep Question on Nantucket shall not live even as a tradition in the mind of that oracular ancient, "the oldest inhabitant," when the last 175 barrel whale shall have been caught in the Captain's Room, and the lucky fisherman himself shall have been gathered unto his fathers, and when Hanfield and Garcock—no, I mean Garfield and Hancock, shall have become but pins' points in the world's history, and their careers, now, in this year of grace, are matters of lively interest, shall have silently sunk in oblivion. Yes, and when these things shall come to pass, whereof I have written, editors, readers, and even the veracious 'Sconset correspondent of the *Inquirer and Mirror* will have passed in their checks and doubtless have climbed the golden stairs. However, be that as it may, in closing, on the theme upon which I began this truthful letter, I must add that 'Sconset cat-hood smelleth danger in the air hereabouts; and that in going to and coming from the suburb of Pochick, the feline helm is put to port or starboard, as the case may be, lest the craft run on the shoals of Prof. Wilder's dissecting table, to become unwilling contributions to the advancement of anatomical science.

Gen. Henry A. Barnum, of New York, and one of the heroes of Malvern Hill, is again with us for another season. With him came Horatio G. Brooks, the locomotive builder, of Dunkirk, N. Y., and one of the most pleasant companions in the social circle, possessing a fund of entertainment that is seemingly inexhaustible. Mrs. W. M. Underhill, the daughter of Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, occupies one of the most attractive cottages on the bank. Col. George Ward Nichols, of Cincinnati, of Gen. Sherman's staff during the war, is stopping with his family at the Atlantic. Mr. John Tait, of Minnesota, a pains-taking and conscientious artist, is daily engaged in making studies of our scenery and surroundings. The quaint architecture of the village has always a charm for the artist, and Mr. Tait appreciates the value of his opportunity.

The passion for naming cottages this year is something phenomenal, and the nomenclature is sometimes startling. Strips of board with names painted on them appear over many doors, and evidently the ingenuity of the inmates has been severely taxed to provide a unique appellation for their summer homes. Over one occupied by Syriacans, memories of their native brine are preserved in the name "Salina." "Dew Drop Inn" seems to invite the thirsty passer to come within the six feet portal. I should long since have entered had I not believed that it was a mockery, a delusion and a snare; for I don't believe that the hostess has an innkeeper's license to furnish the traveler (I am a traveler) with a quiet drop for the stomach's sake. Directly opposite is the "N'Yum N'Yum Hut," suggestive of the serene satisfaction of the inmates over a 'Sconset breakfast, responding to the demands of a matutinal appetite whetted by the tonic qualities of the sea air. "Wanackmawack Cottage" is placed over a door to tempt reckless visitors to risk the rupture of their buccinator muscles, in the vain attempt to pronounce the word with rapidity. "Castle Band-box" is the home of some charming girls whom your correspondent has laid awake o' nights in the desire to conjure up a means of securing an invitation to visit them and view the domestic economy of their charming little household. He has watched them when bathing, and in a prayerful frame of mind has hoped that one of their number would get beyond the danger line, and first be seen by him sinking under

a towering breaker, that he might rush in and rescue her from a watery grave. But they don't drown worth a cent! "Shiloh" is occupied by an accomplished lady from Philadelphia. "Nauticon Lodge" is directly opposite. "Okorwaw Wigwam" is inhabited by some of the descendants of Chief Tristram. They are, however, peaceably disposed savages, and I have not experienced a sense of danger when I called, in the presence of the Injun, squaw or papoose. "Bird's Nest Cottage" is over the door of a charming little retreat from care and trouble. In "Sanitas Felicitas" rests the family of a Providence gentleman. "Barnaby Lodge" is the quiet elysium of some charming Philadelphians, who sought out 'Sconset on the map, and came hither for their vacation. A genial old shipmaster, long on the shady side of life, recalling the memories of youth, calls his summer home "Sunny Side," where he and his lovely wife extend to their many friends a pleasant welcome. But I hereby call the attention of the Overseers of the Friends' Meeting to a plain and palpable violation of the Discipline, on the part of some friends from Western New York, who, forgetting the injunction in regard to plain language, have displayed over their door words of worldly import borrowed from a foreign language at that, "Dolce far niente." "Such things cannot be did."

The parlor of the Ocean View this week has been the scene of delightful musical entertainments. We have been fortunate in having among the visitors several whose musical abilities have not unfrequently graced the concert room; and with the cordiality that 'Sconset air seems always to inspire, each one has cheerfully contributed a share to make the evenings pass pleasantly. Miss Annie Wentz, of Baltimore, possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of wonderful sweetness and flexibility, and the solos and ballads with which she has favored the company have never failed to arouse enthusiastic applause. Now, we are having almost nightly, charming solos, duets and trios, sung by Mrs. Bruce, of Syracuse, Mrs. Cory, of Providence, and Mr. Brooks, of Dunkirk. The parlor is filled and even the verandah has a full complement of appreciative auditors.

Capt. John Pitman has sold to Mr. Mills, of Williamstown, Mr. Harding, of Pittsfield, and Mr. Walker, of Newton, a portion of his land at the north end of the village. The lot has a frontage of 167 feet on the bluff with a depth of 80 feet. It is a charming situation for a summer residence, and I understand that the purchasers contemplate building on it in time for occupancy another season.

The week's entertainments culminated last night in a dance at the Ocean View. The dining-room was cleared and at nine o'clock the dancing begun. And it meant dancing. I wasn't a mincing and gliding through the figures in a languid movement, like the halting walk of a convalescent kitten trying to conform her steps to the cadences of a Jew's harp, in the mouth of an adolescent Mendelssohn or Wagner, but its significance was life and activity as the outward expression of the inward buoyancy of spirit which youthful nature feels when breathing the atmosphere of freedom within the sound of music, which Fourier, the French philosopher, calls a "measured harmony." Indeed, your correspondent, now in the sere and yellow leaf, as he looked on the enlivening scene, felt the fires of youth coursing through the veins of his ancient legs, and one by one the wrinkles departing therefrom, as if they had received a gentle hint that their room was better than their company. But corns, and chilblains, and gout, and bunions, and rheumatic deposits in the joints, and atrophy of the muscles, and nervous prostration, and the vis inertia, generally, which inhereth to him who hath one foot in the grave, forbade; and without envy he sat in a retired corner of the hall, glad that he could think of himself as one of the great company of "The Has Beens."

AUGUST 21, 1880.

The Henry Coffin Grant And Codfish Park.

Considerable interest has been revived lately in connection with land lying below 'Sconset bank and known as "the Henry Coffin grant." For years this section has been "squatted on" and buildings of various sizes, shapes and hues have been erected, without thought of ownership of the land or rights and privileges thereon. The locality known as "Codfish Park" has been encroached upon steadily and seldom has there been a query as to who owned the land.

Recently the trustees who are now serving under the "Henry Coffin grant" posted signs forbidding anyone to erect a building thereon. The only attention paid to the order was for someone to tear away the signs. Apparently the condition which actually exists under the above-entitled grant is not thought serious as far as "squatters" are concerned. But it seems that "squatters" have no rights there under the grant which was intended to be set apart for the use of the public and not to become the unsightly place it has because individuals have, in the passing years, taken possession of sections of the land and erected buildings wherever they desired, without interference.

It seems that the town has no jurisdiction over this section of 'Sconset, for Henry Coffin did not give it to the town—he gave it to the "Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket." But, nevertheless, he gave it with the intent that the land be set apart for the "use of the inhabitants of the island of Nantucket" and so stipulated in the quit-claim deed which he gave in 1886. He further decreed that the trustees were to allow no building or other obstruction of any kind to be erected on the premises, excepting bathing houses, to be used as such.

The original trustees were Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin, all of whom have long since passed on. But even while they lived the "squatters" were taking possession of the land below 'Sconset bank, which nature widened steadily with the passing years, until the narrow strip of land originally set apart by Henry Coffin grew steadily until it is now several times its width in 1886. R. B. Hussey in "The Evolution of Siasconset" says:

In 1814, and thence forward for many years, the beach was so narrow in front of 'Sconset that in heavy gales the surf washed over it to the foot of the Bank, and twice, it is recalled, it was washed away and houses had to be removed. A street to the eastward of the one now on the edge of the Bank thus disappeared. The beach was narrow to the southward, and far to the westward of Tom Never's head, and in heavy storms the ocean washed over it into Tom Never's Pond, now hundreds of feet distant. A little daughter of William Ray, who had a farm on Tom Never's Head, with another girl, opened a sluice-way for the water in the pond by digging out the sand with quahaug shells. In 1852, when the ship Shanunga, laden with cotton, ran ashore at "the Head," it was so near that the cargo could be landed on the top of the Bank by a tackle.

From the nucleus of about 50 fishermen's shacks has evolved the charming summer place—the present 'Sconset—with a chapel, some pretentious cottages, three hotels, street lights, the golf links, its casino, and other modern luxuries, but all the while holding the "old 'Sconset" well in hand, while a new "old 'Sconset" is already taking root on the beach (which has widened to several hundred feet), in a section designated as Codfish Park, where shacks of various types are being constantly erected from discarded fish-houses, etc., just as the original builders began operations in 1695 "on the Bank."

These people are "squatters" just as were the original settlers. Gradually they have taken up locations, and all during the past thirty years, the widening of the beach having created building sites, which have been pre-empted, fish-house giving place to shanty, and shanty to more pretentious dwelling and bathing house, until the fish-house is almost a memory only. These structures have multiplied rapidly within the last three years and are grouped largely between the Middle and North Gulleys, and around several of them, right on the beach sand, may be noted incipient lawns, rosebushes and climbing plants, while locomotion has been made easier by laying down kelp, which furnishes good footing. And

the march of civilization in the park is further accentuated by the recent setting of posts—sort of claim staking—around these little habitations, which form one of the most picturesque settlements conceivable. Here has sprung up a grouping of huts just as old 'Sconset had its inception—from floorless, unshingled one-room buildings to shelters for the working classes necessary to the comfort of the summer visitors who occupy 'Sconset's houses.

A curious situation obtains in connection with this section, which has been unofficially christened Codfish Park. In the year 1886 a large tract of beach, extending from a point perhaps a hundred feet north of the present railroad terminus, at Brinton Road, to a line south of what is known as Evergreen Park, north of the "old village," was ceded to the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket, by the late Henry Coffin, to be held in trust as recited in a deed filed with the County Records.

Thirty-five years have passed since Henry Coffin gave the quit-claim deed to the Proprietors. The three original trustees endeavored to carry out his wishes, with more or less contention and one or two court scrapes, but when they died no others were appointed to take their places and the land was steadily gobbled up by the "squatters." A year or so ago, however, on learning the true status existing below 'Sconset bank, the Siasconset Improvement Association requested the "Proprietors" to appoint three new trustees.

The "Proprietors of Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket" (once composed of many of Nantucket's foremost citizens) had by that time gradually resolved into the control of the Nantucket Cranberry Company, represented by Franklin E. Smith, a Boston attorney, who the Nantucketers now look upon as "the Proprietors," inasmuch as Mr. Smith retains the controlling number of shares and can vote as he desires whenever the "Proprietors" hold a meeting.

But Mr. Smith was agreeable to the appointment of three new trustees under the "Henry Coffin grant," and appointed the three men the Siasconset Association requested, namely: Colonel L. A. Watres, Wesley Woodruff and Frederick P. Hill.

And it was these three men who were instrumental in having the notices posted forbidding the erecting of any more buildings below the Bank in 'Sconset. Whether they intend to clean up the place, attempt to remove the buildings already there and carry out the intent of Henry Coffin to the letter, is not known. But it is certain that, being properly appointed trustees, they have the power to act under the quit-claim deed given by Henry Coffin in 1886, which reads as follows:

Quitclaim Deed.

Grantor—Henry Coffin.

Consideration—\$1.00 etc., paid by Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, of Nantucket, trustees.

Grantees—Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin.

Habendum to Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, trustees, their heirs, successors and assigns.

Dower and homesteads by Eliza Coffin, wife of Henry.

Signed and sealed by Henry Coffin and Eliza Coffin.

Acknowledged by Henry Coffin, before George W. Macy, Justice of the Peace.

Description.

"A certain tract of land in said County of Nantucket, described by the Lotlayers of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, in their return dated January 25, 1886, as follows:

All the common land in and near the village of Siasconset, whether above or below the bank, contained and enclosed within the limits of the map or plan herewith presented," (See Proprietors' Records, Book 6, page 46, and also Book of Plans No. 2, page 44); "meaning to convey hereby all the right, title and interest set off to me by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, January 25, 1886; to have and to hold the granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, to the said Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin and their heirs, successors and assigns forever, upon trust, to dedicate said land to the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket and to prescribe the regulations under which such use shall be enjoyed, and in the execution of said trust the following provisions shall be followed, viz.:

Firstly: The trustees shall allow no building or other obstruction of any kind to be erected or maintained on the premises, except bath houses, to be used as such.

Secondly: In case a vacancy occurs among the trustees, such vacancy shall be filled by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket at a meeting of said Proprietors duly called for that purpose, after ten days' notice thereof by advertisement in some newspaper printed in Nantucket County."

Meanwhile, the Town of Nantucket, in its corporate capacity, has laid out a road thirty feet wide from the Middle Gulley to high water mark, upon which a fine cement-concrete walk has been constructed. But when it comes to exercising control of the land below the Bank, where the "squatters" have taken possession and erected buildings, the Town and its Selectmen very wisely sit back and look on, for they have no power to act in that direction, inasmuch as Henry Coffin did not deed the land to the Town, but to the Proprietors.

He little thought at that time that the powers of the "Proprietors" would ever be vested in one man, but that happens to be one of the interesting transformations that have resulted on Nantucket in the passing years. Whether the three new trustees will become more active in the future than their predecessors were remains to be unfolded.

Land Court Decision Regarding "Path Along The Bluff."

Judge Davis, in the Land Court, has issued a decree which protects "the path along the bluff" at 'Sconset from encroachment. This is one popular section which will be preserved for all time and left open to the public, which is as it should be. Two parties petitioned for land set-offs affecting this path and Judge Davis in his decision says:

"That neither of the petitioners own any land east of the eastern boundary line of the lots; that between said eastern boundary line of the lots and the bottom of the bank the Proprietors own in trust for the Town, and if the Town so votes the Proprietors may turn this over to the Town."

"The Proprietors then own the land between the bottom of the bank and the ocean, for the benefit of the public, but with no request to turn it over to the Town."

What The 'Sconset Water Plant Has Cost the Town.

We have been asked to publish the yearly expenditures made by the town for the 'Sconset water plant, since the outfit was first installed in 1903. Originally the plant was built to supply water for drinking purposes in the village, by means of small hydrants or faucets placed about the streets. In 1907 the plant was extended and in 1913 a special committee was appointed by the town to superintend the construction of a new system, the laying of larger mains, etc., by means of which the water could be supplied the village folk for domestic uses. This new construction cost \$2,320.69, and the same year the committee expended \$829.57 and the selectmen \$166.72 in cost of operation.

It was in 1913 that the town first began to receive "donations" from householders who used the water, the contributions totalling \$559.68. They gradually increased from year to year until in 1922 the donations totalled \$4,244.65. Of course the town of Nantucket has no legal right to enter into the business of supplying water to 'Sconset and receiving pay therefor, but the technicality is nicely evaded by the "donations" which the users hand over each year towards the running expenses. If a person does not "donate" he does not get the water, which seems to be an easy way out of the problem.

Whether the promised new water supply for the village, to be built and maintained through private enterprise, is any nearer than it was a year ago, is a matter for conjecture. Nothing definite seems to have materialized yet in that direction, and the \$600,000 hotel-and-water-supply scheme has vanished, as was generally anticipated would be the result when the promotion was first launched last summer.

Summer residents who last season were active in the project to construct a modern water supply for the village received quite strong support at the start and numerous pledges were made to purchase stock in the proposed water company, but it would seem as though this idea has quieted down during the winter months, for spring is almost here and nothing further has developed. In fact, the town is planning to again operate the make-shift plant the coming season and has made an appropriation of \$3,700 for repairs and operation. And of course the villagers will be expected to "donate" again.

Here are the figures from year to year which reveal what the 'Sconset water plant has cost the town:

1904	\$3,980.98
1905	246.11
1906	284.25
1907	400.49
extension	90.10
1908	206.03
repairs	210.13
1909	339.69
1910	734.43
1911	990.24
1912	1,210.47
1913 construction	2,320.69
committee	829.57
selectmen	166.72
1914	2,367.84
1915	1,595.12
1916	2,172.50
1917	2,220.50
1918	2,737.40
1919	3,407.66
1920	5,777.55
1921	5,449.71
1922	5,695.94

Total payments by town \$43,434.12

Donations Received by Town:

1913	\$ 559.68
1914	1,162.00
1915	1,235.00
1916	1,234.00
1917	1,465.00
1918	1,787.40
1919	2,847.50
1920	3,665.00
1921	4,106.00
1922	4,244.65

Total "donations" \$22,306.23

To Lovers of Old 'Sconset!

The restoration and upkeep of the Old 'Sconset Pump, has been placed in the care of the Nantucket Historical Association, and we ask our friends to join us in meeting the expense and to establish a permanent fund to keep this choice relic of by-gone days in order.

Donations may be given to any of the following Committee:

Mrs. Frederick Hill, 'Sconset.
M. F. Freeborn, Nantucket.
Miss Annie B. Folger, Nantucket.
Miss Eliza M. Hussey, Nantucket.

It

Map of 'Sconset's Water System.

John G. Locke has made a drawing of the streets in the village of 'Sconset, locating thereon the location of pumping plant, water tower, water mains, cisterns, hydrants, etc., so as to show clearly the extent of the village water system at present. It is an excellent piece of work, and, although not drawn to scale, it gives valuable information in relation to the fire protection which 'Sconset now has through the installation of the water system. Several blue-prints have been made of the map, which have been placed where such information is desirable.

Let the Old 'Sconset Pump Remain as a Relic.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In your edition of September 20, I noticed under "Sconset items" some talk of the possible removal of the old pump. Oh, let us hope that this is but talk! To we older boys, those of the early '80's, this would surely be a sad blow.

How we love to gaze upon the old pump and think with pleasure of those days when for a penny a bucket we carried water to the summer cottagers. Not so many, to be sure, were there at that time, but "those were the happy days," and they will always linger in the memory of we early goers to that wonderful portion of dear old Nantucket.

I feel sure that the Barnum boys, the White boys, the Norcross boys, the Chittenden boys, not to mention many others that I could, will join with me in this slight protest to let the old pump stand as it is.

Just to think that old pump for many years gave to man and beast the best drink of water that either had ever tasted. Simply because it has outgrown its usefulness is no good reason for its being demolished. Let it stand as one of the few old land marks of the days we early visitors recall as the real happy days of dear old 'Sconset.

The writer, in his visit there nearly each day while at Nantucket this past season, stopped to gaze upon it and recall the many happy days spent with it nearly forty years ago. No, do not remove it, but let us old boys get together and have an iron fence with a proper plate upon it to prove to the younger generation that we loved the old pump that gave us the fine drink it always did, and never faltered in nearly a hundred years to do its duty.

Yours very truly,
Walter Folger.

Folger's Inn,
Dauphin, Pa.

Voters Accept 'Sconset Water Act by 118 to 54.

Last Monday, on an adjournment of the special town meeting of June 8th, the voters of Nantucket accepted Chapter 307 of the Acts of 1925 and voted to give the village of 'Sconset water for domestic and fire purposes legally. It took twenty-two years to accomplish this result. During that period there were many annual meetings and special town meetings when the 'Sconset water question was discussed and voted on, and some of the deliberations of the voters were rather stormy. But finally the town accepted the situation with good grace and by a vote that was small in total, but emphatic in results, the special act of 1925 (the third of its kind made for Nantucket by the Massachusetts legislature) was accepted and the controversy settled.

Now that the voters have accepted the act, other steps will be necessary. Water Commissioners must be elected and it may be that something definite must be done regarding the stand-pipe (which is already under construction—in fact, which was started even before the town accepted the act). These matters will be disposed of at a second adjournment of the special meeting.

After the result was announced last Monday afternoon, it was voted to adjourn for four weeks—until the 10th of August—when water commissioners are to be elected by ballot, and several other matters connected with the acceptance of the water act will be considered.

That less than one-sixth of the total number of registered voters expressed their views on the water question may be regretted by some, but it cannot be said that the apparent lack of interest was due to unfamiliarity with the situation. Ample notice was given that the question would be voted on last Monday, as the date was fixed by the voters at the special meeting June 8th.

One hundred and eighteen of the voters voted to accept the act. Fifty-four voted not to accept it. The other thousand voters did not care whether the act was accepted or rejected. The strength of the vote in favor, however, was enough to settle all arguments.

There are at present 22 hydrants in the village, 12 of which have connections for the pumping apparatus, the other ten being simply with hose connections.

There are 19 fire extinguishers located in the village, 17 being on street corners and the other two being chemicals.

There are 11 fire cisterns in the village.

From the pumping station to Pump Square there is an 8-inch main. All other water mains in the village are 6-inch.

Sept. 11, 1926

75

Evergreen Park, 'Sconset



Five Cottages in Avenue To Let.



These Five Bluff Cottages To Let.



When the "Sraile Club" greeted its President, Lee Parsons Davis, upon his arrival at Nantucket last Tuesday. President Davis, with his arms outspread with joy, stands in the stern of the boat, preparatory to taking the steering-oar for the voyage across the island to 'Sconset.

R. E. Burgess & Sons.

BUSY 'SCONSET.

Business is certainly picking up in 'Sconset in recent years. This season there are to be the following lines of business represented:

Four grocery stores—H. C. Phillips, Fred V. Johnson, J. B. Mahoney, R. E. Burgess.

Two meat markets—H. C. Phillips, R. E. Burgess.

Five bakeries—H. C. Phillips, J. B. Mahoney, Mrs. Everett P. Clisby, Mrs. I. F. Orr, Mrs. Frank Folger.

Four tea rooms—G. H. Brinton, H. Marshall Gardiner, Agnes Everett, Mrs. Abbie Ranson.

Two barber shops—John Salvo, James J. Levins.

Two blacksmith shops—Aquila Cormie, Thomas Warren.

Two dry goods stores—E. A. Lawrence & Co. Louis Coffin & Co.

Two art stores—Mrs. C. L. Dakin, H. Marshall Gardiner.

And in addition to the above there are to be seven or eight laundries and any quantity of poultry yards.



THE 'SCONSET CHEMICAL FIRE ENGINE.

The remodelled engine belonging to the village fire department is pictured above, just as it posed before the camera last week with Joseph Terry on the driver's seat, preparatory to the drive across the state highway for another term of service at 'Sconset. We illustrate the chemical in order that anyone happening to see the outfit at large may readily recognize it.

President Wilson's Daughter to Summer at 'Sconset.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, of Williamstown, Mass., (the latter formerly Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of President Wilson) are to spend the coming summer at Nantucket, and have rented one of James J. Moore's new cottages at 'Sconset. Mr. and Mrs. Sayre arrived on the boat Tuesday afternoon and drove over to 'Sconset, where they spent the night at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Everett P. Clisby. The next morning they looked over a number of available summer cottages and finally decided upon one of the Moore bungalows, which they intend to occupy with their family early in the season. They left on Thursday for Williamstown, where Mr. Sayre is a professor in Williams College.

Aug. 15
1936

April 21, 1917
owned since 1949
by Mrs. C. H. Hecker

76

Building the New Telephone Line to 'Sconset. Reeling Off Ten Wires at a Time.



Reeling off ten wires at a time in the construction of the new telephone line to Siasconset. The wires from the ten reels shown in the picture are attached to a long rope, which is raised up over the cross-arms on two or three poles ahead. By means of a pair of horses attached to the other end of the rope the ten wires are simultaneously drawn from the reels. It is all done systematically and quickly, at the rate of about a mile a day.

**Let the Old 'Sconset Pump
Remain as a Relic.**

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In your edition of September 20, I noticed under "Sconset items" some talk of the possible removal of the old pump. Oh, let us hope that this is but talk! To we older boys, those of the early '80's, this would surely be a sad blow.

How we love to gaze upon the old pump and think with pleasure of those days when for a penny a bucket we carried water to the summer cottagers. Not so many, to be sure, were there at that time, but "those were the happy days," and they will always linger in the memory of we early goers to that wonderful portion of dear old Nantucket.

I feel sure that the Barnum boys, the White boys, the Norcross boys, the Chittenden boys, not to mention many others that I could, will join with me in this slight protest to let the old pump stand as it is.

Just to think that old pump for many years gave to man and beast the best drink of water that either had ever tasted. Simply because it has outgrown its usefulness is no good reason for its being demolished. Let it stand as one of the few old land marks of the days we early visitors recall as the real happy days of dear old 'Sconset.

The writer, in his visit there nearly each day while at Nantucket this past season, stopped to gaze upon it and recall the many happy days spent with it nearly forty years ago. No, do not remove it, but let us old boys get together and have an iron fence with a proper plate upon it to prove to the younger generation that we loved the old pump that gave us the fine drink it always did, and never faltered in nearly a hundred years to do its duty.

Yours very truly,
Walter Folger.

Folger's Inn,
Dauphin, Pa.

Siasconset for Siasconseters.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

An appeal to the voters of Nantucket to accept a special legislative act for the benefit of Siasconset in a matter of water supply for that village having failed, by two decisive votes taken under the Australian ballot system, it must be apparent that the town of Nantucket does not care to assume the indebtedness of establishing and maintaining water works for Siasconset. The arguments upon the matter have been exhausted, and the fact must be considered. I have conversed with several citizens interested in Siasconset property with reference to a division of the town so that Siasconset may have the right to assess itself, collect its own taxes and expend its receipts as it pleases. And if it desires improvements such as water-works and a system of sewerage, electric lights and gas, it can create a public debt as large as it thinks it can afford without submitting such propositions to the voters of the town of Nantucket. Its own voters can decide all such economic problems. Whether Siasconset gets its share of the public fund expended in the village need nevermore be a cause of contention if a separate township is established. Just where the line of separation should be drawn may be a puzzling matter, as the citizens of Polpis and Wauwinet and Quidnet might prefer to "bear the ills" of excessive taxation now endured in the old town "rather than flee to others they know not of" in a new town with economic notions not fully matured. But a line can doubtless be fixed somewhere that will make Siasconset people independent of the old town. It has been no trouble to divide towns upon our neighboring island of Marthas Vineyard, and in various other parts of the state no great inconvenience has been experi-

enced from the formation of new townships where the population warrants it, or where different ideas prevail as to the expediency of local improvements. I own property both in Nantucket and Siasconset. I could go with the new town or remain with the old, and I apprehend there are many others who could do the same, with a tendency towards the new idea if it can be made to appear that taxes would be lower, inasmuch as the rate in Nantucket this year is burdensome, as we shall all become duly sensible of when the tax-gatherer presents his bills which the assessors have been compelled to doom us with. A meeting at Siasconset during the summer, when non-resident tax-payers are there, to obtain their views, might help the project on, if the new idea shall materialize. How does it strike you, Mr. Editor? Do the permanent residents of the village desire such separation? Will the non-resident taxpayers there, male and female, care about such a change?

Allen Coffin.

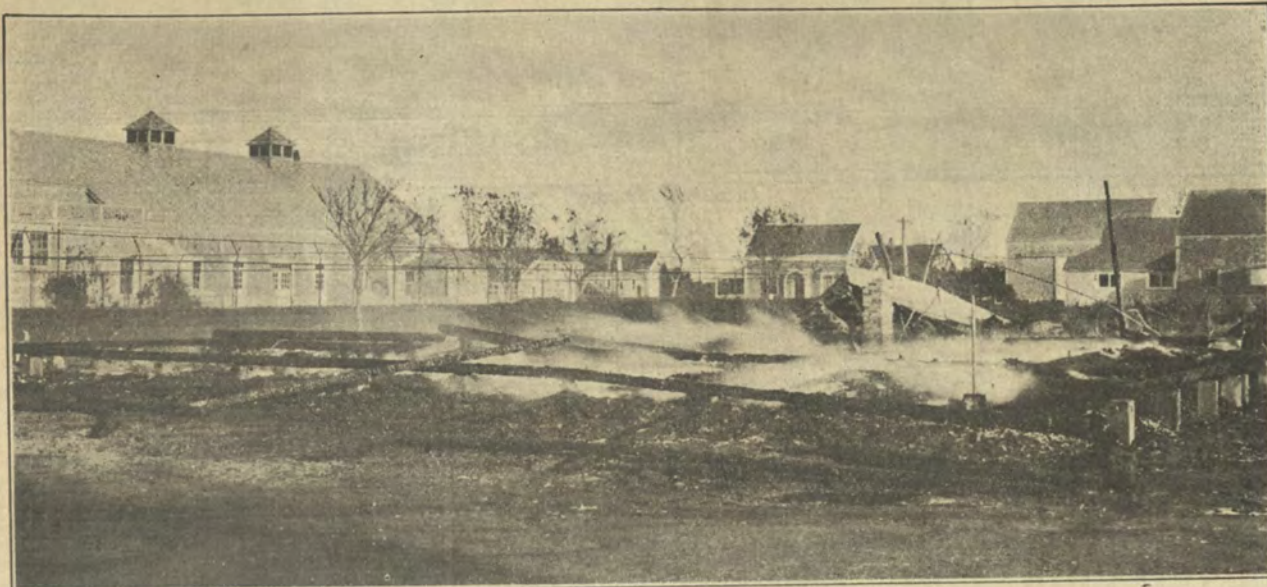
Siasconset, July 1st, 1903.

The "Flagg" Land.

Dr. Flagg left Nantucket last Wednesday for New York, in order to attend a meeting of the Flagg Estate Corporation, when we understand the family will take into consideration the sub-division and development of its Nantucket property, which consists of sixty building lots on Sankaty Heights and over three hundred acres of farm land. Had this been done some years ago, Sankaty Heights might now be dotted with summer cottages.

Keeping valuable land out of use is one of the most serious drawbacks with which the island of Nantucket has had to contend, and the sooner the sub-division and improvement of the Flagg land is accomplished the better it will be, and we wait with some interest the outcome of the meeting.

THE RUINS OF THE FIRE AT 'SCONSET AS SEEN NEXT MORNING



Looking from Postoffice Square across the ruins of Phillips Block, towards the Casino building. Photo was taken early the next morning, while the ruins were still hot and smouldering.



Looking across the ruins towards Postoffice Square. The postoffice building at the left in distance, charred and gutted by the flames. In the foreground are the remains of Morris' ice cream parlor.

NOVEMBER 8, 1924

'Sconset Book Store Damaged by Fire.

The Nantucket Fire Department was called out about 1:30 a. m., Monday morning, to assist in extinguishing a stubborn blaze which had started in the rear of Cliff Eddy's 'Sconset Book Store.

The fire started from an oil hot water heater, which was in a small shed on the back of the store, and the blaze had become quite serious before it was discovered. As 'Sconset has not as yet received the new fire alarm which has been on order for several months, the Chapel bell was tolled, and the 'Sconset fire engine alarmed the village with its siren.

When the alarm was sounded in Nantucket, one pumper was immediately sent to the scene, and when it became known that the fire was in the center of the village, another engine followed. However, the 'Sconset firemen did a remarkable job in controlling the blaze, and when the Nantucketers arrived there was little for them to do.

Damage to the store was quite extensive, amounting to \$1700 on the building, and about \$1000 to the contents. The old A & P store, which is situated right next to the Book Store, was badly scorched, and the rear of the building will have to be re-shingled in one place. The rear of the Book Store, at the side where the water heater was located, was very badly burned, the blaze burning the outer wall right through all the way up to the roof. This part of the building, on the lower floor, is used as a storeroom for the store, and on the upper floor is the kitchen of the apartment occupied by Charles Talford and Cliff Eddy.

Carpenters were hard at work, on Tuesday morning, repairing the damage to the store as rapidly as possible, and the Book Store should be back to normal very shortly.

Chief Cartwright has received a communication from the company from which the new 'Sconset fire alarm was ordered, promising delivery within the week. It is hoped that the alarm is received and put into commission very soon, although from Monday morning's experience it would seem that things go along pretty well without it.

The 'Sconset Bridge.

The Selectmen have ordered the 'Sconset bridge discontinued for the use of the public until the town makes provision for rebuilding or repairing the structure. The 'Sconset committee and the highway superintendent agree that the bridge is unsafe and should no longer be used in its present condition. The sills have rotted and the frame-work is badly shattered, through years of exposure to the elements. The bridge is tottering and in order to prevent disaster and possible injury to persons, it has been decided to close the passage.

Most everyone who knows 'Sconset at all knows the bridge. It spans the gulley down which most of the traffic goes to the bathing beach and the bridge is used as a short-cut between Broadway and Ocean avenue. It saves the long detour up around post-office square and for years has been a very popular thoroughfare, used by hundreds of people every day all summer long.

The bridge is unique. It is one of the few bridges in the country—if not the only one—that spans a cobbled-stoned road leading to a bathing beach. It should be replaced before next summer by a structure that does not squeak and totter even when a child runs across it. And of course it will be.

The 'Sconset bridge was first built forty years ago—in 1887—and it cost the town \$299.99 for the job, which was a very moderate price indeed in view of the fact that \$300 was appropriated for the work. Why the other cent was not used was not stated. Anyway, the job was done by Everett Gibbs and Daniel C. Brayton, Jr., and it was well done. To be sure, in the passing years the bridge has occasionally been repaired, but for forty years the structure has remained in practically the same form in which it was first built.

Fire in 'Sconset.

The 'Sconset Fire Department was called out about 10:40 Monday morning to extinguish a fire at the home of Christy Psaradelis on the 'Sconset Road. Mr. Psaradelis was in his back yard at the time the fire broke out, and it was discovered by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank Psaradelis, who lives next door and saw smoke emanating from the kitchen.

The blaze was caused by a defective two-burner oil stove, with resultant damage to the kitchen, and to the rest of the house from the smoke, amounting to about \$3000.00.

Fire Chief Cartwright complimented the members of the 'Sconset Fire Department for their promptness and efficiency in handling the situation without calling for help from the town department.

Sept. 24, 1927

June 19, 1948

June 9, 1951

'Sconset Connected by Telephone Forty-one Years Ago.

Recent agitation over improved telephone service between Nantucket and 'Sconset has again revived the question of when did 'Sconset first have telephone service. Several years ago this same question was asked and we printed a brief history of the local telephone service. Now we have been again asked how many years it is since 'Sconset was first connected with town by 'phone. It was forty-one years ago this July—quite a long time.

It was only a few months after the government had installed a "signal station" on Nantucket and the light-houses and life-saving stations were soon connected together, with the signal office in town, which later became the weather bureau.

The government line ran to Sankaty lighthouse and the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company made connections and opened public telephone communication. The town office was located in the store of Herbert S. Sweet on Federal street (where the Catholic church is now located) and the 'Sconset end terminated at the village postoffice.

The tariff was 15 cents for each communication and when anyone wanted to talk from town to 'Sconset he or she would go to one of the seven telephones located in town (all connected together) and thus get in touch with 'Sconset. Sometimes the voices would carry quite distinctly, but usually a fellow had to "holler his head off" in order to make the other fellow understand what he was saying. It was unique telephone service in those days.

June 23, 1928

The famous 'Sconset milestones were set out somewhere about the year 1824 by the late Peter F. Ewer. They have been removed, we believe, twice since then; once over to the middle 'Sconset road which runs by Hensdale, and finally to the last road that was laid out. They are all at present accurately located except the Seventh and the Seven and a-half stones. The seventh stone should stand some little distance to the eastward of where it now is, and the seven and a-half stone should also be placed farther east and somewhere near the edge of the 'Sconset bank. There is a tradition in the Ewer family that the descendants of Peter F. Ewer even to the fourteenth generation down shall keep those mile-stones painted white. We suppose that it is in accordance with this tradition that they have all recently received a span new coat of paint.

Aug. 30, 1873

'Sconset's Oldest Resident Opens New Telephone Exchange.

Levi S. Coffin, the oldest resident of 'Sconset, had the honor of opening the new telephone exchange in the village last Saturday afternoon and put in the first call through the new switch-board to Nantucket. The "cut-over" occurred promptly at 2.00 o'clock in the afternoon, when the service between town and 'Sconset was switched from the central office in town to the new switch-board installed in 'Sconset. All telephone business between the mother town and the village is now being handled through the separate exchanges, which will give improved service in every way.

The telephone office in 'Sconset is in one of the real old 'Sconset houses on Shell street, about opposite the office of the electric company. Miss Doris Coffin has been placed in charge of the office and has Mrs. Alma Holdgate as assistant operator.

In the office when the cut-over was made were Manager Cobb, in charge of the Nantucket district; Mrs. Clinton B. Allsop, Mrs. Robert Estabrook, John F. Lougee, Jacob Parkinson and one or two other members of the plant department; Harry H. Holden and a few other interested 'Sconseters.

When the time came for the cut-over, Mr. Coffin put in the call 202, which Miss Coffin gave to Miss Ray, chief operator at Nantucket, and John W. Cook, the oldest male resident in Nantucket, at his home on Hussey street, received the first message—a hearty word of greeting from Mr. Coffin as the oldest resident in Siasconset.

"Hello, John!" called Mr. Coffin, when Mr. Cook answered the ring on his phone. "How are you? Yell good and loud, John, won't you, for you know I am hard of hearing?"

"Hello, Levi," responded Nantucket's nonagenarian, "how is everything out there in 'Sconset?"

"Great doings, these," said Mr. Coffin. "Wonderful age we are living in. What do you suppose will happen next? Nice for us young fellows to be able to talk through this switch-board for the first time, ain't it?"

Mr. Cook's voice came over good and strong, so that those gathered around the 'Sconset switch-board could hear the tones well. It was rather impressive, too, to see Mr. Coffin at the 'phone—a man within two days of reaching his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary—chatting with Mr. Cook in Nantucket, who has already passed his ninety-fifth anniversary—and both enjoying the experience, apparently.

Anyhow, the oldest residents of the two places had the honor of transmitting the first words of greeting through 'Sconset's new exchange.

Death of Levi S. Coffin.

Levi Starbuck Coffin, one of the best-known residents of the village of Siasconset and for many years proprietor of the farm at Bloomingdale, died on Sunday last after an illness of several months, at the age of eighty-eight.

He was the son of the late Henry Coffin and was the proprietor of the old Ocean View Hotel in 'Sconset during the period when 'Sconset was developing as a summer resort. He has been well-known and popular with summer visitors to the village for several generations.



THE LATE LEVI S. COFFIN.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Charles W. Austin, by a son, Henry Coffin, and a number of grand-children and several great-grandchildren.

Jan. 30, 1932

Levi Coffin.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The obituary notice of the late Levi S. Coffin in your last issue was excellent as far as it went, but it seemed to me, as it probably did to others, that perhaps it did not go quite far enough as an adequate tribute to the memory of one of Nantucket's oldest and most respected citizens.

Levi Coffin was a rare soul, as all who knew him at all well will testify—worthy of the fine old stock from which he came, and of a type which is passing all too rapidly with the changing generations.

It is true, as you said, that he was "well known and popular" with the summer visitors to 'Sconset, but it might be put rather more strongly than that. He was honored as well as liked by all who had dealings with him and loved by those who came most closely in contact with him—not only among the summer cottagers, but by the natives and permanent residents of the village as well.

You recall that he was at one time proprietor of the old Ocean View House, but you do not tell us, and perhaps you do not know, that when that connection terminated after an unprofitable season or two, he was quite heavily involved financially and that he then refused, though advised and even urged, to avail himself of the easy relief provided by the bankruptcy court. Instead, he went to work and by the sweat of his brow earned the money to pay his creditors, not satisfied until the last dollar had been paid and he could again face the world owing no man. Such a standard of honor and probity is not so common in this modern age as to pass unremarked, and the character exemplified by such an act deserves and should receive recognition by those who come after him.

His mind was a repository of all that is most worth remembering in Nantucket's history for the last three quarters of a century or more, and there are few left who have this knowledge and can impart it to others as he could.

His later life passed on the farm was spent close to the soil and to the domestic animals which he loved, and his large flock of sheep in the big pasture between Gibbs' swamp and Bloomingdale added a picturesque bit to the drive to 'Sconset over the State road.

To those who knew him well his untiring industry, his unfailing courtesy and kindness, and his consideration for others in all the relations of life will long be a cherished memory.

W. F. Macy.

Feb. 6, 1932

JUNE 8, 1929

A 'Sconset Wedding.

Not for the season has "the Bluff" looked gayer than was the case Wednesday forenoon, when the ladies were out in their pretty frocks, and their gentlemen escorts had discarded their every-day knock-about for their very best. It was a veritable 'Sconset September morn, balmy, with the sweet-scented clematis perfuming the circumambient air, and the sun smiling upon all his token of approval.

Nothing finer could be asked for a wedding-day morning than was this one, and the friends of Robert Grosvenor McCreary, of Cleveland, and Miss Mary Helen Galvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Francis Galvin, of Brookline, were glad that Nature took such deep interest in their wedding, which was solemnized at 10 a. m. at "Helmartom," the summer home of Miss Galvin's parents.

There were features about the occasion that ranked it among the prettiest of the nuptial events that have occurred in old 'Sconset, and a hundred or more relatives and friends were on hand to witness the ceremony, which took place on the front porch of the house, before an improvised altar, the Rev. Fr. Griffin, of St. Mary's Church, Nantucket, officiating.

The porch was screened about the chancel, and the floral decorations were beautiful in their simplicity, consisting for the greater part of wild grape-vine, green from Nantucket's swamps, and a preponderance of the beautiful clematis, so profuse about 'Sconset at this time.

At one side, the Point Breeze orchestra discoursed music, at the appointed hour striking up the wedding march, when the bride-elect came through from the main house entrance, leaning on the arm of her father, and preceded by her matron of honor—her sister, Mrs. Joseph S. Willoughby—made her way between the lines of guests to the altar, where she was met by the groom-elect, who was attended by his brother, Lewis S. McCreary, of Belmont, as best man.

Father Griffin's ceremony was very simple and impressive, and as the groom slipped the ring on his bride's finger, they were pronounced man and wife, after which they received the hearty greetings of all present, for both are well-known members of the summer colony, having been coming here since their early childhood, and consequently their greeting was of the real bona fide heart-string order that a 'Sconseter well understands.

As they entered the house, after a delightful wedding breakfast served by Boston caterers, (the guests in the meantime being served on the porch and in the dining room) they were given a "Paddy-go-whack" that carried volumes of sincerity, while cheers for the bride followed with a will. A huge wedding cake was cut by the bride, and the guests were served with dainty portions of it.

The bride was attired in white liberty satin, with old rose point lace, and wore her mother's bridal veil. Her bouquet was orchids and lilies of the valley. Her only ornament was a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. Her matron of honor wore pink charmeuse and shadow lace, and carried Killarney roses.

The groom is a rising young lawyer, of Cleveland, practising in the admiralty court, and was graduated from Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1906.

The gifts were very numerous and many of them beautiful, and included a chest of old silver formerly belonging to the bride's grandmother on the maternal side.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. McCreary and Miss McCreary, of Cleveland, and Mrs. Joseph D. Potter, of Columbus, O., parents and sisters of the groom; Mrs. Ryan, an aunt of the bride; Mrs. Gerald Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Elting and Miss Elting, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Devlin, Mrs. Gerald Blake, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Galvin, Jr., Charles Shae, all of Brookline, Miss McKim, Lancaster, Pa., Miss Elaine Lee, Cincinnati, Mrs. McGuire and Mrs. C. Reed, of Boston, and Mrs. Joseph S. Willoughby, of Baltimore, Md.

The guests awaited on the lawn the appearance of the bridal couple, who were to take the afternoon boat for a honeymoon trip, and gave them a royal send-off.

After November 15th, the young people will be at home at 1830 East 101st street, Cleveland, O.

Sept. 12, 1913

Wedding at 'Sconset.

A delightfully balmy evening, bright moon, a jolly gathering of guests from Nantucket and 'Sconset, were features of a charming wedding in the little chapel, Wednesday evening, when Oscar Folger, the popular young expressman, was united in marriage to Miss Minnie Folger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Folger, of Nantucket, the Rev. H. H. Ryder, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Nantucket, being the officiating clergyman.

The pretty little chapel was beautifully decorated, the side walls, trusses and altar being hung with mealy-plum vines, while bunches of goldenrod were tied at the ends of the seats in the main aisle. A wealth of white flowers, dahlias, etc., carried out the color scheme of yellow and white. The arrangement was very attractive, and a credit to young lady friends of the bride and groom.

Miss C. M. Robinson, of Brooklyn, presided at the piano, and played several selections during the interval preceding the arrival of the bridal party, upon whose approach she struck up the wedding march, as they entered the chapel and made their way to the altar, the ushers (W. H. Tracy, Ira Appleton, John Cowden, Henry Coffin, Harold Folger, and Jack Roberts) preceding, followed by the bridesmaids, (Misses Hattie Folger, Maria Folger, Susie Thomas, Annie Mitchell, Eleanor Hamblin, of Nantucket, and Miss May Vargus, of Rockland), each carrying a bouquet of dahlias. The bride and groom followed, the former attired in a well-fitting gown of white, wearing also a veil and smilax and tuberoses, and carrying a shower bouquet.

The ceremony was brief and impressive, the father of the bride giving her away. At its conclusion the party retired from the church and held an informal reception in the Otis cottage, which they will occupy until their own home is ready for their occupancy. They were generously remembered with gifts, which were open for inspection by their friends, from whom they received cordial congratulations and well wishes for a life of happiness and contentment.

Oct. 10, 1906

Philip Morris—'Sconset's Postmaster-General.

The following article on Philip Morris, the village postmaster, appeared in this week's issue of the "Moby Dick News". It is so readable and interesting that we are taking the privilege of re-printing it herewith. "Clem" Reynolds, who issues the Moby Dick News, certainly has the right swing and we hang all the laurels around his neck.

Since 1928, when Anna E. C. Barrett decided to devote all her energy to real estate activities, Phil Morris has crouched behind the desk in the Post Office listening to the woes of the world. Miss Barrett had held this important post since 1897, when the post office was located on the bridge over the Gully Road.

The early and waking days of Phil's life were taken up with the manufacture and delivery of his mother's island-famous home-made cream. Mrs. Etta Morris' ice cream parlor was near the Casino and she was the pride and joy of the village. Many of the present summer residents remember her most pleasantly.

Phil's activities have been multiple and varied, not all of them associated with home industry. He admits to having been born in 'Sconset during the year 1898. After his tour of duty in the classrooms here he went on to finish his education at the Nantucket High School, where his romance with Nellie Norcross flowered. We suspect the beginning was when Phil dipped her braids in an inkwell. Both Nellie and Phil were part of eleven of fifty-two who survived the rugged educational program outlined by the town fathers of that period. In 1924 Phil was accepted by Nellie who has put up with his eccentricities at least until publication time of this gossip rag.

Our postmaster, along with Warren Rogers, answered the call of the sea when both became radio operators. He made several trips on the Mallory Lines as Chief Operator, before deciding to return to 'Sconset, getting the benefits of an ocean voyage without seeing any part of the world. From 1921 to 1924 the time was spent doing odd jobs around town and lending a helping hand up at Sankaty Golf. Here he managed to finally score a 76—so that should give one some idea of his odd-job activity!

Just how long ago Philip acquired his brown cap we cannot report, but it might have been during the time he set up a pool table in his basement on King street. If a pool shark proves a misspent youth—he's had it, as he is without peer on this island under the green shade.

The post office has grown in activity considerably since Phil's term of office, both as to business and inside detail work, which has forced him to acquire a harem headed by Nellie Morris with added assistance from time to time in the persons of Lila Folger and Marion Folger. Two hundred boxes have grown to about 350. The newer ones Phil hand-picked when the new Post office in town was built.

The inauguration of Sunday service was Phil's generous contribution and suggestion to Washington. Now people complain when they think the window is not open long enough to change the air of a stuffy Sunday afternoon. Although the post office is a third class office, it is a First Class one in our book.

When you come to think of it, the little postal department incorporates a variety of activity, as it serves as a playroom and kindergarten, information bureau, bus station, employment agency, bank, lost and found department and, incidentally, a place where you get mail and buy stamps.

We find, after Phil's interview, that mail addressed just Siasconset, Mass., saves a day—if Nantucket is not included on the envelope. Also, some 25 bags of mail arrive daily which everyone expects the staff to sort in five minutes. Answering the telephone, which rings frequently, requires Phil to get a three-day pass from Nellie—as it calls for quite a trip from his desk and is a wet job during a Nor-easter. Please do not call during mail hours, in other words.

The herring runs at Madaket, during the spring, occupy many of Phil's evening hours as he supplies gallons of the roe to everyone who can eat as much as he gets of it. The Red Sox have prior claim to his attention the minute the season starts.

In looking back over the year, Phil notices that the young crowd are fast taking over the duties in the village and are outnumbering the old standbys. One great change is the amount of time and effort—to say nothing of money—that has gone into the improvement, landscaping and care of all homes in 'Sconset.

Continued from last week.
The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

Broadway, West Side.

The white clapboarded house surmounted by a Nantucket "walk," belonging to Mrs. Lucretia M. Folger, situated on the corner of Main street, had its beginning in an old house that was purchased early in the century by Capt. Peter Chase. It was a two storied structure, and in a photograph taken by Freeman many years ago, a portion of the old building stands in the foreground to the left. It was very dark with dilapidated shingles, and it canted over to the westward. Capt. David Chase, son of Peter, who recently died at the age of 94, told Capt. Joy the manner in which his father had obtained possession of the property. Capt. Peter was engaged in the East India trade and probably about the time of the last war with Great Britain was on the island. His wife wanted a home at 'Sconset. Capt. Peter had no money to spare for a house, but he had a quantity of tea and he said if she could buy a home with tea she could do so. She thought she saw her opportunity. The house was then owned by Eunice Cole, or Coffin (for she had been married twice) who kept a small store in Town. Mrs. Capt. Peter told her son David, then a boy, to put the horse in the cart and drive her to Eunice's house. He did so and Mrs. Chase asked Mrs. Coffin if she would sell her house at 'Sconset and she said she would, and a price was agreed upon if Eunice would take the pay in tea to which she agreed and the sale was made.

"Nauticon Lodge," now owned by Mr. Davis, is also a very old structure. Over its door are the figures 1735, but Capt. Joy thinks it is much older. It was owned by Obed Coffin, then a very old man, and then about 1815, by his son-in-law, Jonathan Colesworthy. It is built and arranged in accordance with the strict 'Sconset type. A few years since its bedrooms were extended in length.

The next house now owned by the heirs of Gorham Colman, is without doubt the oldest on the Bank. It was first owned by Michael Coffin, who employed several Indians to fish for him during the season, while he remained ashore to do the cooking. Michael was the great-grandfather of Capt. Edward C. Joy now in his 84th year. The house is as it has appeared as far back as human memory can go, except that, within, it was at some time lathed and plastered. Its rough and ragged shingles, the depressions in the roof and the uneven floors tell of its antiquity. In its battered front door are three worn out key holes. Within are large fire places leading into a heavy chimney. The house is claimed to have been built in 1675, and before a building had been erected on the site of the Town. In 1814 it was owned by Jonathan Upham.

But probably older was "Rose Cottage," a little four room house that was on the lot next north. It was taken down in 1881 by Capt. Charles H. Rule. It was a squatty, tumble down structure, but each year was occupied in the summer, and in the fishing seasons. In 1814 it stood in the same position and was owned by Benjamin Paddock. It had been twice removed from the edge of the Bank. It was so small that the change of site was easily effected, by rolling it on spars. There is a tradition it was once an Indian wigwam, but Capt. Joy discredits it.

The next house belongs to Capt. William Baxter. Views of it have been taken by the hundred. It has a double history. The smaller portion is near 200 years old, and was brought from Sesachacha. It was owned by Uriah Swain, the grandfather of Mrs. Baxter. The higher portion was built about a hundred years ago, and the building was in its present position in 1814. Its exterior illustrates the completed 'Sconset house of the large size. The interior has been little changed, except to put on

lath and plaster and paper, but its rude beginning can be seen in the exposed joints overhead, some of which in the oldest part are the trunks of young trees.

In the corner of the principal room is an ancient clock that has marked the hours for four or five generations. Mrs. Cary, the mother of Mrs. Baxter, for years used the building for a public house. For years before 1883 when the post office was established, it was used for the distribution of the mail matter brought from town by Capt. Baxter, who, as he came over the hill on Main street, tooted his horn and the event of the day was the gathering of the people at the window to await their mail matter, and for each letter or paper received, one whole cent went into the coffers of the grasping old mariner! And yet there are those who boldly assert that he did not get rich!

The old barn in the southwest corner of the lot is probably what is left of a house once owned by an old man named John Beard.

Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's white house next north of the old post-office was owned in 1814 by Latham Gardner, who had

lands to the westward, back of Capt. Robert Pitman's place on the hill. The land was covered with entangled brush and had to be ploughed by means of a tackle to get the necessary power. The highest part of the house is probably the oldest, for in it are doors swung on wooden hinges. It is very old. In it Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, Collector of the port of Nantucket by grace of President Cleveland and the Senate of the United States, has for a time, the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, abused the Republican party and quoted scripture and Dr. Watts with a vigor that has aroused the ire of his political antagonists and excited the admiration of orthodox believers by reason of his pious erudition!

The little house owned by Mrs. Aaron Coffin is very old and probably better than any one on the Bank illustrates the gradual growth of a 'Sconset fisherman's cottage of the oldest shape. It was built by Obadiah Folger and its origin was a single room extending from the chimney to the south. It is but ten feet high to the peak of the roof. The little bedrooms were then added. Then it was extended a few feet to the northward, and when old Aunt Folger saw it she was so startled by its proportions that she said it was a "perfect rope walk." Then an extension containing two rooms was made to the westward and still later an old boat house was moved and added to the east side, the wide door of which is flush with the street. It is one of the quaintest cottages on the Bank. Nearly a hundred years ago it was called the "Martin Box and was occupied by Henry Barnard a great uncle of Mrs. Hanaford.

"Clifton Cottage" is another of the old houses, but it has been enlarged by putting on a half story. It was built by George Folger, about 1818. George sent his son Philip to oversee the building. Philip said he knew nothing about the business and hence had an easy time.

"Nonquit." Capt. Charles C. Mooers', is another of the oldest houses enlarged by a second story which was recently extended to the front. In 1814 it was owned by Obed Mitchell.

"Felicite," formerly owned by Capt. Charles McCleaye, and recently sold by him to Richard E. Burgess is a two story house with gable flush with the street, and a wing extending to the north. It was a very old house in 1814, and then or soon after was owned by John Emmett. The second story was added about 20 years ago.

"Sans Souci," the last house on Broadway and owned by Mrs. J. H. Belcher has a singular history. It was originally erected in Trader's Lane in Town, and was a part of a duck or twine factory. The kitchen was a boat house, belonging to Mr. Brown, Mrs. Belcher's grandfather and the bricks in the chimney were in the British Ship, Queen, when she came ashore on the island. A portion of the house was taken to Madequet and thence brought to 'Sconset. It was moved here in 1814. It was the first house on the Bank to have its height increased by a second story. In 1849 it had 13 windows, no two of which were alike.

The little house east of John Pitman's lot, at the head of Broadway, was moved by Mr. Frederick Pitman from "Guinea" in Town. It was located on or near the site of a barn which Mr. George F. Mitchell when a young man brought from Shimmie, in 1866.

Between Centre and Shell Streets.

Abutting Main street is a small barn belonging to Mrs. Cathcart. Capt. Joy believes it is a portion of a house which once stood on the same spot and which belonged to Obed Coffin.

Mrs. Cathcart's house to the north, a rather imposing cottage, with high "warts," was built by James Josiah Coffin, and was owned by him in 1814.

The little yellow cottage called "Sunnyside," and belonging to the heirs of Capt. Charles P. Swain, is very old. Capt. Swain told the writer that he knew the house in 1806, and that then it was known to be very old. In 1814 it was owned by William Gardner; and his and the family of Sylvanus Gardner were the only ones who remained in 'Sconset during the winter months. Sylvanus occupied a house on the Bank in 1814 and long after, which was removed somewhere along in the forties.

North of the pump is one of the most quaint of the ancient cottages. It now belongs to Mrs. Sharp, of Germantown, Penn. It was owned in 1814 by Shubael Barnard. Next to the old post-office, more views of it have been taken by artists and photographers than of any spot in the village. They are generally taken with the old pump in the foreground. Mrs. Sharp has given it the name of "Meeresheim."

The house of Mrs. Nancy Clark, widow of Uriah, was built by Richard Swain. His son Richard lived in it in 1814. It is a very old house.

The house of Capt. Obed Bunker was built by Sylvanus Coffin, and stood in its present place in 1814.

"Hearts Ease," owned by Capt. Edward B. Hussey, and for many seasons occupied by Mr. J. Ormond Wilson and family, of Washington, was owned in 1814 by Jonathan Jenkins. Subsequently, about 1820, Reuben Starbuck became possessed of it, and he added to it, and employed a mason to lath and plaster the interior. A little grandson of Sylvanus Gardner observed the operation and he ran home with the exclamation "Grandman, he is putting on the whole broadside, at once." And Annie Gardner, Sylvanus' wife, said that Reuben had had a wife, a *wifee*, and now he had got a dandy, and he supposed he must plaster his house.

Asa P. Jones' house, the long, wood colored structure, with vines climbing a lattice on the east side of the kitchen, was an old house in 1814, but was small in proportion to its present size, and is much altered in appearance. It was then covered with wide boards, clinker-built, and was owned by Matthew Barney, then an old man. Frederick Mitchell bought it about 1815.

The next house to the northward, belonging to the heirs of the late Edward R. Folger, was built by Felix Slocum Folger in 1815, or soon after. It was kept as a public house by Charles Elkins, from about 1830, for many years.

"Aurora Villa," owned by Mrs. P. A. Gardner, was built by Obed Joy, between 1824 and 1830. Its beginning was brought from Sesachacha. The late Josiah Macy enlarged it and put on clapboards so that its characteristic features as a fisherman's cottage were lost, and it has been further enlarged and is now a commodious little house.

Folger

'Sconset Cottage Names.

"Every time I go off on my summer outing," said the man who is just back from his vacation, "I wonder what new and old friends in the line of cottage names I am going to find. Of course everybody with a summer cottage, even if it is only a shack with one room, has to give it a title, and the natives aren't far behind when it comes to naming their farmhouses or everyday village homes.

Don't think I am grumbling. I like the custom and am thinking of opening competition with a fellow, or maybe it's a woman, living over in Jersey. He, or she, advertised to fit anybody out with a name suitable for a country home of any description. My! I'd like to see the list that fellow, or woman, has stored up!

But I'll bet the island of Nantucket can show him, or her, some new ones. Especially that part of the island known as 'Sconset. It's no wonder that 'Sconset has odd names for its houses, for the houses are not like any you ever saw anywhere else. They began by being little cabins where fishermen stayed part of the year.

Gradually they grew a little, with an 'ell' here and a leanto there. But they aren't much bigger now than overgrown boxes. And they squat so close to the ground that two tall men could almost see each other across the ridgepoles. Most of them are shingled all over, sides as well as roofs, and the shingles are gray and mossy with age.

When it comes to names, one finds some of the old reliables, even at 'Sconset. I don't believe there are many square miles in New England without an Idlewild. And of course every stretch of summer resort coast from Maine to Florida has its cottage labelled Ocean Spray. But here are a few of the less common names ornamenting the door lintels at 'Sconset.

Naturally most of them have a more or less nautical flavor. As for instance—Mizzen Top, Captain's Cabin, The Anchorage, Bos'n's Bunt, Casa Marina, Crw's Nest and Come Aboard.

The place also has rather more than its share of castles, whose size, however, may be inferred from such names as Castle Bandbox and Thimble Castle. Then there are the Martin Box (presumably housing the Martins), Takitezie, Bigenough, Little Nest, Big Sunflower, Cozey Corner, Crumbs of Comfort, Whileaway, Solid Comfort, Heart's Ease, Auld Lang Syne, As You Like It, The Web and The Roosting Stick, where a bachelor party has had high jinks this summer.

If any other place of its size, not only on the ground, but in the air, can beat 'Sconset's list, I have yet to come across it."—N. Y. Sun.

Cycle Paths.

The work of completing a side path from Philips Run to 'Sconset will be commenced today, weather permitting, and be pushed to early completion. Permission has been given to pass through the lands of Mr. Levi S. Coffin and Mr. Sidney B. Folger, which will keep the cyclists' path clear of the carriage way the greater part of the distance. The dangerous place where the path now joins the main road at Philips Run will be fixed, and such other improvements made as funds will permit. 'Sconset summer residents (and not all wheelmen) have contributed liberally to the cause, and a few of the residents have also made donations. Mr. Charles H. Taber has engaged to do the work. The path will run through the Coffin pasture from Philips Run to state road, then from the eastern end of that road along the front of the Folger farm, on the south side of the highway, across the unfenced land of Mr. Folger's, following the south side of the highway, up Bunker Hill.

Cyclists about town are projecting a path to Surfside, and already there have been contributions offered therefor. Mr. A. G. Brock or Mr. Henry P. Brown will receive any donations for the purpose.

Aug. 7, 1897

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MASS. GEN. HOSPITAL,

BOSTON, APRIL 25, 1894.

Mr. Editor:

I see by an item in your paper of 14th inst. that a petition is being circulated for signers, to urge the Legislature to appropriate money for building a state highway from the town of Nantucket to the village of Siasconset. This leads me to ask the favor of sufficient space in your columns to inform my neighbors and constituents that the interests in their behalf are not being neglected. Nothing has been more earnestly pressed by me, upon my associates in the House, and I have the assurance that the bill has been reported in the Senate and has been referred to the Committee on Finance, and will receive their early attention.

Although still at the Hospital, I am in daily communication with members of both branches, as well as members of the Finance Committee, of which I am a member, who are ready to do me any favor consistent with their official obligations, and I cannot doubt of a result that will satisfy both me and my constituents.

Yours truly,

ANTHONY SMALLEY.



THE LATE SAMUEL P. AND ABBIE PITMAN

The Lights of 'Sconset.

For years summer residents at 'Sconset saw the lights twinkling in the little homestead atop Bunker Hill, when they approached the village after arrival of the evening boat. It was a welcoming beacon to them, season after season—just a simple family light, usually shining in the kitchen, where Samuel and his good wife Abbie sat for their evening meal. Year after year, season after season, they sent out their friendly welcome, by voice and smile by day, and by the twinkling light after darkness fell. For more than two generations they were a part of 'Sconset and not until increasing years urged Mr. and Mrs. Pitman to move to town, did the devoted couple loosen their hold on the little village which had been their home many years and where they had raised their family.

The little house atop Bunker Hill has new owners now, and although its appearance has been changed somewhat, the spirit of the Pitmans will ever linger there. Samuel and Abbie. They lived together as a happy and contented husband and wife for more than sixty years. Now they are together in the Great Beyond. Samuel passed away on Christmas Day in 1939, and his faithful wife joined him on the 30th of last month. An ideal couple and an exemplary life-voyage together came to a close. The lights in 'Sconset will continue to twinkle and memories of old-time villagers will ever linger.

OCTOBER 15 1910

83

Feb. 28, 1942

From the Germantown (Philad.) Chronicle.

NANTUCKET.

The Cliff.

The pleasure boat "Dauntless," built and commanded by Captain Burdett, is quite an institution and much prized by the visitors to Nantucket. The sail to the cliff is delightful and the temperature here the most delightful I have ever enjoyed along the Atlantic coast. In half an hour we had rounded Brant Point lighthouse and landed at the bathing shore. Here we found a cluster of bath houses similar to those erected at Atlantic City; and for the sum of fifteen cents were furnished with a room in which to change our dress, which included the wringing out of the clothes when coming from the bath.

There is no surf, but the bathing is very fine; the water is very warm and perfectly safe—a paradise for children where they can wade and splash about in the water without fear. To me it was a glorious sight,

For at sixty years old I am oft beguiled
By the merry shout of a sinless child.

At the top of the cliff an artist from New York, Eastman Johnson, has converted an old dwelling into a studio and taken up his summer residence.

Many who do not like this tame bathing go to the south shore, about two miles from the town, where they can have a fine rolling surf; and when the wind is from the southeast is fully equal to Atlantic City.

The ride to the south shore is a great novelty to any one who has recently left the green fields and closely shaven lawns of Germantown. There is no particular road laid out, but after leaving the town a wide-spread moor opens before you, with deep ruts worn apparently by ages of travel, and from which it is very difficult to emerge when another vehicle is approaching. This moor is covered with stunted bayberry bushes, lichen and clumps of autter moss resembling patches of heather, reminding one of the moors of Scotland, so graphically described by Scott. Acres of pines have been planted across these moors with a view to return the forests that originally covered the island and which were so ruthlessly destroyed by the first settlers, but the rude blasts of winter are too severe, and their stunted and decrepid appearance give evidence of their early decay.

We reached the south shore yesterday afternoon, just in time to see the fishing dories coming in through the surf loaded with blue fish—splendid fellows weighing from eight to ten pounds apiece, the largest of which we purchased for twenty-five cents, making a full meal for a family of ten persons—these dories bring in from one to two hundred and find ready sale at this season when the boarding houses are all filled with strangers from all parts of the United States.

Although there are many strangers here, yet the worryment and anxiety, the dress and foibles of fashionable life, the parvenues and shoddy with their glittering diamonds and baubles have never reached these shores. Happy Nantucket! long may she be exempt from the glittering anxieties and cares that linger around our fashionable watering places, destroying with their poisonous influence all that is natural and true. Long may the primitive simplicity and social intercourse that now exist in this far-off island of the sea continue to lure to its haven of rest the way-worn traveller who seeks its shelter, spent and weary with the battle of life.

A Clam Bake.

We had a glorious sail this afternoon across the harbor, with a fine company of ladies, a tight boat and a spanking breeze, to Coatue Point. In a small boat attached in the rear Captain Burdett had stowed a bountiful supply of clams and all the etoeteras for a well-appointed clam-bake. We landed after an hour's sail, on the Point, and followed a path a few hundred yards from the beach, where we found a small frame, or rather shingled building, in which the captain keeps his delf and other appurtenances for setting a table in the wilderness. It is a desolate looking spot as far as the eye can reach on the land. It was covered with whortle and bayberry bushes, with here and there a cluster of prickly pear (our only native cactus); but the view out to sea is charming. In the rear of the house at about fifty feet distant, we found the captain's clam hearth, in the open air. It consisted of a large collection of cobble stones, gathered from the beach, and surrounded by a wall of large ones. On this hearth was built a great fire, made with pine wood. When this became a mass of living coals it was swept from the hearth, which had become sufficiently heated for cooking, after the principle of an old-fashioned country oven. Upon this was evenly spread a bushel of soft-shell clams, the most delicious of all the bivalve fraternity, then a layer of green corn in the husk, in the centre of which was placed a pair of fine tender fowls, nicely wrapped in a nice napkin, and over the whole a huge pile of wet seaweed was piled several feet in height—the steam that arose filling the air with its savory savor. Whilst the cooking process was going on a large tent was erected and a table spread, upon which the plates were placed, with here and there a bowl of melted butter, nicely seasoned with salt and vinegar. In about an hour the feast was on the board. Did you ever eat a baked soft-shell clam? If not, what a sadly neglected education! You lift the gentle bivalve from its tiny covering—and holding the projecting syphon at one end, betwixt the thumb and the finger—you immerse it in the melted butter, and then, pan after pan, "come like shadows, so depart." The corn was delicious, and the fowls done to a turn, and, when the feast was o'er, we felt like the old lady eating cherries—who said "she eat and she eat until she thought she should have died, and ever since she wished she had eaten more."

From Coatue Point the sun's warm ray
Was slanting o'er the sea,
As our light boat, through foam and spray,
Was sweeping wild and free.

And as we reached Nantucket pier,
The shades of evening fell;
Each grateful heart was free from care;
The clam bake ended well.

Siasconset.

August 23 we spent at Siasconset, called by the natives "Seonset," but we being coofs, a term given to visitors from the main land, prefer to call it by its Indian title. In fact, most of the places of interest on the island still retain their Indian names, although the last survivor of their race, Abraham Api Quady, died in 1854. He had lived to an advanced age, entirely alone, in a small house built by his own hands, and supporting his declining years by the sale of berries collected on the moors—even the house in which he lived has been consumed by fire since his death, and we could only see the spot on which it stood. Poor "Lo" is gradually fading from the face of the earth, and in a few more years

The race of yore,
That bounded o'er the hill and plain
To wander 'mid these wilds again.

We left Nantucket, via Orange street, early in the morning, in a Nantucket carriage and horse, with a Nantucket boy for a driver, (it would be dangerous driving with a pair of horses on account of the deep ruts mentioned in a former letter,)—but the inhabitants think nothing of crowding six or eight persons in their spring-carts and jolting down to 'Seonset unmindful of the horror and disgust with which my friend, Mary E—I, of Germantown, (who is sojourning here during the summer) views them with raised hands and frantic gesticulations as they pass.

The day was glorious, as we opened on the wide spread moor, the breeze from the ocean came sweeping across the plain, laden with perfume from the resinous pines, which some benevolent hands had planted twenty years ago.

The distance to Siasconset is seven miles and a half over this desolate rolling waste, covered with whortleberry and bayberry bushes, interspersed with scrub oaks scarce two feet in height, presenting with their gnarled and twisted trunks trailing along the ground the hard struggle for life in their battle with the blasts of many winters. Here and there were patches of solidago (the golden rod) about six inches high, in full bloom, mingled with aster and a purple flower resembling our gerardia. As we drew near to Siasconset we halted by the wayside to examine the manufacture of peat which is extensively used by the inhabitants and makes a bright brisk fire resembling coke. It is dug from a marsh near the road, and carted across to an open field, where it is spread out upon the grass about four inches deep in plots about thirty feet in length; the top is moistened and smoothed over with shovels, then cut into squares or blocks six inches in length, and left in the sun to dry. The process is now complete, and in a few days ready for sale, and is disposed of at two dollars per load.

We entered the town through the main street, which consisted of low cottages generally one story, many of which are fishermen's dwellings, which have been fitted up and partially modernized to suit the taste of summer visitors, and to whom they are rented for the bathing season at a very low rate.

We stopped at the Ocean View house, recently erected on Sunset Heights, which commands a fine view of the ocean. It was the bathing hour, and we descended to the beach to mingle with the crowd who were witnessing the scene. A large cask was anchored out beyond the surf to which was attached a strong rope, passing over a high pole on the beach and fastened by a peg driven securely into the ground. To this the bathers cling as the heavy surf rolled in and covered them. To me it appeared to be a very unsafe place to bathe, especially for children, although they said the surf was unusually high this morning. The undertow appeared to be very strong.

After dinner we rode through the town, which had the appearance of a deserted village. But few were to be seen upon the streets, as this was the time for their siesta. After five (their supper hour) the streets are thronging with the busy crowd who all turn out to promenade and enjoy the cooling evening breeze. After the visiting season is over, the inhabitants of Siasconset are busily engaged in catching and drying codfish from which they generally reap a bountiful harvest. And it is said that the fish from this point are as fine, if not the finest, that are prepared along the coast.

From Siasconset we rode about two miles to Sankoty-head lighthouse. It is built upon a cliff one hundred feet in height; the lighthouse is seventy-five feet in height. The polite keeper, Mr. Folger, piloted us to the top, (which is gained by an iron spiral stairway,) and explained to us the mechanism of the revolving light. It flashes ten seconds in a minute, showing a bright light for fifty seconds, the time taken for a revolution. The clock work is perfect. The flash has been seen forty miles at sea; and the steady light is distinctly visible for seventeen miles. Mr. Folger informed me that he has sometimes seventy visitors per day, and has ascended sometimes as often as forty times to gratify their curiosity, and as no compensation is allowed from visitors it seemed to me to be a rather treadmill past-time. He has a large collection of stereoscopic views of the lighthouse and scenes around Nantucket; but few visitors leave without making a purchase, which in a measure compensates him for his toil.

The thermometer stood at 88° when we started from Nantucket, and yet the breeze was so invigorating from the ocean that we did not suffer from the heat. Before we reached home the sky became overcast, and although the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled over our heads, not a drop of rain fell,—but the thermometer did, and when we reached our quarters it stood at 65°, and we were glad to draw up to the social hearth and enjoy a blazing wood fire.

B. J. L.

Sept. 20, 1873

Philip Morris—'Sconset's Postmaster-General.

The following article on Philip Morris, the village postmaster, appeared in this week's issue of the "Moby Dick News". It is so readable and interesting that we are taking the privilege of re-printing it herewith. "Clem" Reynolds, who issues the Moby Dick News, certainly has the right swing and we hang all the laurels around his neck.

Since 1928, when Anna E. C. Barrett decided to devote all her energy to real estate activities, Phil Morris has crouched behind the desk in the Post Office listening to the woes of the world. Miss Barrett had held this important post since 1897, when the post office was located on the bridge over the Gully Road.

The early and waking days of Phil's life were taken up with the manufacture and delivery of his mother's island-famous home-made cream. Mrs. Etta Morris' ice cream parlor was near the Casino and she was the pride and joy of the village. Many of the present summer residents remember her most pleasantly.

Phil's activities have been multiple and varied, not all of them associated with home industry. He admits to having been born in 'Sconset during the year 1898. After his tour of duty in the classrooms here he went on to finish his education at the Nantucket High School, where his romance with Nellie Norcross flowered. We suspect the beginning was when Phil dipped her braids in an inkwell. Both Nellie and Phil were part of eleven of fifty-two who survived the rugged educational program outlined by the town fathers of that period. In 1924 Phil was accepted by Nellie who has put up with his eccentricities at least until publication time of this gossip rag.

Our postmaster, along with Warren Rogers, answered the call of the sea when both became radio operators. He made several trips on the Mallory Lines as Chief Operator, before deciding to return to 'Sconset, getting the benefits of an ocean voyage without seeing any part of the world. From 1921 to 1924 the time was spent doing odd jobs around town and lending a helping hand up at Sankaty Golf. Here he managed to finally score a 76—so that should give one some idea of his odd-job activity!

Just how long ago Philip acquired his brown cap we cannot report, but it might have been during the time he set up a pool table in his basement on King street. If a pool shark proves a misspent youth—he's had it, as he is without peer on this island under the green shade.

The post office has grown in activity considerably since Phil's term of office, both as to business and inside detail work, which has forced him to acquire a harem headed by Nellie Morris with added assistance from time to time in the persons of Lila Folger and Marion Folger. Two hundred boxes have grown to about 350. The newer ones Phil hand-picked when the new Post office in town was built.

The inauguration of Sunday service was Phil's generous contribution and suggestion to Washington. Now people complain when they think the window is not open long enough to change the air of a stuffy Sunday afternoon. Although the post office is a third class office, it is a First Class one in our book.

When you come to think of it, the little postal department incorporates a variety of activity, as it serves as a playroom and kindergarten, information bureau, bus station, employment agency, bank, lost and found department and, incidentally, a place where you get mail and buy stamps.

We find, after Phil's interview, that mail addressed just Siasconset, Mass., saves a day—if Nantucket is not included on the envelope. Also, some 25 bags of mail arrive daily which everyone expects the staff to sort in five minutes. Answering the telephone, which rings frequently, requires Phil to get a three-day pass from Nellie—as it calls for quite a trip from his desk and is a wet job during a Nor-easter. Please do not call during mail hours, in other words.

The herring runs at Madaket, during the spring, occupy many of Phil's evening hours as he supplies gallons of the roe to everyone who can eat as much as he gets of it. The Red Sox have prior claim to his attention the minute the season starts.

In looking back over the year, Phil notices that the young crowd are fast taking over the duties in the village and are outnumbering the old standbys. One great change is the amount of time and effort—to say nothing of money—that has gone into the improvement, landscaping and care of all homes in 'Sconset.

'Sconset Post Office Building Purchased by Philip Morris.

After a twenty-one year trial period—perhaps to see if the position was permanent—Philip "Stamps" Morris decided to acquire the well-known 'Sconset landmark, the post office building. On May 16, 1923, Phil began his tour of duty as postmaster and on Nov. 7, 1949, he took over the business, so to speak.

As keeper and, oddly enough, owner of the 317 post office boxes, Phil has announced several changes in the physical layout, mostly having to do with the efficiency of his department rather than with the comfort of the customers. The latter will come later. During the winter months the present set-up is ample and drafty, but the summer requires space for the myriad of sundries sent for and by the visitors.

Patrons will be happy to know that the prices of boxes as well as stamps will be unchanged by the new owner. If anyone has any old boxes of the mail variety hanging around the house Phil would like to have them as he cannot meet the present demand. He has a difficult time keeping abreast of the 75 keys lost during a season, while at the same time figuring the batting average of the Red Sox, inning by inning.

The new owner of the building is already beset with the usual problems of what color to paint it and how soon; the weak sill—who will fix it and when—; the leaky plumbing, the puttyless windows and all the other things that bothered Clinton H. Murray before the 7th of November, 1949.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Sankoty, Tom Never's and 'Sconset.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have had the curiosity this week to ascertain, by barometrical observations, the altitude above the sea level of 'Sconset Bank, and of Sankoty and Tom Never's Heads. The traditional height of Sankoty was for years 85 feet; then some one asserted that it was 98 feet; subsequently some one else declared it to be 101 feet. Of course the matter will never be settled till some person takes interest enough in the question to ascertain the height of the bluff with level and staves; and in using them to do so accurately and leave no room for guess-work. I give below the barometrical observations and the results, for such as may be curious in the matter; premising that I have long been satisfied that Sankoty is a higher bluff than it has ever had credit for. I cannot, of course, vouch for the entire accuracy of the results given below, but I fancy they are not very far from correct:

'Sconset Bank.	
Barometer at Lower Station,	29—34.25
" " Upper "	29—33
Thermometer,	82°
This gives for the height of 'Sconset Bank above the level of the sea, 32.97 feet.	
TOM NEVER'S HEAD.	
Height above level of sea,	67.6 feet.
SANKOTY HEAD.	
Barometer at Lower Station,	29—36.5
" " Upper "	29—32
Thermometer,	89°
This gives for the height of Sankoty Head above the level of the sea, 111.6 feet.	

In confirmation of this last measurement let me say, that not long since, the altitude of the bluff, not above the sea, but above the beach sand at its foot, was found by a U. S. officer to be 100 feet and 6 inches.

For the highest of Trott's Hills the observations were as follows, viz.:

Barometer at Lower Station,	35.5
Thermometer at Lower Station,	82°
Barometer at Upper Station,	31.5
Thermometer at Upper Station,	79°

This would indicate for the height of the hill, 96.3 feet. The hill on which stands the water tank is 63 feet high, by actual measurement with transit and levelling staves. This latter is of course the only measurement that can be strictly depended upon.

F. C. E.

NOVEMBER 19, 1949.



PHILIP MORRIS, 'Sconset's POSTMASTER, MEETS JERRY GIARDINO, DIVISION MANAGER, AND JOHNNY, FAMOUS CALL BOY, PHILLIP MORRIS CIGARETTE CO.

Learning that there was a Philip Morris living on Nantucket, Mr. Giardino was requested to make his acquaintance by A. E. Lyons, Executive Chairman of the Board of the Philip Morris Company.

June 24, 1950

85

and set them up complete, or added them to others already built on this more favored spot. Some buildings were brought from the Town; and one, at least, was hauled from Madaket, twelve miles distant to the westward, by the same method of slow but sure transit. Today 'Sachacha has only three or four of its old dwellings remaining.

But the 'Sconset houses did not always rest easy in their places. Sometimes they seemed to have caught the infection of travel that came to the islanders when they learned that hunting whales could be followed with profit. Close observation of the careers of the dwellings on Nantucket Island has convinced that, somewhere, concealed under the roof tree, is an animating spirit of the domicile. Every well-regulated house seems never satisfied unless it has occupied at least two places during its existence. Now and then one has felt the ecstasy of being twice taken to pieces and put together on other grounds. Such always present a bright, hopeful and self-satisfied appearance. Those which have never been disturbed, look as dejected sinners would skirmishing around the tent of salvation, hoping, without a ticket, to "hook" under the canvas and see the show. The brick houses in Nantucket town have no such prospect. Their sombre appearance is perennial. One can solemnly believe that it is because they know they can never move as a whole, and that when their careers as houses cease, their disintegrated walls will be taken to 'Sconset to be put into piers, and chimneys, and cisterns and cellars, and they be houses nevermore.

There was another important factor to which some of the little 'Sconset houses owe their being. Within the quiet and imperturbable nature of the 'Sconset fisherman were the smouldering embers of a passion for building. At times they awakened into a conservative activity. For such an epoch he had, in a lazy way, been for years preparing. If a lumber-laden vessel was wrecked on the rips, or driven on the shore, such of its cargo as he could land, and often the stanchions, knees, spars, hatches and deck planks, when the craft had gone to pieces, were hauled away at his leisure and laid aside. In the fulness of time, the structure, the outlines of which had long abided in the brain of the owner, materialized in a fishhouse, a stable, or perhaps a dwelling, in whole or in part. The heavy timbers, some with massive bolts protruding from their sides, found use as fence posts. Many may be seen today in and near the village.

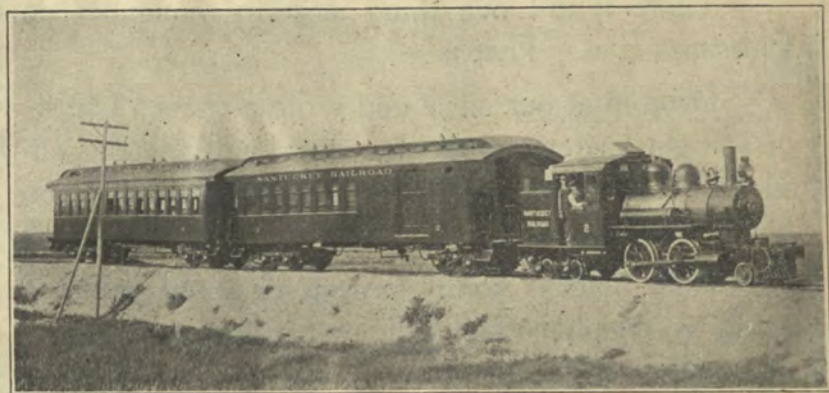
Why the 'Sconset man built, was even to the angels a mystery. The chances were largely against the structure ever being used. He knew it. But in the cycle of ages a use is found for everything. Nothing is ever made in vain. His house cost him little, except his labor. He put that in when convenient. The Nantucket man never does anything at any other time. His act was not aimless though his ideas were not well defined. It turned out that he was building for posterity. Had he known it, he would never have laid the first sill. What had posterity ever done for him? He was unwittingly generous, and he "bullded better than he knew."

Siasconset, the ideal fishing hamlet, was at last completed. Made of odds and ends of material, it was a patchwork village. Some of the timbers and boards were out of all proportion to the dimensions of the structures. Roofs, and sides and floors were covered with boards of oak, pine, cedar, spruce, hemlock, white-wood—anything that was nearest at hand and cost the least money. In the portals were second-hand doors, some battened, some panelled. Light was admitted through windows of odd sizes and patterns that had come from dismantled dwellings, shops, stores, and out-houses. When available, there were worked in pieces of wreckage contributed to the builders by fierce gales, or by encircling fogs or blinding snows and sleets, more dangerous in daylight to the mariner and his trust than the darkness of night with the heavens unclouded. With a general sameness of style, the houses varied in the situations and proportions of their apartments. To some extent these peculiarities may be traced to the strong individuality of a people born and reared on an island in mid-ocean, and whose lives had been passed in intimate association with the sea, far from the dictation of conventional tastes. But the most potent influences were the paucity of material at the disposal of their builders, by reason of their isolation from the world; their poverty of means; and withal the slow evolution of the structural growth from rudimentary habitations begun on restricted space, they never thinking that other enlargements would follow. When, in time, they came, their projectors gave little thought to the forms of possible further additions, in which the ingenuity of their successors would find concrete expressions.

But successive generations of these untutored builders had unconsciously unfolded a new, and quaint, and even rational architecture for seaside homes, available for families of moderate means, and sought for even by those of wealth, in which to enjoy seasons of rest with the greatest comfort and the smallest care.



THE 'SCONSET PUMP IN THE HEIGHT OF ITS CAREER—A TYPICAL 'SCONSET SCENE WITH THE BOX WAGON AND THE FISH CART BOTH IN EVIDENCE.



The Comfortable Little Narrow Gauge.

'Sconset Milestones.

The famous 'Sconset milestones were set out somewhere about the year 1824 by the late Peter F. Ewer. They have been moved at least twice since then; once over to the middle 'Sconset road, which runs by Hensdale, and finally to the last road that was laid out. They are all at present accurately located except the Seventh and Seven-and-a-half stone. The latter should be placed farther east and somewhere near the edge of the 'Sconset bank. There is a tradition in the Ewer family that the descendants of Peter F. Ewer, even to the fourteenth generation down, shall keep those mile-stones painted white.

ories of many
on Nantucket,
of its present
in the fortun-
Island has retained
or by not giving way
n, the crushing hous-
the littered marinas,
d, spoiled beaches so
any other resort areas
tic coast.

Harrison H. Smith

56

88



The South Bluff, Siasconset, from Tom Nevers Head. Commonly called "Low Beach."



A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF 'SCONSET.



PHILIP MORRIS, 'SCONSET'S P
MANAGER, AND JOHNNY, FAM

Robert Hilliard's "Van" Is Dead.

Learning that there was a
was requested to make his ad
man of the Board of the Phil

Just how long ago Philip acquired his brown cap we cannot report, but it might have been during the time he set up a pool table in his basement on King street. If a pool shark proves a misspent youth—he's had it, as he is without peer on this island under the green shade.

The post office has grown in activity considerably since Phil's term of office, both as to business and inside detail work, which has forced him to acquire a harem headed by Nellie Morris with added assistance from time to time in the persons of Lila Folger and Marion Folger. Two hundred boxes have grown to about 350. The newer ones Phil hand-picked when the new Post office in town was built.

Jun

87

Harrison Smith Reminisces About Old 'Sconset

The following interesting communication was recently received from Mr. Harrison Smith, summer resident of 'Sconset, and President of the Wilkes-Barre Publishing Company, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

While recently reading the notice of Lou de Barros' plan to retire as director of the 'Sconset Casino after 37 years, my memory flashed back to those golden memories of childhood in the early 1920's when the then summer 'Sconset gang of kids used to make Lou's life a busy one, if not a bit distressful at times.

About the time Lou took over his duties, Mr. Lake used to show the "silents" from a little loft up in the old Casino building and many were the times when some members of our gang (it was usually Nat Benchley, Pete Newcomb, one of the Hill boys and myself) were hauled out bodily before a fierce Mr. de Barros, accused of sneaking through a hole in the tennis court fence without paying our dime.

After the shows, of course, we would beat it over to Phil Morris' Parlor across the street for some of his delicious, home-made ice cream. Phil used to have a heavy green drape hung over the door to keep the heat out and it was a mad rush to see who got through it first.

Phil's ice cream was the best treat for a kid's palate in 'Sconset in those days, with Thomas' clams, which he used to open in his little shed half-way up the bluff opposite the main beach, a close second, and the ginger snaps from the barrel in the old Hold-gates' (or was it Hogates?) Grocery Store in 'Sconset as third choice.

We kids were always getting into trouble. Once, when we thought it would be a good idea to see how many of the rotted boards of the old 'Sconset pump could be detached and thrown down the well, old Mrs. Waite suddenly appeared, brandishing her parasol and threatening us with a jail sentence if we didn't put it all back just as we found it, even to the last old nail. And many were the times that Mrs. Underhill rounded up a posse of older boys, headed by Sonny O'Berge, to chase us off the roofs of the Underhill cottages, another favorite, if not dangerous, playground for the small fry.

It was in the days of "Flagpole Sitter" Kelly, so we kids were always climbing up something. The novelty of ascending the rickety ladder on the old 'Sconset water tower had worn out on one season, so another equally difficult stunt was attempted — the mindwill at the Folger place. Young Oscar and I had barely shinnied up half-way when Mr. Dunham, the milkman, came along and turned out the whole neighborhood with his shouts of warning. It scared both of us so much we almost slipped off the iron supports.

I've learned since that these antics weren't really quite as bad as some of the goings-on of the boys of the previous generation of 'Sconset summer folk — after Jack Grout mentioned the other day how he and his gang used to grease the rails with lard, hide in the bushes, and then watch the oncoming 'Sconset train get stuck with a full load of passengers while the engineer "blew his stack."

None of our contemporary gang was quite old enough to remember the hey-day of the railroad or the traditional chant at each way-station:

"Paddygowack, gowack, gowack, Nantucket, Wauwinet, Quidnet, Sankaty Light, 'Sconset."

And we were still a little young to recall the last running years of the steamer "Gay Head," or Jimmie Coffin's famous beach picnics, when he used to drag everything out on a

horse-drawn barge, or the salt-water swimming pool which Eddie Coffin had for the kiddies at the Main Beach at 'Sconset, which later became the foundation for the Phil Williams' cottage.

But most of us do recall the old Fall River Line out of New York, when such ships as the palatial side-wheelers, "City of Lowell" and "City of Providence" used to connect with the Nantucket steamer at New Bedford after an overnight run. Side-wheelers were also in use then for the Vineyard and Nantucket runs. The old "Unkatina," I remember, had paddles turned by steam-driven rods which ended in a huge steel triangle above deck, which went back and forth like a metronome.

In those days I often got the job of wrapping scores of old New York and Boston newspapers into tight little bundles and when we'd approach "Cross Rip," everybody would rush to the rail and heave them to the Lightship crew, who would get out big dip nets for the ones which missed the deck.

No 'Sconset kid who ever knew the affable, genial Eddie Coffin will ever forget the rides he used to give us on his buckboard or his big surrey with the fringe on top, which he used to hire out for larger groups. How he used to handle those horses over the rutted roads to Altar Rock, or the Quidnet shortcut to Wauwinet, or over the Low Beach Road through the marshy ponds to Tom Never's, where we'd go with the family occasionally for a lobster dinner. Out on the moors, none of us ever had reason to doubt Eddie's statement that he always fed his horses strictly on Boston Baked Beans.

I remember Eddie's favorite trick of driving us all out to Sankaty Light-house on a really clear morning. Eddie would tether the horses, climb slowly to the top and then holler to us while we were making as much racket as possible on the circular iron staircase. We'd all go to the top to see what Eddie wanted and he'd say, "Now if you'll all look sharp, you'll see that big, brown cow standing in that pasture over on the Cape." We'd look and look, but couldn't see a thing but ocean and we'd all agree that Eddie must have the finest long-distance vision of anyone on the Island, or anywhere for that matter. (Any-way, he stopped our racket on the stairs before the lighthouse keeper threw us out.)

A trip to the "Hidden Forest" was always a great thrill. Mr. Pease would leave a gang of us off his old gray, high-backed 'Sconset bus — it was always a mystery how he could pass a car or horse without going off the Polpis Road, which was narrower then — and a kindly gentleman used

to guide us along the trail among the tall trees standing in the shallow valley and then top off our nature walk with glasses of ice-cold cranberry juice back at his farmhouse.

There was always great excitement when the hurdy-gurdy came to 'Sconset, when all the kids would scrape together their pennies and nickels to put in the monkey's cap as the man turned the crank to the vibrant strains of "O Sole Mio."

When things got dull, there were always the "spooky" places to visit for our noisy gang, like Chadwick's Folly or the old "haunted house" beyond Sankaty Light, which the Turner family once occupied, and especially the deserted hotel at Tom Nevers Head, with its creaky stairs up to the lookout tower. And who doesn't remember the time — it happened on the night of the Commodore's Ball at the Nantucket Yacht Club — that the whole place went up in an inferno so great it could be seen as far away as Provincetown!

The fun of coming to 'Sconset in

the World War I era was that each summer the family would take a different cottage. I guess the first one was the "Moorings," then there was "Eagle Cottage," and the "Bee hive" next to the garage where the mechanic, "Sparky," used to teach me how to crank up a Model T without breaking an arm; then three or four successive summers at the different Underhill Cottages; several seasons at Howe's Tavern; the George Eichelberger's Cottage on the Main Beach, now "Easternmost," followed by a couple of years at "Hearts' Ease," before the family bought Mary Wat-trick's cottage on Sankaty Road.

Howe's Tavern was about as colorful a place to stay as anywhere in 'Sconset. In the '20's it flourished as a summer meeting place for many then current stars of stage and screen and when we were not jumping all over the old stagecoach, which used to mark the Tavern entrance, we would occasionally earn a quarter by caddying at the old 'Sconset course for such personalities as Dudley Digges, Reginald Owen, or Felix Salmond, or try to persuade another famous guest, Thurston, the Magician, to reveal to us some of his tricks, which was unsuccessful because his main interest in those days seemed to be in fox-trotting with all the girls at the Casino dances.

I am sure that anyone, old or young, who has memories of many happy summers spent on Nantucket, will agree that much of its present charm and appeal lies in the fortunate fact that the Island has retained its original flavor by not giving way to the mad rush, the crushing housing expansion, the littered marinas, and the crowded, spoiled beaches so typical of so many other resort areas along the Atlantic coast.

Harrison H. Smith

1959

88

Dr. Paul Dudley White Leads Bicycle Tour

A special feature of the meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences was a bicycle tour Monday afternoon led by Dr. Paul Dudley White of Belmont and State Representative and Mrs. Robert F. Mooney.

The 46 participants of the bicycle tour assembled at the corner of Main and Orange Streets and at a signal from Dr. White the tour was under-way.

The group cycled along Orange Street to the State bicycle path on the Siasconset Road and traveled the length of the completed section of the path, then turned around to head back toward town.

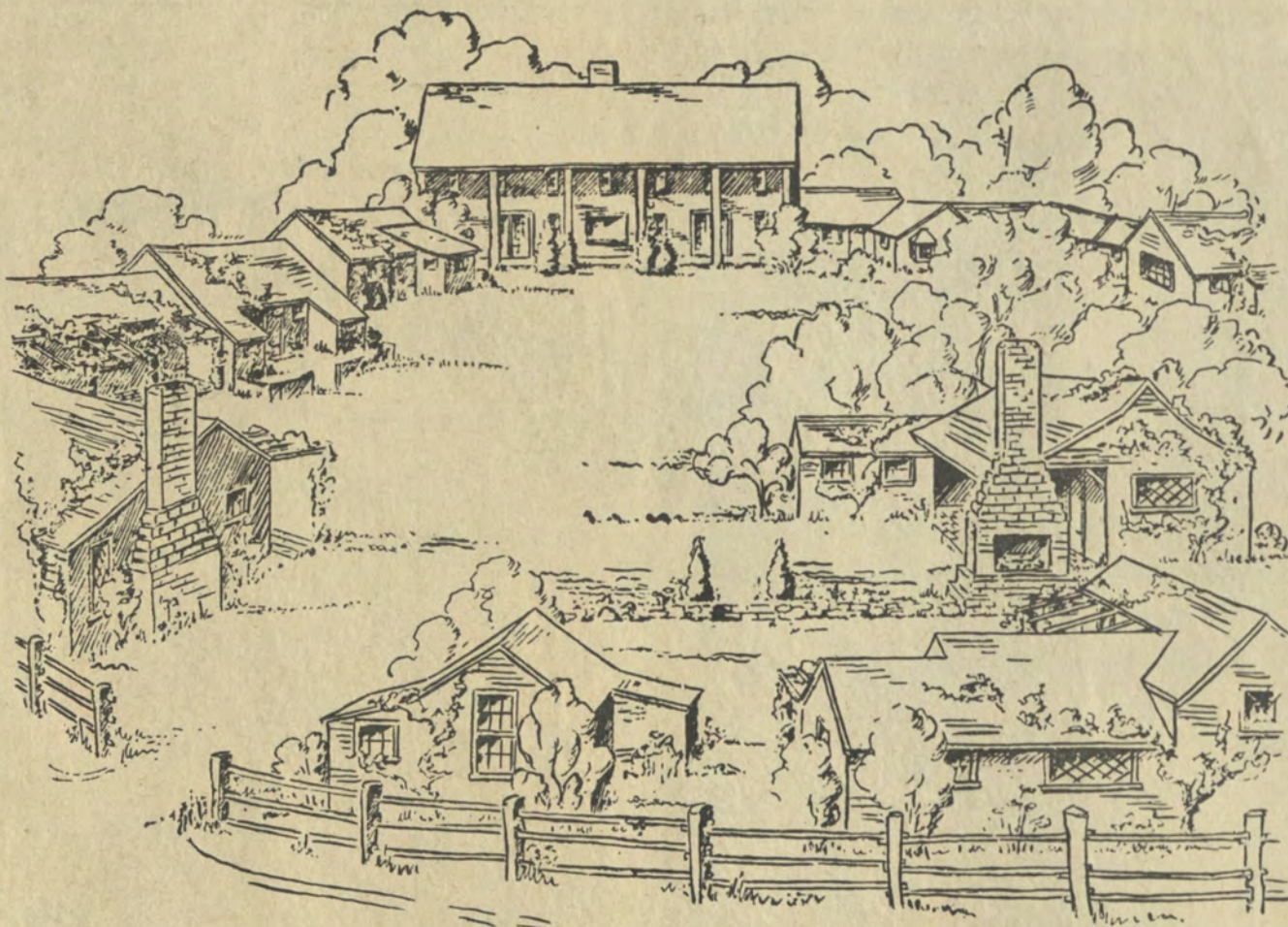
Dr. White then led the group through Sparks Avenue and Vesper Lane to Hummock Pond Road and Cisco where they had a chance to view

the surf. After a brief rest the bicycle enthusiasts rode back over Hummock Pond Road to town and went directly to the Maria Mitchell Observatory where tea was being served the visiting scientists.

Dr. Fred L. Whipple, director of the Smithsonian Astro-physical Observatory, was one of the learned scientists who followed Dr. White over the entire bicycle route.



Sept. 18, 1957



The Inn

Nov. 7, 1958

THE EVOLUTION OF SIASCONSET.

A History of the Place, from Its Inception to the Present Day.
From Original Notes by E. F. Underhill, Revised and
Enlarged Upon by R. B. Hussey.

Copyright, 1912, by R. B. Hussey.

EARLY LIFE AT 'SCONSET.

When a social life at 'Sconset became an assured fact, more homelike and further conveniences were a necessity. Rain water was found insufficient for the needs of families. So, in 1776, when the representatives of the rebellious colonies assembled in Philadelphia were only able to DECLARE their independence of King George III, the 'Sconset fishermen, in a substantial form, achieved their independence of casks placed under the eaves to catch the rainfall from the roofs. They passed around the hat, and from the collection taken they were able to sink a well more than six fathoms deep, and its pump not only lifted the water from the earth and slaked the thirsts of four generations, but honored a daily newspaper printed on Nantucket Island by giving it a name. In 1887, "THE 'SCONSET PUMP," the organ of local news and society gossip, was projected by Gustav Kobbé, the magazine writer, and published by him and Roland B. Hussey, of the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror, and was carried through to the end of the season. Cisterns, in later days, were found to be a convenience, especially on wash-day—the blue Monday of the housewife. Small cellars, in time, were dug, in which to store supplies.

Though the interiors of the little fishermen's cottages remained with scarce any change of form since the early part of the century, within them improvements were made as their owners waxed prosperous and convenience demanded. A wooden sink was put up in the kitchen, to be followed later by iron and soap-stone ones. More shelves were placed where needed. One by one board chimneys disappeared, and in 1820 the last one was taken down. They were replaced by those of brick, which today attract the attention of observing visitors because of their ludicrous disproportion to the dwellings they surmount. Some are nearly three feet square above an apartment perhaps not more than twelve by fourteen feet.

A startling innovation was made by a well-to-do fisherman that aroused the jealous criticism of all his neighbors. He actually caused the interior of his dwelling to be plastered! For years thereafter he was the subject of animadversion, which did not cease until the last family was able to indulge in the same extravagance. And such plastering! Laths or lath lumber were not easily obtained on the island. But 'Sconset ingenuity was equal to the emergency. Bark was peeled from cedar logs, spread flat, split in strips in portions of its length, placed on the studs and furrings, stretched apart and nailed fast. The mortar was pressed by the plasterer's trowel into the interstices, and when hardened it was firmly held in place. If space were available on the side of the jamb of the fireplace, a closet was made. Others, some not larger than a cabin locker, were placed elsewhere. The rungs of a ladder in place of cleats were fastened against the perpendicular partition, and sometimes a set of rudely-built steps, as steep as those in the companion-way of a small coaster, were used to climb into the attic. On the walls hung an age-stained engraving or two, or a crudely executed water-color picture, and a sampler. On the latter were worked in worsted the letters of the alphabet, a pious maxim, and perhaps the effigy of an impossible sheep or the ark of Noah, broadside to. Curtains of white muslin were suspended on pieces of cod line by the windows. On the high mantelpiece lay the family Bible. In its reading the women found pious consolation.

So, during the fishing seasons, home life was a reality at 'Sconset. At night the family gathered around the hearthstone and watched the sparks as they were drawn past the crane and pot-hooks up the chimney from burning wood, resting on heavy andirons, or from peat blazing on an improvised grate, and the bright glow sufficed for the enjoyment of the social intercourse of the household; and even when neighbors lifted the latch and took their place in the circle for a quiet chat. It was only when they desired to read that a candle or a whale-oil lamp was lighted. The ashes from the wood fires were a valuable factor in the household economy, and were carefully treasured. Babbitt, and Higgins, and Colgate, and Pear were unthought of soap-making possibilities within the womb of time. Commodities brought from the "Continent" cost money, and a great deal of money for a 'Sconset fisherman to pay. Nothing was purchased if something responding to the want could be made at home; and this spirit holds good today. Toilet soap was unknown. A piece cut from a bar of common yellow soap was put in the wooden lather box for use on Sunday morning, when, armed with a razor of uncertain quality but generally a certain dullness, the fisherman with reckless movements shaved off a week's growth of beard, and gashed his face in half a dozen places, even after he had sought to sharpen its edge on the leather cover of the Bible.

Hard soap, at all times, was sparingly used. The home-made article answered nearly every purpose. The ashes that had been saved were put into a leach set up out-of-doors, and water was poured over. It percolated the mass, absorbed the potash, and slowly dripped from the bottom into a tub. The refuse grease from the kitchen, that had for months been accumulating, was tried out. Then an event important, as well in its social as in its economical aspects, took place. A friendly neighbor was called in to aid the thrifty housewife. They lifted their gowns from over their heavy woolen or quilted petticoats, pinned them around their waists, and put on heavy aprons. Thus attired, they filled a kettle out-of-doors with the lye and grease, and a day was consecrated to boiling soap. With sticks they vigorously stirred up the thickening mass. They watched the boiling bubbles and in the loving confidence of womanly converse, discussed in subdued tones the private affairs of their neighbors until each had learned all that the other knew, and their united skill had filled a barrel with skin-scouriating, pore-penetrating, soil-searching and scurf-scattering soft soap that was to maintain cleanliness in the household for the coming year.

In time, the affairs of the fishermen at Siasconset improved under another influence. The whale fishery from the island had increased in extent, until nearly two hundred sail of vessels were going from Nantucket



A group on 'Sconset beach in 1872, showing several of the old 'Sconset fishermen and the type of dory used at that time. From left to right in the group are Cromwell Morselander, Alexander Paddock, Joseph Sheffield, Albert S. Clark (with oar), Valentine Aldrich, Horace Hewitt, Valentine Holmes (with oar), Philip L. Holmes (sitting on beach), Amelia Morris and Josephine Holmes in the dory, and George Wilber (with bucket on arm). Of the persons in this picture, Albert S. Clark, Philip L. Holmes and Amelia Morris (Mrs. William C. Ray) are the only ones still living.

Note.—The first man on Nantucket to change from fish-boat to dory was Asa P. Jones, who brought the first dory to the island and fished in it off 'Sconset. His mates declared the dory "too ticklish" a craft to use with safety, and it was two years before any of them ventured to use one, when Asa had clearly proved the sea-worthiness of the type.

to distant seas and returning after absences of two, three and sometimes four years, laden with oily wealth. Officers and sailors alike visited 'Sconset for pleasure trips, or for protracted stays. At least two taverns were maintained with entertainment for man (New England rum could be had at three cents a drink) and fodder for beast. Prohibition had not been set up as a barrier between man and his appetite. Yet, at times licenses were refused. Then as now, devices were resorted to to avoid penalties. Aunt Betsy Cary was equal to the occasion in the winter. When rum was called for in her quiet little hostelry at 'Sconset, she could only sell them ice. Ice was ordered. When melted, it had a pronounced flavor of rum. Probably rum had been stealthily added. With molasses added, patrons were satisfied. A bowling alley and a billiard table were found to be paying investments. Young men from the Town, sailors and others, stowed themselves and their sweethearts into "spring" or "tip"-carts and rode out at night for a social time, returning home, sometimes in the small hours of the morning. Between the results of the spring and fall fishing, and the patronage from the Town, old 'Sconset was near its zenith.

In those days the road from Nantucket to 'Sconset followed whatever line was the easiest for travel. It was not until many years after the place had reached its full proportions as a fishing village, that Main street was projected and opened. On either side of it, prosperous islanders began building residences for temporary occupancy, and 'Sconset became to Nantucket what Newport is to New York, and Atlantic City to Philadelphia. Following the traditions of house-building in the place, most of the structures were put up in sections, and in time assumed comparatively pretentious proportions.

The ever-restless waves have a peculiar fascination for those who have never seen waters larger than navigable streams or small lakes. But the Nantucket family was born within sight of the sea, and many of its members had been tossed upon its bosom. The surf beating on the shore had no charms for them. They preferred a situation where they could see vehicles, from the chaise of the whaling merchant to the tip-cart of the less fortunate, as they passed from and to the Town. So, building went on, until about 1845 'Sconset had then reached the fulness of its growth, with some sixty odd houses, of which near fifty were the little fishermen's cottages in their final forms, and were the nucleus of what has now reached about two hundred and fifty residences, including three hotels. Besides these, the stables, workshops, bathing pavilion, and the big Casino—occupying nearly an entire block in the centre of the village, and sharing with the golf club the social features of summer time—make a total of over three hundred buildings. Within five minutes' walk the stately cottage and fisherman's cot may be seen in contrast.

But from other parts of the island buildings have disappeared by the hundred. When the whale fishery ceased to be profitable, the prosperity of Nantucket received a blow from which it did not begin to recover for more than a generation. The islanders had put their trust in ships' bottoms. The bottoms fell out. To remain, was for thousands to tempt starvation. The population diminished from over nine thousand in 1840 to less than three thousand in 1879. Houses were deserted. Some went into decay and ruin. Others in time were taken down and their parts transported to the mainland. The angel of destruction had unfolded his wings and nearly

all the carpenters left the island. The few that remained in the hope that the tide of adversity might still be stayed, found their only vocation in dismantling the structures their predecessors had built. The most active builder was for three years thus employed. When that was lost to him, for seven years he came to 'Sconset to earn a precarious subsistence by fishing. In 1858, Asa P. Jones, the one carpenter left at 'Sconset, sold his tools to one of his craftsmen, George Rogers, who carried them to Providence, where for a quarter of a century he followed his trade, came back to the island with most of Jones' tools still in his possession, and made his home in 'Sconset. Jones had not missed them.

For twenty-five years he did not earn a dollar at his trade. He farmed and fished, and fished and farmed; he sheared his sheep, and set his hens, and sold his wool, and his chickens and eggs, and tried to believe that there was still a world cavorting through universal space and that he was living on it. One day, in 1875, he was shocked as if by a thunderclap. William J. Flagg, of New York, told him that he wanted to have a house built in 'Sconset, and a 'Sconset house at that. When Jones recovered from the astonishment, he put his hand to his starboard ear, and asked Mr. Flagg to say it again. It was repeated, and the word 'Sconset, in both cases, was pronounced with an extra big capital S. The house was built, and was occupied by its owner and his family for several years. It was the first house to illustrate the renaissance of 'Sconset architecture. Asa's constructive skill came into demand. More 'Sconset houses were built by him and his successors. Each year the number has increased, and they will exist when the last of the old fishermen's cottages shall have been so altered as to leave no vestige of old 'Sconset to remind one of its existence.

(To be continued in our next issue.)

DECEMBER 21, 1912



Hon. William A. Morse being "posted" on the development of 'Sconset by the veteran 'Sconseter, William Brown Gardner.

THE EVOLUTION OF SIASCONSET.

A History of the Place, from Its Inception to the Present Day.
From Original Notes by E. F. Underhill, Revised and
Enlarged Upon by R. B. Hussey.

Copyright, 1912, by R. B. Hussey.

These facts in reference to the origin and growth of Siasconset have been obtained largely from people born on the island, who knew the history of some houses begun early in this century and obtained their information of others from parents, grand-parents, and others, whose recollections date back to the early part of the eighteenth century. Their statements find unexpected confirmation from a source wholly independent of human memory, which sometimes is not trustworthy in respect to the relation of years to events. An ancient picture, printed from a rudely engraved copper-plate, purports to be "A View of Siasconset, a Fishing Village on Nantucket." It was obtained from Mrs. Elizabeth A. Coffin and is an heir-loom from her uncle, Roland Coleman; and his statement was that it represented 'Sconset as it appeared in 1791. The view is to the eastward from the hill, which now marks the western limit of the village. In the distance is the ocean, with nearly a dozen boats containing from two to a half a dozen men, and one with sails set. On the beach are groups, evidently intended to represent fishermen about to assist in landing a boat. On the bluff are thirty of the fishermen's cottages, the larger number with the characteristic "warts" of the 'Sconset cottage, and others not so far advanced toward their final forms. Not a structure bearing the semblance of a pretentious style of dwelling is to be seen. On different parts of the picture is the inevitable one-horse Nantucket tip-cart, with two examples of the chaise then in vogue among the well-to-do; and there is even what must have been an aristocratic conveyance in those days, a four-wheeled vehicle, with a covered top, swelling out in wide proportions. In a tip-cart in the foreground are two men standing at the "forebuck," with a woman wearing a Quaker bonnet and gown seated in a chair behind. Two equestrians are prominent figures. One is in Quaker garb, and the other is dressed in a cocked hat and a bag wig, and was identified by old people, long since gone to their rest, as a Dr. Tupper. Most of the pedestrians are shown with the Quaker attire current in that day.

With all these facts it may be assumed that the date of the picture as stated, is approximately if not actually correct, and if so, a score and a half was the limit of the dwellings at 'Sconset a century ago, and they



What is now known as Postoffice Square, Siasconset, as it appeared in 1860, looking west, showing "Uncle Reub" Ramsdell's old hut on the left, and the Samuel B. Swain lot (now the Casino tennis courts) on the right.

were all fishermen's houses. The accessions came later. During the War of 1812, by reason of the presence of British cruisers on the coast, it was difficult to obtain supplies from the mainland, and some of the heads of families were driven to the necessity of coming to 'Sconset to catch fish for subsistence, and at that time it is a historic fact that some of the existing old cottages were then built and that then, and later, others were brought from Sesachacha and elsewhere. Then the number had been increased to about fifty when 'Sconset as a fishing village had attained its apogee of growth. A review of the houses of the "old village," who built them, and when, with other interesting data bearing upon the evolution of the village, follows:

Murderous Assault

At Siasconset!

A Young Girl Abducted from Home in the Evening, Carried to Tom Nevers' Head, Thrown into the Surf, and Left to Drown!

SHE SWIMS ASHORE AND REACHES HOME IN AN EXHAUSTED CONDITION.

The Assailant Still at Large, but Known.

HIS MOTIVE—REVENGE ON THE PARENTS.

Last evening between 7 and 8 o'clock a young girl about 14 years old, daughter of a Mr. Farnum in charge of Levi S. Coffin's farm, was in a field near the house collecting chips when she was seized from behind by a man who placed a rope around her waist, dragging her through Philip's Run, and around Tom Nevers' swamp to the beach. While going there he said "I have

Been Lying in Wait for Your Mother

the last few days, and if I can't get her I'll take you, I'll get even with that hunchback father of yours. Asking her if she could swim, and on her replying that she could not, he said "It is well for you for if you could I would have shot you now I will drown you. Suiting the action to the word he

Deliberately Threw Her into the Surf,

turning himself and going over the bank. The girl who proved to be an able swimmer, swam ashore, reaching her home late at night in a very exhausted condition. From the remarks of the man to the girl the mother recognized him as a party who, a year ago

Had Followed Them From New Brunswick

to the town of Webster, where he committed an assault at that time on the family.

Through the investigation made by the Police Officer Gardner, the following description of the man is obtained: About 5 feet, 8 inches in height, with

sloping shoulders, not very stout, light brown hair slightly curly, red whiskers, no mustache, shaved a little below the under lip, blue eyes, red face, large nose, very red with a birthmark across the bridge of the nose which shows plainly when excited, scar on the right side of the forehead running into the eyebrow toward the nose, a scar on the right shoulder. About 58 years old. The

Scoundrel is Still at Large

But no efforts will be spared to apprehend him, and if caught, as it seems quite certain he must be ere long, he will doubtless fare hard as he deserves.

July 3, 1890

The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1890.

The Siasconset Sensation.

When the vague rumor of a young girl having been thrown into the surf at Siasconset with intent to drown her were corroborated by the detailed statement of the alleged outrage in last Thursday's JOURNAL it is safe to say that nothing has ever created more intense local interest and aroused such a feeling of general indignation. But as the hours lengthened into days and day after day went by with no tidings of the assailant, despite the fact that every avenue of escape from the island was securely guarded and everybody on the lookout, a feeling of skepticism gradually obtained. With a view of probing the matter to the bottom the representative of the JOURNAL visited Siasconset Saturday afternoon, in company with Officers Roberts and Mooers from town and Gardner of Siasconset and had a protracted interview with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Farnham and their daughter Mabel, the alleged victim.

Miss Mabel is rather a prepossessing young lady between 15 and 16 years of age and told her story in a plain, straightforward manner, with no apparent attempt at embellishment and substantially as narrated in the JOURNAL. From the description given by the girl her parents unhesitatingly identified the assailant as one William J. Appleby, who they claimed nourished a deadly grudge against both parties, and in support of their statement confidentially imparted to the writer certain facts and incidents in the past history of all concerned which cannot be disclosed at present for good and sufficient reasons, but which if generally known would furnish ample grounds for crediting much which in the absence of this knowledge seems improbable. Suffice it to say that the writer, who had sought the interview in rather a skeptical frame of mind came away firmly convinced of Appleby's guilt and thirsting for his apprehension. The description of the man by Mabel was complete in detail, personal appearance, manner of speech, walk, &c. More over the alleged statements of the assailant could not have been made by any other person than Appleby and related to facts of which the girl had never been cognizant. Under the cir-

cumstances, to doubt Appleby's guilt must be to suggest collusion on the part of both parents and girl as all three claimed that the daughter had never before heard of that personage.

From the girl's story it was evident that Appleby must have been hanging round the place at least a week or ten days, yet singularly enough no one could be found who had seen an individual so conspicuously marked, and how he could have lived and procured food, yet escaped observation was a mystery. Nevertheless the search for him was vigorously prosecuted, and numerous "clues" followed up without result. Meantime the mail and telegraph were employed in the endeavor to locate him, and on Monday a telegram was received by Officer Gardner stating that he was employed by E. G. Pond & Co., South Boston, and had worked every day last week.

This was a "poser," and eliminates Appleby from the case entirely, though on being confronted with the despatch the parents refused to credit it and claimed it was a "put up job." They reiterated their original statements with renewed emphasis, and as evidence of their good faith the father was to have come to town yesterday to swear out a warrant for Appleby's apprehension wherever found in the commonwealth, but failed to put in an appearance and thus the matter stands.

It is certainly a most singular case. With Appleby accounted for the whole story apparently falls to pieces, and yet there are certain facts which cannot be ignored. The girl certainly did pass over a portion of the route she claims and about the time she alleges. Of this there is indisputable corroborative evidence. She claims to have floated with the tide a short distance towards 'Sconset. It has since been ascertained that at that hour the tide was setting to the northward—a fact of which she was presumably not cognizant. At the point she claims to have been thrown in there were found numerous footsteps leading to the water, while where she claims to have landed a single track led up from the surf, of which the imprint in the sand corresponded to that made by her in walking. Her dress was frayed and torn as if by contact with bushes, and to it adhered beach sand and particles of kelp, while two days later on her body and limbs were bruises and contusions indicative of rough usage. Every particle of evidence thus far adduced tends to corroborate her story and not a particle has yet been found to disprove it, save the accounting for Appleby's whereabouts. The absence of apparent motive in concocting so sensational a story likewise adds to the mystery in which the whole affair is at present enshrouded.

Officer Gardner has worked untiringly on the case the past week and deserves much credit for the able manner with which he has conducted his investigations. The town police have also rendered assistance at this end of the line.

The 'Sconset Case.

Nothing of importance has been developed in the 'Sconset assault case that tends to throw any light upon the story, except a telegram received by officer Gardner from the South Boston firm, in whose employ is William J. Appleby, whom the family of the assaulted girl suspected of being the perpetrator of the deed. This telegram stated that Appleby had not been absent from work any day for the week in which the assault was made, which rather explodes that theory, and relieves Appleby from suspicion by the public. There are other things known to the police and press, which may or may not assist in solving this strange case, but which it is not yet proper to divulge; but both are working in the matter, with a view of sifting it to a satisfactory stage. Officer Gardner has given his attention very diligently to this matter, and deserves credit for his perseverance.

July 12, 1890

Plans for a 'Sconset Colony Announced.

This week construction will begin on the first of a small group of typical shingled cottages which will occupy the site of the old Beach House Hotel on Ocean Avenue, conforming to the provisions of the Historic Districts regulations.

Each of the cottages will be similar to the attractive Underhill cottages on 'Sconset's charming lane-like streets and each will have an unobstructed view of the ocean. On the whole, the cottages will be built on a plan featuring a combination living room and dining-room, three bedrooms, a kitchen and two baths. Thus they will be spacious enough inside for comfortable living and in keeping with the other homes in the area.

Last year a group of interested property-owners in the neighborhood organized and formed South Bluff, Inc., which bought the Beach House site and carried through a plan for demolishing the old wooden structure and clearing away the remains, not only for esthetic reasons, but with hopes of retaining the feeling of familiarity in 'Sconset.

The corporation's plan for construction was announced by Mr. Clem Reynolds after the annual meeting was held last week. Mr. Reynolds, who owns and operates the 'Sconset Inn, has been actively identified with the planning and promotion of the project.

The attractive site plan and the designs for the cottages are being done by Nantucket's well-known architect H. Errol Coffin. Bids will be taken for the construction. The first cottage is expected to be finished by late August.



1948
(Feb. 1892)

At left, drifts are shown on Sconset Road, Nantucket. Left to right are Sid Conway, Barbara Petumenos, Janet Ryder, Janet Conway and Sallie Williams. (Dias Photo).

'SCONSET BANK LAW-SUIT:—About two years ago E. A. Lawrence built a house at Sconset, on the bank near the North Gully. About the time his house was completed, the Proprietors of the Common Lands granted to Henry Coffin a large tract of land, which included that on which the house of Lawrence had been erected. Henry Coffin afterwards sold this to Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin, as trustees. They claimed that Lawrence had placed his house over their line about fourteen feet. A suit was commenced for the removal of the building. At the July Court, last year, Judge Bacon ruled that the set-off to Henry Coffin was void. The Supreme Court, however, reversed his decision, and held the set-off good. At the Superior Court in Nantucket this week, the case was again tried. On Wednesday, when the trial was nearly finished, the counsel for the defence claimed, as Lawrence had possession of the premises February 6th, 1886, which was the date of the deed from Henry Coffin to the trustees, that the deed, to be valid, must have been delivered on the premises. The Judge so decided. The trustees were thereupon advised by their attorneys to abandon the suit, and it was accordingly withdrawn. We understand this non-suit does not bar another suit, if plaintiffs are so disposed. C. W. Clifford and H. H. Crapo were counsel for the trustees, and H. M. Knowlton and H. B. Worth for Lawrence.

July 9, 1887

Ocean Park

SIASCONSET, MASS. ISLAND OF NANTUCKET

R. E. Burgess, Proprietor

A sea voyage without attending discomforts

There are nine cottages for rent. Five of these cottages are on the bluff facing the ocean and the others are on a private avenue. A public dining room, for the convenience of guests, will be run in connection with them.

All cottages have been thoroughly renovated the past winter and electric lights installed in every room.

For terms for cottages, rooms and board, write to Mrs. Robert M. Powers, Foxboro, Mass., until June 15th, 1926.

The cuisine will be under the direction of a competent chef and the table liberally provided with the best milk and vegetables from the nearby farms.

The water supply is from driven wells three-fourths of a mile from the village. Only artificial ice, made from artesian wells, is used.

Guests may have all the privileges of the Casino where tennis and dancing may be enjoyed for a small fee. Movies twice a week. A social room has been added for the convenience of guests.

Fine surf bathing. Tide runs north and south, or parallel with the beach.

The Siasconset Golf Course is one of the finest sea shore links in the United States, and the air is always cool and invigorating. The course has 18 holes and a playing length of 6,000 yards, with excellent fairways and greens. It is located on the moors and is more like the celebrated Scottish courses than any in this country.

The Club House is twenty minutes' walk from Ocean Park and the privileges of the Club are extended to all guests, nominal charges being made for dues for periods varying from one day to the entire season. Approaching and putting contests are held weekly and numerous tournaments during the season.

'Sconset Post Office Is 3d Class But To Villagers And Cottagers Genial Postmaster 'Phil' Morris Is 1st Class

By Isabel Veit

The life of a small community often centers around the Post Office.

In 'Sconset, the Winter population can meet up with each other at the Post Office as that is the only place open for business. At Christmas the youngsters haunt the place for the incoming mail, and Postmaster Philip Morris, is beamed upon as he passes Christmas packages through the window as if he were old Santa himself.

In the summertime, the Post Office is the meeting and greeting place of the cottagers and guests. And it is here that they say their adieus.

The first place the Summer residents visit is the Post Office, and they greet Mr. Morris as an old friend. They exchange news of travels and family events. Some of these visitors came when they were hardly tall enough to reach up to the window for the family's mail. Now they are grown and have families of their own.

Old Friend, Mr. Morris has been at that window for quite a while. He was first appointed in May 1928, by President Calvin Coolidge, and holds commissions under Presidents Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower.

As far as can be determined, there has been a Post Office in 'Sconset since 1872, and there have been only two postmasters. Mr. Morris is the only male postmaster.

A Third Class Post Office requires that the Postmaster put in a seven-day week. In the Summer Mr. Morris begins the day at 4 a.m. when he readies the outgoing mail for the morning boat leaving Nantucket.

Until about ten years ago, the 'Sconset Post Office had a night mail during the Summer months, which sometimes was very late, due to the irregular arrival of the evening boat to Nantucket. Postmaster Morris has assorted mail as late as 12:45 a.m.

Mr. Morris purchased the Post Office building in 1949 and has made many improvements. For one thing an additional 120 new mail boxes have been added, and this is inadequate, he says.

Not only does a Postmaster sell stamps, money orders, weigh and insure parcel post packages, among the other sundry duties, he is also

a general information bureau. Besides the mail, Mr. Morris has been asked for: a fuse, a pair of scissors, string, wrapping paper, matches, square shovel, nose spray, a rain coat, rubbers, umbrella, hacksaw, step ladder, coin book, baby carriage, a dime for the telephone, scotch tape, glue, and many more items too numerous to mention.

There have been some humorous incidents, too. Such as, when Mr. Morris asked a gentlemen who was mailing a parcel, if it contained anything fragile, he got the reply, "No, I drank it all!"

Mr. Morris has been presented with autographed books by some of America's leading cartoonists who have vacationed in 'Sconset. Jimmy Hatlo, of "They'll Do It Every Time" fame, Gene Byrnes, who found Philip Morris "a reg'lar feller," and that wonderful Paul Webb, priginator of the "Mountain Boys". These are some of Mr. Morris' prized possessions.

The Post Office building is situated at the end of the 'Sconset Road. A neat little gray wooden two-story structure, with green trim, it looks out of two long narrow eyes from the upper story, on the Gray Memorial, the circle in 'Sconset Square.

William Cotton Schoentzeler, artist, made a beautiful black and white sketch of the Post Office, complete with Summer visitors,

bikes, dogs, and children. He presented it to Mr. Morris recently as a wedding gift.

Mrs. Lila M. Folger of Milton and 'Sconset, Mass. has served as Summer clerk, on duty with Mr. Morris, for every year but one, of his 31 years in the Post Office.

Mr. Morris has found his patrons courteous and considerate and the children respectful.

"What Do You Do Here All Winter?" 'Sconseters Provide Answers To Question

by Isabel Veit

It is doubtful that there is anything more irritating to a year 'round resident of 'Sconset than to be asked by a Summer visitor, "You live here all Winter? What do you do?"

If the reply were the classic, "We go out in the moors, dig a hole and hibernate until the first Spring thaw," the visitor would be no more surprised than to learn that life in Sconset in the winter is enviable.

The men are engaged in the usual men pursuits, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, maintenance men for utilities, postmaster, etc. Most of the male population have at least the equivalent of a high school education. They are happier, healthier and handsomer than their gray flannel suited counterparts who commute to the city from the suburbs.

The children attend school as required by law here as elsewhere, but without overcrowding.

The women pursue the usual feminine routines, but follow a more relaxed attitude and therefore spend more time creating culinary extraordinaires. At handwork they are expert and take great pride in accomplishment. There are few working women except nurses and teachers.

The community is ready for the hunting, fishing and scallop seasons. Having worked all Summer, the men take time off for some real he-man sport. And it is right at their back doors.

For entertainment there is the Nantucket Theatre Group whose performances are as fine and exact as any on the gay white ways around the country. In cramped confines they can simulate any situation. They are remarkable. The group is composed of residents, tradespeople and educators.

The Nantucket Orchestra also draws performers from all walks of life. Their accomplishments are a total surprise to concert lovers who do not expect such perfection so far from the music centers.

There is a choral group of men and women who are interested in the serious study of Madrigals and find much joy in just singing together.

Adult Education classes held at the high school were an over-

whelming success. And that goes to prove that the Winter residents are on their toes.

The movies offer two or three features a week and often a spectacular.

There are several basketball teams that play weekly in the high school auditorium.

The churches, after taking care of the soul, add to the social program by featuring dinners, dances, lectures, movies and food sales.

There are politics and they are taken more seriously than by a large portion of the American voters.

Television is as important here as elsewhere.

For entertainment outside the home the 'Sconseter must go to town, but that's a breeze—where else can you have an eight-mile stretch of road all to yourself?

There are the bridge, pinocle and canasta cliques that while away many a cheerful hour.

Literacy is high in 'Sconset and the annual high school students drive for magazine subscriptions finds such periodicals as Reader's Digest, Time, Saturday Evening Post and Ladies Home Journal high on the list of favorites. The best sellers make the rounds. It is interesting to note that the young married people here are such avid readers.

The Winter nights here are no longer than Winter nights along this latitude. Stay-at-homes in the lush elevator apartments just off Fifth Avenue find pleasure in the same manner as they do in 'Sconset, with records, television, cards, jigsaw puzzles and a good book.

There are no night clubs. 'Sconseters spend their money on good healthy living. They work well, eat well, play well and sleep well.

They may have fog but never smog. The air is sweet and clean and free from car exhaust and factory smoke.

Youngsters have a ball, no worry about traffic here. They can play in the middle of the road or wander wherever they wish. They have nothing to fear.

The late Oscar Michetti, who loved Nantucket more than his native Switzerland, said, "There is everything here a man wants, and none of the things he can get along better without." How true!

94

Sept. 4, 1959

Footnote to History

by Richard C. Beer

Anyone can tell you how to stage a modern beach party.

You need three or four jeeps which will convey you to a remote shore, preferably at high noon. You need a loud, loud portable radio. Then at the point of destination everything is efficiently handled.

Lighter fluid is squirted over briquettes in patented containers, hamburgers and hot dogs are set to sizzle, and before you know it your host is at your elbow with ice cubes asking whether you will have rye or bourbon on the rocks.

This romantic rapast gets under way at approximately one fifteen. Clams, particularly in the form of chowder, are frequently added to it. By one forty-five the apple pie and cheese stage is reached, and about then some Christian soul appears with a thermos jug of coffee, after which all you want is the privilege of crawling into the nearest sand dune and staying there. Because, you argue, logically, that's what beach parties are for, aren't they? To relax and forget the world and its worries, while the beach grass whispers beside your ear and a drowsy sea-echo bids you sleep.

Well, no, my friend! In the first place you forget the Manningshams who have made a special effort to attend this party, and who are taking off on a three o'clock plane for Seattle or somewhere — and after that everyone is riding out to Great Point — no one knows why, except that it is part of the program and in case you feel mutinous, the lunatic with the radio has turned up "Wape Up, Little Susie" so that an elephant couldn't sleep. And the restless cavalcade carries you on its way while you wonder what beach parties were like in the days before jeeps.

Well, they were like this: a languid person with a horse and cart would appear on the beach, the horse plodding wearily through the heavy sand. The cart would be loaded with boxes, crates, barrels, or any sort of combustible material. The naked stack of wood would stand there in the late afternoon sun, advertising the fact that a party was about to happen. Nothing more would transpire for another three or four hours, during which interval civilized people ate dinner, daylight-saving time not having been invented.

But as soon as it was completely dark, figures would begin to move toward the beach, trailing steamer rugs and extra coats, and various burdens such as cases of gingerale and sarsaparilla. Also boxes of sandwiches and homemade fudge and devilled eggs and bottle of olives, and marshmallows for toasting. And behind them trudged the persevering chaperones, at least three in number.

Someone struck a match — flames would lick at the piled wood, and an orange circle of light would spread, across which hopped the disturbed sand fleas.

The young ladies showed up well in the firelight. They all wore their hair long, and most of them had on white duck skirts and middy blouses. ("Shorts" in that gathering would have been a sensation.) The young gentlemen ran to turtle-neck sweaters, considered masculine in those days, and indiscriminate trousers. Some of them smoked cigarettes of brands now extinct. The young ladies didn't. And. Neither did the chaperones. What happened?

Well, having consumed a normal dinner about three hours before, these young people managed to eat sandwiches and olives and fudge and devilled eggs, and quantities of ginger ale and sarsaparilla. And when the fire died down they also ate marshmallows toasted on sticks.

And they sang.

They sang, "Lindy, Sweet as the Sugar Cane."

They sang, "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey."

They sang, "On the Beautiful Isle of Our Dreams," until Victor Herbert, who was still very much alive, must have had nightmares.

And they sang about the Nantucket Railroad, affectionately known as the "Dummy Line," including the hilarious verse about, "Two pickaninnies dressed in white Tried to get to Heaven on the tail of a kite.

The kite tail broke and down they fell, And instead of going to Heaven, they went to — blaah!

On the Dummy Line

You ride and shine

And you pay your fine

When you're riding on the

Dummy, Dummy Line."

That provided nice work for the tenors and basses, and they sounded particularly well in the glow of the dying fire. But by then it was after ten o'clock and the chaperones were yawning, and the wood was practically gone. So sand was kicked over the last embers as someone started, "Goodnight Ladies," and the singing went on while the steamer rugs were being gathered up and lanterns lit. And for minutes thereafter voices kept on "Rolling Merrily Along" through the warm summer darkness, reluctantly growing fainter as the hush of sleeping houses discouraged further sound.

That was a traditional beach party of the early nineteen hundreds. Unsophisticated? Corny? Brother, they sang stuff that would set a disc jockey's teeth on edge.

Forgotten numbers such as "My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hooray," and "Under the Bamboo Tree," and when they were relly in the groove they would give out with, "Just Because You're You, Dear," or "Fly Away Kentucky Babe."

Of course, there were great occasions when a beach party turned into a clambake. Still, you must remember, in the era when horses were considered a legitimate means of transportation, and the only motor vehicle on the island was a primitive "Orient" buckboard which could gasp its way in from the original 'Sconset Golf Club on the Main Road at fully two miles an hour. Its owner had a white "window-washer" dog that ran barking ahead of him to let the slow-moving surreys know that General Motors and civilization were just around the corner. But in those benighted days, no one paid any attention to him.

If you were young, it was far more important to be at the post office, where two teams, their beds filled with straw, were loading up. That means two wagons and two pairs of horses. And piloting the expedition, which got under way about five o'clock, would be James Coffin.

He stood a lean six foot three and had a blonde moustache that a British Colonel might have envied. He captained the Humane Society lifeboat on those rare occasions when it was ever used. His pursuits were mainly agricultural, but if you ever rode over the moors with him, you learned more about Nantucket wild flowers in an afternoon than pages of print could tell you in months, and when not otherwise occupied, he taught a generation of children to swim at the 'Sconset Beach.

True, his Victorian two-piece bathing suit would be a laugh now on any television screen and he shivered visibly when he had to stand around between pupils. But at some point, just to prove his superiority to the elements, he would take a running jump into the nearest wave and that would be the last anyone would see of him for quite a while — in fact, until watchers on the beach grew worried. And then out on the fringe of the nearest "rip," easily a hundred yards offshore, a familiar head would break the surface, and any gulls loitering in that part of the Atlantic would go elsewhere, saying disgustedly, "Oh, it's just Jim Coffin! Come on!"

Which has nothing to do with his clambakes.

The persevering chaperones would be boosted up into the wagons, and the persevering horses would set off on rutted roads that meandered into the sunset, out toward Pocomo Head or up in the general vicinity of where the Beach Club stands now. And from beneath fires smothered with eel grass would appear steamed clams, and ears of sweet corn, and steamed lobsters, and even chickens for those hypochondriacs with whom lobster didn't agree, and as the night deepened, a salient and unforgettable part of the picture would be Jimmy Coffin moving among the ladies with a bucket of warm sea water and a fresh

towel over his arm so they might cleanse their fingers between courses.

Expensive affairs, those were. Cost you a dollar and a half apiece for you and your young lady. But such financial worries were forgotten when a silver rim rose out of the sea, and you huddled, sardine-fashion, in the jolting wagons, murdering "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," and similar favorites until the ride ended where the feeble oil lamp posts of 'Sconset only accentuated the inky shadows of the village streets, through which the moon lay in white cross bars and the ebbing voices of the party died away to a distant closing of screen doors.

"Beach parties," so The Inquirer and Mirror reported in 1912, "seem to be all the rage this summer."

In another decade worse than that happened to them. They became fashionable. The plodding horses were relegated to limbo along with the "corny" singing and the superfluous chaperones. Smart hostesses of the gilded "Twenties" entertained celebrities at "beach suppers," where no one worked except a white-coated butler, and a grain of sand was an intrusion among the hors d'oeuvres. The fire was for atmosphere only.

And there was a memorable occasion, notable for its size, when the intelligentsia showed how these things should be done. Something like 250 guests were invited to gather after dark on a commodious stretch of the South Shore. They were welcomed by a lavish fire, too large for comfort, near which were camped a half dozen foreign gentlemen equipped with odd stringed instruments of Russian origin.

The guests, few of whom spoke Russian, planted themselves on and against adjacent sand dunes and waited, realizing that this was an unusual beach party.

After a while, by special arrangement with the intelligentsia, the moon came up. Simultaneously, the stringed instruments made puny, tinkling sounds, and there emerged from down where normal, Nantucket waves were breaking, a complete chorus of barefooted classical dancers, clad in wispy chiffon costumes, and eager to uplift the audience in the art of the dance, even if they had to freeze to death doing it, or sprain an ankle in the heavy sand.

The performance hasn't been repeated since on Nantucket, and no one toasted marshmallows.

But at a recent dinner party, where steamed lobster was served, the hostess' daughter, who was far too young to recall any of this, passed dutifully among the guests, bearing a bucket of warm sea water and a fresh towel over her arm.

"Remember Jimmy Coffin?" said her mother. "Of course you do!"

NOV. 28, 1958

Between Centre and Shell Streets.

Abutting Main street was a small barn, belonging to Capt. Samuel Wyer, which was later sold and moved near the railroad depot and is now owned by H. Marshall Gardiner. It is believed it is a portion of a house which once stood at the corner of Main and Centre streets, and belonged to Obed Coffin.

Arrietta Hussey's house, to the north, was originally a rather imposing cottage with high "warts," and was built by James Josiah Coffin, and owned by him in 1814. It has undergone some changes under the present owner, but retains its general characteristics.

A little yellow cottage, called "Sunny-Side," and belonging to the late Capt. Charles P. Swain, stands next, and is very old. Captain Swain told that he knew the house in 1806, and that then it was known to be very old. In 1814 it was owned by William Gardner; and his and the family of Sylvanus Gardner were the only ones who remained in 'Sconset during the winter months. Sylvanus occupied a house on the Bank in 1814, and the long after, which was removed somewhere along in the forties. The Swain cottage is now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Florence Conable. It has had a two-story addition, and its name has been changed to "In and Out."

North of the pump is one of the most quaint of the ancient cottages. It now belongs to Mrs. Hannah B. Sharp, of Nantucket. It was owned in 1814 by Shubael Barnard. More views of it have been taken by artists and photographers than of any spot in the village. They are generally taken with the old pump in the foreground. Mrs. Sharp has given it the name of "Meerheim."

The house of Mrs. Nancy Clark, widow of Uriah, now owned by Horace Folger, was built by Richard Swain. His son Richard lived in it in 1814. It is a very old house.

The house of Capt. Obed Bunker, now owned by Miss Florence Irving, was built by Sylvanus Coffin, and stood in its present place in 1814.

"Hearts-Ease," owned by the late Capt. Edward B. Hussey, and for many seasons occupied by J. Ormond Wilson and family of Washington, was owned in 1814 by Jonathan Jenkins. Subsequently, about 1820, Reuben Starbuck became possessed of it, and he added to it and employed a mason to lath and plaster the interior. A little grandson of Sylvanus Gardner observed the operation and he ran home with the exclamation



Centre street, Siasconset, forty years ago, looking north from Main, with Samuel Wyer's cottage (now Mrs. R.B. Hussey's) on the left, and just a glimpse of the old Peter Chase house on the right.

"Grandma, he is putting on the whole broadside at once." And Annie Gardner, Sylvanus' wife, said that Reuben had had a wife, a wife, and now he had got a dandy, and he supposed he must plaster his house. The property was purchased by the late Mrs. C. D. Cushman a few seasons since, and she has changed its appearance some little.

Asa P. Jones's house, the long, wood-colored structure with vines climbing a lattice on the east side of the kitchen, was an old house in 1814, but was small in proportion to its present size, and is much altered in appearance. It was then covered with wide boards, clinker-built, and was owned by Matthew Barney, then an old man. Frederick Mitchell bought it about 1815. Its present owner is Miss Louise Streeter Warren.

The next house to the northward, "Wanackmamack Lodge," is owned by Mrs. Charles E. Stephens. It was built by Felix Slocum Folger, in 1815, or soon after. It was kept as a public house by Charles Elkins from about 1840, for many years. Mrs. Stephens has greatly modernized it.

"Aurora Villa," owned by Mrs. Percival Lathrop, was built by Obed Joy, between 1824 and 1830. Its beginning was brought from Sesachacha. The late Josiah Macy enlarged it and put on clapboards, so that its characteristic features as a fisherman's cottage were lost, and it has been further enlarged and is now a commodious little house.

The house opposite "Aurora Villa," belonging to the estate of Robert B. Coffin, was originally a shop, and was used by Charles Elkins for a store-house, when he kept a public house nearby.

The little store and residence combined, formerly the property of Mrs. Andrew D. Winslow, was evolved from two buildings—one that stood near the "old Pump" on the corner of New Street, and was used as an ice cream parlor by the late Alfred Folger; the other a small store building, owned by Capt. George W. Coffin, that stood east of his home on New Street, now known as "Seldom Inn."

"Little Nest," next north of "Castle Bandbox," is a somewhat modern type cottage, owned by W. H. H. Smith, and was made from a barn (which was originally a plastered house) that stood on the same lot.

Around the South Gulley.

The north part of the John C. Morris house (now owned by L. B. Gardiner) was originally a very old, little barn. It was altered by him to a house, and he added the south part many years ago, and brought up a large family in it.

The house of Valentine Aldridge to the west, is made up of the parts of two houses, one that was taken from the edge of the Bank to prevent it going over at the time of the October gale, in 1841, when it was moved to its present location. It belonged originally to Nathaniel Coffin, and was bought by Capt. Aldridge's father before 1841. The other part of it was the most southerly house in the village at that time. It was the Eben Barnard house, and stood near the edge of the Bank, and was owned for many years by Stephen Coleman, and then was bought by Gorham Coleman. It has been added to since.

The house of Frederick C. Sanford (now of estate of Robert B. Coffin) was built within a few years, and replaced one of the old type that stood on the corner facing up Broadway.

On the site of the present post-office building, near the head of the Gulley, there was in 1841 a little house which was taken down about thirty years ago, and put together on the west side of Morey Lane, and is now known as Billy Bowen's "Sea Shell." It was owned then by Obed Coleman and his son, and was called the hack house, because Coleman ran a hack. This house was "Uncle Rube Ramsdell's" habitation when it stood on the post-office site. He was very deaf, and in one heavy gale the roof blew off, which he knew nothing of until he awakened and saw the stars twinkling above his lonely cot.

New Street.

The snug house next to the store corner of New Street and Pump Square, "Daisy Cot," belonged to Capt. David M. Bunker and was originally a little store owned by his father-in-law, David Wood, and was situated on the wharf in Town. Mr. Wood took it to 'Sconset and set it up near its present position. Before its enlargement a few years later, it was one of the tiniest little houses on the Bank, and is still quite small.

William Owen's house, which stood next west, on the south side of the street, was moved from Nantucket, near Mill Hill, many years ago, (where it had been the homestead of the late Jared Tracy.) Later, when Park street was cut through, it was moved to a position further west, where it has remained until within two months, James H. Watts being the owner. It has now been moved out on Sankaty Road, the Siasconset Casino Association having purchased the land.

The house belonging to Mrs. A. B. Pitman, granddaughter of the late Charles Paddock, on the north side of the street, originally stood on the Bank, and belonged to Uriah Bunker. It was removed to its present position.



Looking up Main street (west), Siasconset, forty years ago, from the site of the present postoffice. In the foreground are Capt. Elisha H. Fisher and Samuel Swain (the latter sitting at right of picture).

96

Anyone can
a mode
v

tion, and added to by a chaise house brought to 'Sconset from Town. The parlor is six feet and one inch between the floor and ceiling, and tall men are not allowed to dance hornpipes, except they enter into bonds to pay damages in case they break the plastering.

A part of the house of the late Capt. George W. Coffin (now Mrs. Reuben C. Small's), on the north side of New Street, originally stood on the Bank, near the Gully, and belonged to Ichabod Aldridge, who sold it to Captain Coffin for \$30. It was removed at the time of the October gale in 1841 and set up on its present site, and added to.

"The Bee-Hive," occupied by Franklin Hallett Folger, and owned by George F. Coffin, was once on a Town lot, in the section known as Egypt, and was taken to 'Sconset in the early fifties.

The house next west, owned by Allen Smith, was removed from Orange Street, Nantucket, two years ago.

The remaining houses were built on their present sites within comparatively recent years, excepting that of F. O. Holdgate, which was moved from Sankaty Bluff a few years ago.

Shell Street.

On the site of Phillips' grocery, corner Main and Shell streets, until very recently stood a picturesque dwelling known as "The Anchorage," which was torn down to make way for the present structure. It was known as "Uncle Sam Swain's" place, and before his time was owned by Latham Paddack. The property embraced nearly all the tract now owned by the Casino Association.

Next north of it, on Shell street, stands what was always known as "Hop Cottage," now called "Waldorf-Astoria, Jr." Its origin nobody has been able to give any inkling of, and there are many who believe it is as ancient as any structure in the village. It was sold by the Samuel Swain estate to Miss Louise Streeter Warren, the present owner.

Just north, between this cottage and the present grocery store building, corner of New street, owned by Horace Folger, for many years stood "Uncle Nat Hussey's shanty," which was used as a loafing place. It was owned by Samuel Swain, who later tore it down.

Main Street.

The beginning of the house on the north side of Main street belonging to the heirs of Matthew Starbuck, was originally a cooper shop owned by David Huntington, and was moved by Thomas F. Mitchell down on the Old North wharf, in Town. Thomas A. Gardner bought it, and took it to 'Sconset, and put it up in its present position and made it into a house. Its origin would hardly be suspected in the neat modern cottage that it now is.

George W. Rogers's modest little house, next west of Mrs. J. T. Linthicum's, was brought from Town, but from what section we have failed to learn.

On the Hill.

The house of Charles H. Pitman, next south of the school-house, was part of the old Brant Point light-house, and is now twice its original size, for the second story of the original building, as it stood before its removal here, was put alongside the first story, making it double its original length. It was brought to 'Sconset by Edward F. Easton at the time the present lighthouse was built, and for many years was owned by the late John M. Bovey.

A portion of the little yellow house on the top of the hill, north of Main street, (the Job Coleman place, now owned by Frederic C. Howe) was one of the houses that was moved from the Bank. It originally belonged to Solomon Smith. Job Coleman bought it when it was still there, and added on a piece for a barn. During the gale of 1841 the barn was pulled back while the rest of the house went over. The barn was moved to near where Billy Bowen's house now stands, on the west side of Morey Lane, and was again used as a barn. Thence it was moved to its present site, and with additions and improvements it has become the pretty little house that it is. For many years it was owned by the late George C. Macy.

Shingled Houses.

In 1814 there were many houses in 'Sconset that were not shingled on their sides.

Fences.

There were no fences in 'Sconset up to 1830. The houses had been put up wherever there was available space, with little passage-ways between, some of which were only wide enough for a wheelbarrow and others to admit of the passage of a cart, and many of them in 1882 were dignified by naming them as streets, though some are scarce thirty feet long. Capt. George F. Joy put up the first fence in the village around the house built by his father, "Castle Band-box." It was done by Captain Joy under the advice of old Stephen Coleman, because the movement of the cows on his land annoyed him. It was made of boards given him by his uncle, old Benjamin Worth, then living in Asa P. Jones's house, from an old fence taken down in Plainfield. Old Sylvanus Coffin was much distressed at the innovation, because it compelled him perhaps to go seventy-five feet further to reach his lot.

(To be continued in our next issue.)

THE EVOLUTION OF SIASCONSET.

A History of the Place, from Its Inception to the Present Day.

From Original Notes by E. F. Underhill, Revised and

Enlarged Upon by R. B. Hussey.

Copyright, 1912, by R. B. Hussey.

The Beach.

In 1814, and thence forward for many years, the beach was so narrow in front of 'Sconset that in heavy gales the surf washed over it to the foot of the Bank, and twice, it is recalled, it was washed away and houses had to be removed. A street to the eastward of the one now on the edge of the Bank thus disappeared. The beach was narrow to the southward, and far to the westward of Tom Never's head, and in heavy storms the ocean washed over it into Tom Never's Pond, now hundreds of feet distant. A little daughter of William Ray, who had a farm on Tom Never's Head, with another girl, opened a sluice-way for the water in the pond by digging out the sand with quahaug shells. In 1852, when the ship Shanunga, laden with cotton, ran ashore at "the Head," it was so near that the cargo could be landed on the top of the Bank by a tackle.

From the nucleus of about fifty fishermen's shacks has evolved the charming summer place, with a chapel, some pretentious cottages, three hotels, street lights, the golf links, its casino, and other modern luxuries, but all the while holding the "old 'Sconset'" well in hand, while a new "old 'Sconset'" is already taking root on the beach (which has widened to several hundred feet), in a section designated as Codfish Park, where shacks of various types are being constantly erected from discarded fish-houses, etc., just as the original builders began operations in 1695 "on the Bank."

These people are "squatters," just as were the original settlers. Gradually they have taken up locations, and all during the past thirty years, the widening of the beach having created building sites, which have been pre-empted, fish-house giving place to shanty, and shanty to more pretentious dwelling and bathing house, until the fish-house is almost a memory only. These structures have multiplied rapidly within the last three years, and are grouped largely between the Middle and North Gulleys, and around several of them, right on the beach sand, may be noted incipient lawns, rose-bushes and climbing plants, while locomotion has been made easier by laying down kelp, which furnishes good footing. And the march of civilization in the park is further accentuated by the recent setting of posts—sort of claim staking—around these little habitations, which form one of the



Shell street, Siasconset, forty years ago, with "Hop Cottage" on left, and Uncle Nat Hussey's next north, and "Takitezie" on right. At right stand Aunt Ann Swain and F. Willets Folger; at left J. W. Clapp, while up the street may be seen Capt. Samuel Wyer, Leander Cobb and others. Note the hoop-skirts.

most picturesque settlements conceivable. Here has sprung up a group of huts just as old 'Sconset had its inception—from floorless, unshingled, one-room buildings to shelters for the working classes necessary to the comfort of the summer visitors who occupy 'Sconset's houses.

A curious situation obtains in connection with this section, which has been unofficially christened Codfish Park. In the year 1886 a large tract of beach, extending from a point perhaps a hundred feet north of the present railroad terminus, at Brinton Road, to a line south of what is known as Evergreen Park, north of the "old village," was ceded to the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket, by the late Henry Coffin, to be held in trust as recited in a deed filed with the County Records, a copy of which follows:

ROBERT B. COFFIN,
Agent for the purchase and sale of
**REAL ESTATE IN SIASCONSET,
NANTUCKET, MASS.,**

Offers his house and land on Main street; also, many desirable houselots in various locations. One furnished cottage to let for the season. To let, in Nantucket, a nice brick house of 10 rooms, situated on Pearl street, furnished. je1-1f

1890

**Evergreen Park
Cottage Colony**
SIASCONSET, MASS.



Five Cottages in Avenue to Let.

Have eight and nine rooms (five and six sleeping rooms) and are thoroughly furnished throughout, including linen and silverware. Running water in every cottage and a perfect system of sewerage. The avenue is free from dust and is less than a minute's walk from the bluff overlooking the Atlantic ocean. An up-to-date dining pavilion has been built in the Park, which will accommodate fifty guests, and at reasonable rates. Dining-room will open May 1, 1914. Spring water will be served on the table. For further particulars address

R. E. BURGESS, Siasconset, Mass.



These Five Bluff Cottages to Let.

Situated in Evergreen Park, directly on the bluff facing the Atlantic ocean. Seven and eight rooms (four and five sleeping rooms). Very desirable summer homes. Fully furnished throughout. Running water. Perfect sewerage. Flush closets. Address

R. E. BURGESS, Siasconset, Mass.

Use of Public Bathroom, 25c.
Antique Furniture for sale at Evergreen Park.
An up-to-date bakery adjoins the dining pavilion in Evergreen Park.

1914

Sankaty Heights For Sale

WATER FRONTS. BUILDING LOTS. FARM LANDS.
HOTEL SITES. CLUB SITES. GOLF SITES, etc.

For particulars apply at

**Old Wright Mansion, 94 Main street
Dr. Flagg, Dentist**

Why pay a high price for a small building lot in an inferior location when you can get a large lot with the best location on the island of Nantucket for a moderate price?

1911

The "Flagg" Land.

Dr. Flagg left Nantucket last Wednesday for New York, in order to attend a meeting of the Flagg Estate Corporation, when we understand the family will take into consideration the sub-division and development of its Nantucket property, which consists of sixty building lots on Sankaty Heights and over three hundred acres of farm land. Had this been done some years ago, Sankaty Heights might now be dotted with summer cottages.

Keeping valuable land out of use is one of the most serious drawbacks with which the island of Nantucket has had to contend, and the sooner the sub-division and improvement of the Flagg land is accomplished the better it will be, and we wait with some interest the outcome of the meeting.

June 12, 1909



'Sconset Cottage Club,

**Siasconset,
Island of Nantucket, Mass.**

The Cottage Club dining room is now open for the season and extends a cordial invitation to visitors to 'Sconset to make the Club their headquarters while in the village. An orchestra of exceptional merit will give a concert program of music during luncheon and dinner. The cuisine is receiving especial attention this year and every effort is made to give our patrons the best available. The new dining room is glass enclosed and overlooks the ocean, being the only one of its kind on the island.

Special arrangements can be made for parties at any time by telephoning 151-4.

A special dinner will be served July 4th from 6 to 7.30 p.m.

Address all inquiries to **JAMES H. S. FAIR,**
1p Box 26, Siasconset, Mass.

1912

Cottage at 'Sconset.

FOR sale, in the village, a small House, fronting Broadway, and very handy to the pump. The land under and adjoining goes with it. Also another piece of land, not adjoining, but about the same distance from the pump, and suitable for a barn.

Apply to **MRS. HANNAH B. BROWN,** at
Dr. J. B. King's, Union Street, 29-31.

98

June 29, 1908

JUN 29, 1908

Anyone can
a mode

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Sankoty, Tom Never's and 'Sconset.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have had the curiosity this week to ascertain, by barometrical observations, the altitude above the sea level of 'Sconset Bank, and of Sankoty and Tom Never's Heads. The traditional height of Sankoty was for years 85 feet; then some one asserted that it was 98 feet; subsequently some one else declared it to be 101 feet. Of course the matter will never be settled till some person takes interest enough in the question to ascertain the height of the bluff with level and staves; and in using them to do so accurately and leave no room for guess-work. I give below the barometrical observations and the results, for such as may be curious in the matter; premising that I have long been satisfied that Sankoty is a higher bluff than it has ever had credit for. I cannot, of course, vouch for the entire accuracy of the results given below, but I fancy they are not very far from correct:

'Sconset Bank.	
Barometer at Lower Station,	29—34.25
" " Upper "	29—33
Thermometer,	82°
This gives for the height of 'Sconset Bank above the level of the sea, 32.97 feet.	
TOM NEVER'S HEAD.	
Height above level of sea,	67.6 feet.
SANKOTY HEAD.	
Barometer at Lower Station,	29—36.5
" " Upper "	29—32
Thermometer,	80°
This gives for the height of Sankoty Head above the level of the sea, 111.6 feet.	

In confirmation of this last measurement let me say, that not long since, the altitude of the bluff, not above the sea, but above the beach sand at its foot, was found by a U. S. officer to be 100 feet and 6 inches.

For the highest of Trott's Hills the observations were as follows, viz.:

Barometer at Lower Station,	35.5
Thermometer at Lower Station,	82°
Barometer at Upper Station,	31.5
Thermometer at Upper Station,	79°

This would indicate for the height of the hill, 96.3 feet. The hill on which stands the water tank is 63 feet high, by actual measurement with transit and levelling staves. This latter is of course the only measurement that can be strictly depended upon.

F. C. E.

JULY 3, 1880.

'Sconset.

Our little tributary which was once content to be regarded as an out-of-the-way fishing-station, is now rising to a degree of popularity and importance of which until within a few years, her most loyal and sanguine old residents had never even dreamed. They always knew that 'Sconset was a delightful place, but their opinion had little weight with the multitude, for it is known that islanders and mountaineers are always strongly attached to their homes, even more so than the dwellers in gay capitals, while the seaman sings the praises of a home on ship-board in mid-ocean. 'Sconset might be rather a pretty place to look about for an hour or two, but after that it was stupid, and on the whole scarcely worth the journey to get there and back. A few people might earn a bare subsistence there, by working hard, and practising a deal of self-denial; but they were quite welcome to the natural beauties of the locality, and might have it all to themselves.

But within half a dozen years all this is changed, for the great continental world knows there is such a place as 'Sconset, and its reputation is no longer local. Wise men are coming out of the West who have seen her star, and come to worship her. They will tarry within her gates, they will build dwellings, temples and altars, and set up their household gods. That railroad which had long ago become a

stale joke, is now an accomplished fact, and its financial success apparently beyond question. The village being thus made easily and quickly accessible, many thousands of visitors who have only heard of such a place, will now have the pleasure of visiting it during the coming summer. The 'Sconset of to-day has a veritable post-office of her own; she also boasts of a church, with large hotels, several stores and other business structures, well-lighted streets, and an organized fire-department. With so many new cottages erected, and so many of the old ones rejuvenated and enlarged, some of the old quaintness has departed, but it has given place to an air of thrift and prosperity, which must be grateful to the sight of the most conservative of the old residents. Many acres of land in that quarter of the island, heretofore of little value, have been sold for handsome prices, and many cottages rented at rates paying a large percentage on their original cost. Profitable employment has been furnished for every man there able to work, as well as to many mechanics who have gone out there from town. A new era appears to have dawned upon the once quiet, slumbering village and its people, and they will welcome the sound of the locomotive, and the arrival of new faces, as evidences of continued prosperity and still further growth in the future.

'Sconseters of the old village proper are now given to talking about their own suburbs, such as White's Hamlet, and Sunset Heights, and have even thrown out suggestive hints about secession and separate municipality. Believing, however, in their loyalty, we congratulate them upon their growth and future prospects, and shall endeavor to give them a full share of space in our columns during the summer, lest peradventure they may deem it necessary to start a local newspaper of their own some fine day.

For the Inquirer.

A VOICE FROM SIASCONSETT.

MR. EDITOR,—We are not in the practice of writing much from Siasconsett, but we have the privilege of reading the Town's papers, from which we understand that Mr Ewer's Camels have only done what he said they would do, and that they can and will do all that Mr E. says they can; that neither Nantucket nor Siasconsett will need the aid of any other harbor for all our purposes. The writer of this has a disposition to do justice to all, and he is informed by Mr. E. that a distinguished individual that has uniformly opposed, doubted and ridiculed all things connected with the Camel concern, has magnanimously come forward and said to Mr Ewer, "We daily expect the ship Daniel Webster in from the Pacific Ocean, be ready with the camels, to take her and her cargo into the harbor." This is as it should be, facts remove all doubts. We, at the H****y Reading-room, in the village notice all these things.

A FISHING-MAN.

Oct. 1, 1842

The 'Sconset Mile-stones—Wh Not Bring Them Into View?

The fourth mile-stone has been found. For some time it has been hidden from view among the pine trees and scrub oaks near the state highway—in fact, it is several years since it has been within sight of vehicles traversing the road. It is the fourth mile-stone which has "4M" cut into the stone instead of merely being painted, and the late Cap'n Baxter, when taking passengers over to 'Sconset in the "Swiftsure", used to take a deal of pleasure in answering their inquiries as to why that fourth stone had "4M" on it, by telling them that there were four men buried under the stone.

The 'Sconset mile-stones were first placed in position by Peter F. Ewer in 1824. They have been moved at least twice since then; once over to the middle 'Sconset road, which runs by Hensdale, and finally to the last road that was laid out. They are all at present accurately located except the Seventh and Seven-and-a-half-stones. The latter should be placed farther east and somewhere near the edge of the 'Sconset bank. There is a tradition in the Ewer family that the descendants of Peter Ewer, even down to the fourteenth generation, shall keep those mile-stones painted white.

A descendant of Peter Ewer still living in Nantucket some time ago stated that she would gladly carry out the family tradition and have the stones painted anew, but it would be a useless expense with the stones hidden from view.

The mile-stones are one of the unique features of Nantucket—just as is the custom of ringing the town bell three times a day—and no one would care to have the stones overgrown by trees and brush and the next generation not know that they are there. It is nearly 100 years since Peter Ewer placed them in position and we believe it would be a good idea to have the stones brought out near the borders of the state highway.

Summer folks out driving look for them and find them of interest, but the fact that some of the stones have gradually been obscured as the years passed made it doubtful just where the fourth stone was situated, for in that section the growth has been particularly heavy.

Measuring with a speedometer from the third stone, however, showed that the fourth was correctly placed, and that the others were also, with the exception of the last two, as stated above. A white rag was tied to one of the pine-trees in front of the fourth stone on Monday and Contractor Ring has had the brush removed and the stone is again exposed to view, with the "4M" conspicuous.

Perhaps next year the town at its annual meeting will make an appropriation to have the mile-stones moved out nearer the highway. The expense would be little—probably not over \$25, we are informed. And if this is done, the descendant of Peter Ewer will be able to carry out the family tradition and keep the stones painted white in the future.

Oct. 29, 1921

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1859.

THE SEASON.—One of the comforting things for travellers who wish to be cool and comfortable during the heat of summer, is the fact that Mrs. Parker opens the Atlantic House, at Siasconset, on the 10th inst. The thermometer on this jutting headland averages 15° below the indication on the continent, while the tide sweeps by, almost at your feet, at the rate of nearly seven miles the hour, giving its vigor to the salt sea air, and being precisely the same to the sojourner as a sea voyage in a vessel that averages seven knots per hour; and this too without the sea-sickness. To those invalids who require a sea voyage, but who from timidity or from lack of fortune do not wish to cross the Atlantic, this is just the spot. To pulmonary patients it is not well fitted, but, to those who are suffering under nervous complaints; those who are worn down by care and employment; those whose brain needs rest and rejuvenating, this Siasconset is the very spot. If fancy and flash travellers expect to find either the gayety or the expense of Newport or Saratoga they will be mistaken, but those quiet and respectable people who happen to be spending their own money, and are seeking rational rest and invigoration, on Nantucket, either Town or Siasconset, is the place to find them.

The season this year has benefits also for the citizens. The manufacture of articles lately introduced has opened shop after shop till the music of the hammer, so long silent, now charms the ear, and the twin flowers of health and thrift are blooming in our midst. It is no wonder that Nantucket is often called the "paradise of poor folks." Not a family here lives in a garret or a cellar. Not a family among us is denied that pure air of heaven which a beneficent Creator has piled up forty-five miles high around us. The whole shores of our Island are circled by a mine of wealth in the shape of cod, bluefish, sharks, whose livers make a saleable oil, and all other kinds—crustaceous and testaceous—giving dinners and suppers to those who are industrious enough to seek them. In the country, when a poor man has no dinner for himself and family, he must either go without dinner, or he has to launch out some money to the grocer or butcher. Here a well man, almost every day in the year, can not only take his fish line, or eel-spear, or spade, and in a few hours get a dinner for his own family, but another to sell to his wealthier neighbor.—While also there are thousands and thousands of acres of untilled land that could be purchased for a song, or rented on a very small portion of the produce, now lying idle and waiting to be tilled; with a town market for every squash, pumpkin, cucumber or ear of corn that industry sees fit to produce. All we have to say to our neighbors of the continent is, if you feel half as comfortable as we do along the hot summer, and have a full share of as good things, we are glad for you. On this quiet island is a verification of the old proverb, that "a contented mind is a continual feast."

99

SUMMER RESORT.

Sunset Heights!

OTTAGES & LOTS FOR SALE!

THE attention of all those who are seeking a delightful place of Summer resort and recreation, is invited to the natural advantages and beauties of this spot. Situated on a bluff or bank at the South-East side of the island, where the surf of the Atlantic rolls in directly beneath, and in close vicinity to the delightful

Village of Siasconset,

the situation is not surpassed, if equalled, by any on the whole New England coast.

Great improvements have recently been made, a large tract having been neatly laid out into house lots, with spacious avenues between, several new cottages built, and others are ready to put up at the shortest notice. Bridges have been built across the natural gulley or ravine, thus connecting

SUNSET HEIGHTS WITH SIASCONSET;

and near the bridges, a building is being erected for the Restaurant and Saloon, with large dining-room and everything for the convenience of visitors.

BATHING ROOMS

are located close at hand, on the beach below the bluff, and those who have visited this locality know that the surf-bathing here is

Equal to any in the World.

Within convenient distance is the great Sesacaah Pond, where the sport of fishing may be enjoyed by those so inclined. Bluefishing may be carried on from the shore directly at the foot of the "Heights."

Regular stage communication is established with the town of Nantucket through the summer, and passengers can be taken to Sunset Heights directly from the steamer, on arrival. Let all who are in search of a place where they can find all the delights of a summer residence by the seaside,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE,

take the steamer for Nantucket, and make a visit to Sunset Heights, before making up their minds to purchase.

The house lots, as laid out, average 50 x 75 feet, some of them larger; and are so arranged as to present an unusually large proportion of "front lots," facing directly on the ocean. They will be offered to purchasers at prices ranging from \$100 to \$250.

Lithographed plans are ready, and will be furnished, with all further information required, on application, either in person, or by letter, to

CHARLES H. ROBINSON,
or Dr. F. A. ELLIS.

Nantucket, May 17, 1873.

Big Real Estate Sale at

'Sconset

Tuesday, August 8th, 1899,

at 10.45 a. m.,

On the premises, the large 9-room house and twelve house-lots adjoining, on Sunset Heights, known as the Lambertson property. The site of this estate is one of the best along the bluff, directly opposite Pochick Rip, and is bounded by two streets and Ocean park. The property is in excellent repair, and has been recently painted. Woodshed and bath-houses connected. Large cistern. The house will be sold with or without the furniture, and with one or more lots, as the purchaser may elect. It is one of the best opportunities for 'Sconset property facing the ocean offered in many seasons. Terms at time of sale.

July 15 4t

Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.

THE RISE OF 'SCONSET.

DWELLERS IN A QUIET TOWN OF COTTAGES.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 14.—The native Nantucketer is famous for his intense love for this small "isle far out in the sea," and for his pride in her past history and in the remarkable number of distinguished men and women who, if not born on the island, trace their parentage to some of its honored sons and daughters. Among the natives themselves there is this strong bond of sympathy, but there is an amusing amount of rivalry springing up just now, that taxes even that devotion to the common cause. A little bit of guide-book-like description will be necessary to explain the "boom in real estate" which so threatens the old quiet condition of things here. Farms and farm-houses have been scattered over the island since its earliest times, but on the bluff overlooking the ocean on its eastern side quite a number of settlers congregated together as long ago as the first part of the eighteenth century. All were fishermen as well as farmers, and gradually some of the more prosperous of the "town" residents were tempted to join the little community, during the fishing season, when the schools of cod came very near to the coast at this point. Pleased with the freshness of the air, that was so much stronger and more fragrant than the land-locked harbor afforded Nantucket town, these people soon came to this fishing hamlet, as New-Yorkers now run down to Coney Island, for all their summer frolics, clam-bakes and general recreation. All along the bluff the view of the ocean was as perfect and the breezes were as cool as even a sailor could desire. Soon the queer little cottages began to spring up, closely clustered together, as if to protect each other against the possibility of being blown out to sea by some of the "sou-west" gales that sweep so fiercely over the moors. Either more timid or more exclusive, some built on the one broad street that led up the slight rise of land backward toward Nantucket. Here were the more pretentious cottages, and nearly all of them are still owned by the heirs of these first settlers of "Siasconset," or 'Sconset as all natives call this most peculiar of all American seaside resorts. That land herabouts would ever be of special value, even in their wildest dreams, could not have been thought possible. That the day would come when the venerable and venerated "town" should be distanced in the race by this unknown colt was beyond the limits of imagination.

The passing years brought only a slow decay to all the business interests of Nantucket. The long-suffering whale departed to safer waters, and the grass flourished where sperm oil once triumphed. Steadily but reluctantly the quiet of old age came creeping over the town. The younger portion of its inhabitants migrated to more prosperous cities, and like Rip Van Winkle, Nantucket went to sleep for twenty years. From the cessation of the whale fishing in the fifties to the "rediscovery" of the island in the seventies, the quiet years passed without an event to mark their flight that was of more than local interest, except when the Civil War brought its grief and horror to this peace-loving people, whose response to their country's call for help still further crippled their business interests and resources. One day the awakening came, and Nantucket found itself made the theme of song and story, extolled in magazine and newspaper, and with dismay largely mingled with its pride, received as best it could the continually increasing crowd of curiosity-seekers, health-seekers, and pleasure-seekers. As one old native woman, well known to all who know 'Sconset, grumblingly exclaimed, "Seems as if all the seekers this earth ever got up have turned round toward 'Sconset! and questioners,—sakes! they'll ask till they drive me wild!" Her groans were at first echoed by the majority of all the islanders. Not having foresight sufficient to appreciate the gain they would derive from this sudden popularity, they felt only indignation toward the "seekers," who, in too many instances, were intrusive and impertinent. In 1878 or 1880 land along the bluff could be bought for about one-tenth the value it now claims. Those of the regular visitors who came here at that time are not a little disgusted at their own blindness, when fine building lots could have been then secured by them that now have passed into the hands of more "knowing" strangers.

From the large plot of ground owned by the United States at Sankoty Head, on which stands the well-known "Sankoty Light," the bluff extends southeast, then southwest in a beautiful curve, to "Pochick Rips" (or sand bar), gradually lessening in height from 100 feet at Sankoty to a level with the beach at Pochick. Siasconset proper lies a little south of the centre of this curve, on the bank about thirty feet above the broad beach. Four years ago less than a score of families came to 'Sconset, to rent the funny little cottage-huts, live the quaint life of those who for the first time find themselves actually seven (if not ten) "miles from a lemon," a store, a post-office, a—anything. To-day the visitors are recorded as numbering over 2,000. The little hamlet is like a small hub surrounded by a circle of long spokes, and bluff lots are unpurchasable on the southern end, and few in number even on the extreme north. Until about 1882 only Nantucket residents, or relatives of some of the old families, had built at 'Sconset. In that year Mr. R. Gardner Chase, of Boston, who had already a charming place in the town, built a very large Cottage on the bluff known as "Sunset Heights," south of the old cluster of houses. Dr. Ellis and Mr. Charles Robinson then owned nearly all of the most attractive portion of land at this end of the town, and many have envied their luck or wisdom in

this purchase. Within the past four years Mr. Edward Underhill has had ten cottages built, in a simple but convenient style, thoroughly furnished, and has this season rented them at a good per cent. upon the investment. The two little hotels that more than gave accommodation to the visitors before Nantucket was "rediscovered," still try to hold the crowd that apply for admittance, but one of them wisely secured land near the bluff, about 200 feet from its main building, and built a large annex, giving a decided impetus to the transient-visitor business of the place, and offering delightful views from all of its rooms and wide verandas. An improvement in the table attractions of 'Sconset hotels would be greatly appreciated and of great benefit to the place. Hotel-keeping is a business that requires talent peculiar to itself, if success and satisfaction are expected and given.

Cottage life seems to be preferred, however, and an investment of \$2,000 will give a return of 10 per cent. with a merely nominal tax, and but a two or three months' use of the property. Mr. Isaac Hills, a native of Rochester, N. Y., has built for rental three or four of the most attractive cottages in the place. Always a lover of bric-a-brac, with exceptional advantages in its purchase, consequent upon his long residence in Nantucket, he has furnished his cottages with much rare old furniture, and adorned them with choice bits of carvings and collections of old and rare china, that would serve as attraction in the most aristocratic of city homes. Every possible convenience is introduced that the place will afford, and old 'Sconset looks on in wonder (and sometimes contempt) to see how greatly these "new-fangled" ways of doing things are appreciated by those so fortunate as to secure one of Mr. Hills's cottages. Among those who this season are occupying his houses are Admiral Calhoun, U. S. N., and Mr. Emory Wendell, of Detroit, Mich.

One of the largest cottages on Sunset Heights at 'Sconset is built as a double house, a large wide hall running through its centre, and is owned by Major Burbank, U. S. A., and Mr. R. A. Richards, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Burbank. Their charming summer home is always filled with guests and members of the family, and forms one of the pleasantest circles in 'Sconset. Among the cottagers who choose this southern end of the hamlet for their place of summer residence are President Taylor, of Vassar College, who has just completed a very pretty cottage near the extreme southern limit of the bluff; Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, who built two years ago on the very last lot of this "southern tier"; the Rev. Dr. Eastman, of South Framingham, Mass.; Mrs. S. J. Clute, of New York; Mr. Sawyer, of Boston; Mr. A. B. Lamberton, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mr. Charles H. Robinson, of Nantucket, who has built besides his own cottage several others of exceptional beauty of style and finish, for rental.

Sept. 4, 1886

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I regret that my old friend, Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, should take a dispairing view of the situation of affairs in 'Sconset, because gentlemen who have large interests there, both natives and off-islanders, suspecting that measures for the sanitation of the village have not kept pace with its growth as a seaside resort, urge that efficient methods be adopted to ensure the wholesome character of the place in the future. During the past summer, I was myself startled at the disclosure made by intelligent visitors and residents in respect to the condition of the place, and I reproached myself for not having investigated for myself, for I found that I had myself, to a certain extent, been an offender against sanitary laws. Very sensibly the residents concluded that it was best to have an examination made by men of scientific and practical knowledge, to ascertain to what extent the prosperity of the village was menaced by imperfect drainage, and the defects were found to be such as to make it imperative, if the village is to retain its popularity, that measures be taken for better methods of disposing of the kitchen waste and excrementitious matter.

'Sconset has thus far been a wholesome place in which to live, because of its air and its porous soil, and not because of what has been done in the line of experience and intelligent investigation to make it so. The same may be said of the town. With rare exceptions the most primitive methods are followed in both places. It will not do to assume that the wholesomeness of the past in Siasconset will continue in the future. A few years ago a case of diphtheria was developed in the Surfside Hotel, and the Board of Health was compelled to order the building closed, and it has never been reopened. It was believed that the case originated in defective drainage. Nor can Capt. Clapp fail to recollect that late in the season of 1889, a child died of a malignant disease at Wauwinet, and that its death was followed by the exodus of

nearly all the residents at that well situated place. It was then discovered that the privy vault at the hotel was in such a condition as to invite disease and it came. One such experience was sufficient, and there is no doubt that those interested in the success of that place will guard against the recurrence of a similar calamity.

The truth is, that all over the island, residents have left matters to take care of themselves. There is, of course, a health officer whose duty it is to investigate the condition of every house and its surroundings, but his territorial jurisdiction is too extensive. He has the care of a town of 3000 inhabitants in which he lives, and Siasconset with its near 2000 residents during the summer season, and also Wauwinet, now having its scores of visitors. The contract is too big for one man to efficiently cover the ground. There is a vital necessity that an officer be assigned to duty at 'Sconset, to act as a peace officer and to look after the sanitary condition of the village from the middle of June to the middle of September. It may be, as Capt. Clapp says, that in many instances, the tenants of the houses in 'Sconset are the ones who are culpable. Admit it, and there is a still greater necessity to have some one in the village who can speak with authority and notify offending parties of the penalty that awaits them for the infraction of the health laws.

A comprehensive system of drainage will, with the increase of population, become in time a matter of necessity, and I believe long before Capt. Clapp will be discoursing music from celestial harps in realms of the blessed, for I don't want him to leave the island before his time. Without him the Cap'n's room will be a dreary waste.

The committee appointed by the residents did well to get advice of eminent sanitary engineers, as to the best plan to insure the healthful condition of the village which it has been its good luck to have in the past. I know it is common for Nantucket men to speak with indifference of summer visitors, who have increased in number from year to year, until in 1889, there were nearly 15,000 who came to the island. Yet it is by reason of the presence of the visitors that large numbers of Nantucket people are prospering as they had never hoped to do on the island in the '70's. The acreage devoted to garden products, the demand for poultry, milk and eggs, the necessity for stores for the distribution of meats, fish and groceries have become so great that now there are three grocery stores, two meat markets, and two fish markets, to say nothing of stores for the sale of nick-nacks that are wanted in every family; whereas, in 1880, Mr. Frank Crosby was able to supply the whole village with groceries on his daily trips with his wagon from town. Bluefish, which ten years since sold at 25 cents apiece, now readily sell for a dollar or more. The wage of unskilled labor was then ten cents an hour; now it is fifteen cents and even more, and hard to get at that. The compensations of skilled workmen have increased correspondingly, and with the demand for their services, such as the island has not known since the decadence of its principal industry. Teams could be had in the '70's for \$2 per day. It is seldom now that a horse and wagon is let for less than \$3 for a half a day, and \$5 is the usual price where it is taken for the day.

If the prosperity of the island has not come from the summer visitors, to what is it due? If the health of its different localities can be made doubly sure by the adoption of proper sanitary methods, it will be the best advertisement to increase the number of visitors, and the cost of the improvements made in the out-houses of the houses on the bank, either at the cost of their owners or by taxation when a more comprehensive system shall be adopted, will be hardly felt, and the benefits will be permanent.

I do not like to see Capt. Clapp in mental depression for fear it may become chronic. "Let him take heart o' grace." His little house on the bank "is a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and though it is old, I think he could sell it today for \$1200, whereas, in the '70's it is doubtful if he could have disposed of it with its furniture for a quarter of that sum. This increased value is all because summer visitors have created a demand for dwellings on the bank; and that Siasconset has advanced in prosperity and population, is very largely due to the existence of the despised little railroad which carries us to and from the town and cures us of torpidity of the liver.

I do hope that Capt. Clapp will "brace up" and "cast that shadow from his brow."

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.
NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1889.

100

THE GROWTH OF 'SCONSET.

THE CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN A DECADE, AND THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE IN AND ABOUT THE VILLAGE.

Those who reside in Siasconset, in the midst of the many changes that have been constantly in progress for the last ten years, and the unobserving class who visit the village for brief seasons of recreation, have perhaps not been struck with the steady growth and increasing popularity of 'Sconset, if one may judge from their conversation upon the subject. But the observing element that has been attracted to the village and has had opportunities to satisfy curiosity, is forcibly impressed with the idea that a prosperous future is in store for this place, as the improvements of the last decade are carefully noted. "Do you realize the extent of building and land operations in 'Sconset during the last ten years?" asked one of these inquiring people of the writer, a few days ago, after looking for a time at one of the dwellings in process of erection. The question led to an extended consideration of the subject, and facts were developed that gave rise to the thought of a newspaper article.

A few years ago 'Sconset was known only to Nantucketers and a meagre number of summer guests, and the population was then swelled only by light accessions during the fishing seasons. Later, the property known as Sunset Heights was purchased by two enterprising gentlemen—Mr. C. H. Robinson and Dr. F. A. Ellis—who erected a small restaurant and one or two cottages. From this time on 'Sconset has been gaining a boom, and at the present date is one of the most popular and growing sections upon the island. The little nucleus of a restaurant has been added to as demands for accommodations increased, until it has almost wholly lost its identity behind the new walls that have been erected around it, and now boasts of an annex many times its own original proportions. While the little dining-room building has been gaining its present size, cottages and pretentious summer residences have been raising their roofs about it, the line of buildings stretching along the bank to the southwest not far from a half mile in extent. The growth has been slow but healthy, and Sunset Heights, with the eight cottages built by Mr. E. F. Underhill, of New York, now numbers not far from thirty new buildings that have been erected in the time specified, and of various styles of architecture, as the builders' tastes have dictated.

Old 'Sconset has also undergone many transformations, and but comparatively few of the houses wholly retain that quaintness which has proved such an attraction to visitors. Yet the inroads of modern architecture have not entirely obliterated 'Sconset, which is still sought by many of our people as of yore. Eight new dwelling houses have been erected in the village limits, while the number of houses that have been remodelled is many. Street lights are maintained; a fire department has been organized and fire cisterns and a hand engine furnished; and for four months there is railroad communication with Nantucket.

Continuing north from the village, we first come upon what is known as White's Hamlet, a collection of fourteen small cottages erected by Mr. H. K. White, of Detroit, in which it is said he has invested the sum of \$20,000. These cottages are rented in the summer season at good prices. Beyond this are four completed cottages, and two in process of construction. The present indications are that a number of other cottages are to be built during the ensuing year, and those who live another ten years will see a continuous line of cottages along the bank for at least three miles. At present the

shore front is not short of a mile in extent, and gradually extending towards Sankaty lighthouse, beyond which several parties have already erected cottages. The cottages erected number fifty-eight. In the ten years mentioned, houselots have increased rapidly in value, and in places where an acre of land could have been bought at that time for \$50, houselots 50x100 feet are now held at from \$200 to \$500, and are finding purchasers more rapidly than at the old figures. The boom is strong and strengthening, and 'Sconset in another decade will be a town of no mean proportions.

'Sconset's Growth—A Parallel Of Fifty Years Ago.

The following article appeared in *The Inquirer and Mirror* for October 31st, 1885. Touching on the changes that had taken place in 'Sconset during the decade just passed, it commented on the busy season of '85 and made a remarkable prophecy for the village's future. Believing it will be of interest not only to 'Sconseters but to islanders and summer visitors, who have seen the changes of this century eclipse even the growth of the 80's, we reprint it as follows:

Those who reside in Siasconset, in the midst of many changes that have been constantly in progress for the last ten years, and the unobserving class who visit the village for brief seasons of recreation, have perhaps not been struck with the steady growth and increasing popularity of 'Sconset, if one may judge from their conversation upon the subject.

But the observing element that has been attracted to the village and has had opportunities to satisfy curiosity, is forcibly impressed with the idea that a prosperous future is in store for the village, as the improvements of the past decade are carefully noted.

A few years ago 'Sconset was known only to Nantucketers and a meagre number of summer guests, and the population was then swelled only by light accessions during the fishing seasons. Later the property known as Sunset Heights was purchased by two enterprising gentlemen—C. H. Robinson and Dr. F. A. Ellis—who erected a small restaurant and one or two cottages. From this time on 'Sconset has been gaining a boom, and at the present date is one of the most popular and growing sections upon the island.

The little nucleus of a restaurant has been added to, as demands for accommodations increased, until it has almost wholly lost its identity behind the new walls that have been erected around it, and now boasts of an annex many times its own original proportions. While the little dining room building has been gaining its present size, cottages and pretentious summer residences have been raising their roofs about it, the line of buildings stretching along the bank to the southwest not far from a half mile in extent.

The growth has been slow but healthy, and Sunset Heights, with the eight cottages built by Mr. E. F. Underhill, of New York, now numbers not far from thirty new buildings that have been erected in the time specified, and of various styles of architecture, as the builders' tastes have dictated.

Old 'Sconset has also undergone many transformations, and but comparatively few of the houses wholly retain that quaintness which has proved such an attraction to visitors. Yet the inroads of modern architecture have not entirely obliterated 'Sconset, which is still sought by many of our people as of yore.

Eight new dwellings have been erected in the village limits, while the number of houses that have been remodelled is many. Street lights are maintained; a fire department has been organized and fire cisterns and a hand engine furnished; and for four months there is a railroad communication with Nantucket.

Continuing north from the village, we first come upon what is known as White's Hamlet, a collection of fourteen small cottages erected by Mr. H. K. White, of Detroit, in which it is said he has invested the sum of \$20,000. These cottages are rented in the summer at good prices. Beyond this are four completed cottages, and two in process of construction. The present indications are that a number of other cottages are to be built during the ensuing year, and those who live another ten years will see a continuous line of cottages along the bank for at least three miles.

At present the shore line is not short of a mile in extent, and gradually extending towards Sankaty lighthouse, beyond which several parties have already erected cottages.

The cottages erected number fifty-eight. In the ten years mentioned, houselots have increased rapidly in value, and in places where an acre of land could have been bought at that time for \$50, houselots 50x100 feet are now held at from \$200 to \$500, and are finding purchasers more rapidly than at the old figures. The boom is strong and strengthening, and 'Sconset in another decade will be a town of no mean proportions.

While dwelling upon the subject of 'Sconset, another item in our 50 years ago issue relates an incident in close connection with the village's transformation from a fishermen's headquarters to a recreational center and summer resort. It reads:

"Uncle Brown's Senate" is a thing of the past, the ancient marine having disposed of his 'Sconset property, thus cutting off what has been the fall club room for a good many years. Capt. Gardner has retired from active fishing, but visits frequently the scenes of his exploits to catch a few "roasters." The spirit of fishing dies hard with Uncle Brown. He was presiding at the House of Representatives a few evenings ago when we happened into the spectators' gallery, and refreshed the hearers with new versions of old stories concerning his exploits at Little Rip and the "Rat Hole." The abolishing of the Senate removes another landmark, and with the inroads of summer visitors 'Sconset is changing. But there is yet much that is pleasant to those who yearly seek the bank for a few weeks' recreation, and it will be long before the increasing changes will entirely obliterate the pleasures of a sojourn in the village.

"Sunset Heights" in 'Sconset—Real Estate With a Future.

The village of Siasconset has had a steady growth as a summer resort, especially over the last half-century. Originally a fishing hamlet, with the houses of the island fishermen grouped about the gullies leading to the beach below, the settlement on the bluff-top became a favorite place for those in Nantucket-Town who wished to establish a "country-place" out of the town's limits.

But a little over three-quarters of a century ago the first extensive real estate developments had their origins. In the spring of 1873, a group of islanders purchased considerable land

south of what was then known as "the Gulch," at Siasconset. A broad avenue, called Ocean Avenue, was laid out, twenty feet wide, along the edge of the bank, running north and south, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. Other streets were laid out to run east and west.

The whole tract was staked off in lots and two cottages were built, the largest one facing Ocean Avenue and the other fronting on Cottage avenue. The entrance to the area was built from the main street of 'Sconset village and a substantial road bridge was constructed across the entrance of the down-grade at the "Gulch." A foot-bridge, 90 feet long, was also proposed to lead from the south end of Broadway, in the village, to the new area.

The new development was called "Sunset Heights." A large restaurant building was proposed, some thirty feet in length, with seven rooms on the second story.

In May, 1873, the proprietors of the new development, Charles H. Robinson and Dr. Franklin A. Ellis, held a party on the grounds, with a special sea-food dinner served, a band concert, and a general inspection of the property.

In their extensive advertisement, which appeared in the columns of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, advising the public of the advantages of building at "Sunset Heights," the two promoters wrote, in part, as follows:

SUMMER RESORT

SUNSET HEIGHTS

Cottages and Lots For Sale

"The attention of all those who are seeking a delightful place of Summer resort and recreation is invited to the natural advantages and beauties of this spot. Situated on a bluff or bank at the southeast side of the Island, where the surf of the Atlantic rolls in directly beneath, and in close vicinity of the delightful

Village of Siasconset

"Regular stage communication is established with the town of Nantucket through the summer, and passengers can be taken to Sunset Heights directly from the steamer, on arrival. Let all who are in search for a place where they can find all the delights of a summer residence by the seaside

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

take the steamer for Nantucket, and make a visit to Sunset Heights before making up their minds to purchase. The house lots, as laid out, average 50 x 75 feet; and are so arranged as to present an unusually large proportion of "front lots" facing directly on the ocean. They will be offered to purchasers at prices ranging from \$100 to \$250."

The present array of residences in this area, with the recent enlargement of "The Inn" grounds, the Beach House hotel, and the adjacent area, would probably astonish even such ardent promoters as Messrs. Ellis and Robinson of 77 years ago. But, to these men must go credit for their appreciation of a perfect setting for such a development.

Sept. 9, 1950

OBITUARY.

UNDERHILL.—Edward F. Underhill, who died suddenly in New York last Saturday, was a well known figure in Nantucket, especially at Siasconset, with which latter place he had been identified for a period of about twenty years, and for which he had been a staunch friend. It is largely through his unique efforts that the little hamlet has attained a widespread notoriety, and no opportunity was ever lost by the deceased to urge its attractions as a place of summer resort. His large real estate investments there gave his work often a mercenary appearance, but it is well known to our own people that he had acquired a natural love for the island and its people, and that his efforts should not be characterized otherwise than wholesouled endeavors for the public welfare. Mr. Underhill was highly esteemed here, and his demise will create a feeling of sadness that will be generally shared. The subjoined sketch of his life requires nothing to ensure its completeness:

[From N. Y. Times, 19th]

Edward F. Underhill Dead.

Edward F. Underhill, official stenographer of the Surrogate's Court in this city, a pioneer in his profession and the originator of the State statute creating court stenographers, died suddenly at his home, 200 East Twenty-seventh street, at 7.20 o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Underhill was at his office as usual Thursday. When he reached home that afternoon he complained of being distressed by indigestion, and retired to his bed. Although he had been in poor health for the past two years this attack was not considered dangerous by Mr. Underhill's family. His physician made him as comfortable as possible, but he kept to his bed all day Friday, and continued to complain of the feeling of indigestion. Early yesterday morning he manifested alarming symptoms, and grew rapidly worse until he died. His wife was with him when death came.

Successful to a marked degree in his chosen calling, Edward F. Underhill was a man of interesting and most agreeable character. His active disposition and progressive ideas carried him into various enterprises, some of which developed well, but he never allowed his stenographic interests to suffer by neglect. He possessed a strong vein of originality, liberally tinged with humor, and an early experience as a newspaper writer enabled him to cultivate an entertaining style of composition. In recent years, however, he did very little writing for newspapers or magazines. Edward F. Underhill was born in the village of Wolcott, Wayne County, this State, in 1830. He was of Quaker stock, being a lineal descendant of Capt. John Underhill, the Indian fighter of colonial fame.

When eleven years old young Underhill went to Utica to live, and there he attended school for two years. Subsequently he engaged in various employments, including one year's labor on a farm. At the age of sixteen years he was placed in a large woolen factory in Waterloo, N. Y., for the purpose of learning the business. Within the first week of his apprenticeship he caught his left hand in a machine and lost his fingers. In after years he occasionally remarked that the cutting off of his fingers opened the way for him to be a "short-hand" reporter. It was in 1847 that Underhill first turned his attention to stenography. In that year he became a pupil of T. C. Leland, one of the early apostles of phonography in America. Underhill studied the system as presented in the editions of Isaac Pitman's textbooks of 1842 and 1847. After becoming fairly skillful as a short-hand reporter, Mr. Underhill went to St. Louis and obtained employment on The Republican, and subsequently on The Reveille and The Intelligencer. It was at this period that he wrote some of his humorous sketches.

In 1850 Underhill was one of the American members of the Phonetic Council, the discussions of which preceded the changes in phonography published by Mr. Isaac Pitman in his textbooks of 1851. Mr. Underhill removed to New York in 1853, and in the Fall of that year he was employed on the staff of The Times. Two years afterward he became connected with The Tribune, where he remained for several years. He enjoyed the personal friendship of Horace Greeley until that famous journalist died. In 1861 Mr. Underhill was again employed by The Times, first as war correspondent and afterward as Washington correspondent. He was captured by the Confederates, taken to Harper's Ferry, and tried as a spy before a court presided over by Col. Jackson, subsequently known to fame as "Stonewall" Jackson. Although acquitted of being a spy he was kept in the old Charleston Jail for some time.

Early in 1862 Mr. Underhill resolved to devote himself exclusively to law reporting. About this time he was admitted to practice at the bar. He was instrumental, through David Dudley Field, in securing the enactment of the first statute in America giving the stenographer an official status in court. Under that statute stenographers were appointed in each of the courts of record of New York City. In 1863 the law was improved, providing for an annual salary of \$1,500, and defining the status of the stenographer and his duties. Two years later Mr. Underhill procured the passage of a further amendment increasing court stenographers' salaries in New York City to \$2,500 per annum, and also extending the system to the Surrogate's Court of New York. From time to time other statutes were drawn by Mr. Underhill developing the system of employing official stenographers.

For many years Mr. Underhill was the official stenographer of the Supreme Court in New York, and subsequently he was the official stenographer of the New York Legislature. He was also the official stenographer of the New York Constitutional Convention in 1867-8, and he was employed in a large number of important conventions, meetings and trials. He was the official reporter of three impeachment trials, notably that of Gov. Holden in North Carolina in 1871. The only strictly political office held by Mr. Underhill was clerk of the New York State Assembly in 1869. He was appointed official stenographer in the Surrogate's office in this city several years ago, and in recent years he had been a valuable adjunct of that court. He served under successive Surrogates with equal acceptability, and he enjoyed the respect and friendship of the lawyers. He frequently acted as a referee in important cases.

Mr. Underhill was first married in 1850 to Mary S. Post, of St. Louis. Some time after her death he married Evelyn Stoddard, who survives him. His only surviving child, Lily, is the wife of Charles D. Doubleday.

Mr. Underhill had a fondness for big enterprises, and he was quite successful in many of his ventures. About twenty-five years ago he established a vineyard near Brocton, Chataqua County, and cultivated grapes for wine manufacture with much enthusiasm. He sold out that industry, however, for the purpose of devoting himself to the larger scheme of establishing a summer cottage settlement at Siasconset, Mass. Having taken a fancy to the place, he first bought a plot of ground and built a cottage for his own use. His liking for 'Sconset increased to so great an extent that he bought enough ground for a village and began to build. His estate now owns thirty-six cottages there, and a large number of summer visitors own other cottages in the same neighborhood. 'Sconset, which is seven miles from Nantucket, is now a summer resort of importance. Only twelve families live there in the winter, but the summer population is between 1200 and 1500 persons. Mr. Underhill for a number of years past periodically invited attention to 'Sconset in a series of unique and breezy circulars teeming with originality. "It is a place with a history written and unwritten, mostly unwritten," he said, "a veritable patch-work village. Many houses begun 100 to 200 years ago by squatters—fisherfolk. Bodies planted long ago. Spirits gone aloft. Their works still live."

The funeral of the dead stenographer and writer will take place tomorrow at the convenience of his family.

June 2, 1898

Golden Wedding.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Morris, of 'Sconset, who are today (December 1st) observing their golden wedding. They were married in Nantucket, December 1, 1889, by the Rev. S. M. Beal, pastor of the Methodist Church. The Inquirer and Mirror chronicled the happy event as follows:

"In the evening a crowded house waited the impressive ceremony at the Methodist Church, when Charles C. Morris, of 'Sconset, and Miss Etta Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Bartlett, were united in marriage. The family and intimate friends had reserved seats. The music by the choir was excellent. The solo by Mrs. Mary P. Crocker was very finely received.

"Everybody was pleased with the presence and deportment of the bride, and the groom retained as the happiest of men to take his bride to their new home in 'Sconset, where we wish them a long life of happiness."

Mr. and Mrs. Morris are making a little golden wedding honeymoon trip in observance of the event, and will spend their anniversary with their son, Preston Morris, in Vineyard Haven.

Sold Out.

One familiar face will be missed from the 'Sconset contingent this season, as Wallace C. Brown has sold out his grocery business there to Clinton C. Macy. Mr. Brown's health is such that he is unable to continue in active business, and he has been in Redlands, Cal., for the greater part of the time since leaving here last fall. Mr. Brown has been identified with the grocery trade in the village many years, beginning in a very small way with a tent. After that he took the store and stock of the late Capt. George Coffin, subsequently removing to the store facing on Pump square, which was built for his use.

"Wally's," as his place was familiarly designated, was a central depot, where everybody went to purchase, telephone, or secure information. It was a popular resort for old and young, and Mr. Brown always made it interesting. The regular 'Sconseters will miss Mr. Brown, and all will extend him the kindest of good wishes for improved health conditions.

Mr. Macy, who will succeed to the business, is known to all natives and many of the summer people, having had many customers among them for his retail order wagon trade, which he has kept up several years, and he has had encouragement to take over the business.

Apr. 15, 1905

Obituary.

A telegram to Capt. James F. Brown, Saturday evening, announced the death of his son, Wallace C. Brown, that morning, in Redlands, Cal., where he went last fall to seek a climate more congenial to his physical condition. But his disease could not be stayed, and after an heroic struggle against it—a struggle that had really been kept up since childhood—death came. In Wallace Brown, Nantucket has lost a good citizen, one who has been loyal to her interests so far as lay in his power. And the village of Siasconset, with which he has been more closely identified for many years, will feel that a land-mark (if we may be permitted the term for one so young) has been removed. Only last week we made announcement that Mr. Brown had sold out the grocery business he had long and successfully conducted, and the ink was barely dried on the paper, when the news came of his demise. The announcement was not unexpected, yet it brought with it the chill of lonesomeness, and there are many among our readers, and more particularly of the 'Sconset summer colony, who will feel a pang of sorrow when they learn of his death. Genial, accommodating, uncomplaining and of happy disposition was Wallace Brown, and he will be greatly missed. Only a few years ago he was married to Miss Carrie Roller, of Detroit, who has been a faithful, devoted wife, ministering to his comfort in every possible way, and to her will go out unalloyed sympathy from a host of friends in her hour of great personal loss.

Apr. 22, 1905

Death of Samuel P. Pitman.

Samuel P. Pitman, who passed away Christmas night at his home on Fair street at the age of ninety-one, was for many years 'Sconset's best-known and most highly respected citizen. From his home on Bunker Hill, at the entrance to the village, he always radiated friendliness and good cheer. In more recent years, since removing to town to reside, his has been a familiar figure on Main street daily until he was stricken ill a few weeks ago.

Genial and courteous in manner, he brought the same spirit of friendliness to town with him that he had manifested in 'Sconset. He enjoyed companionship and often rode in the store delivery trucks when they made their rounds about town, reminiscent at times, jovial at others, but always a pleasant companion.

A great reader, he made daily visits to the public library and both young and old received a pleasant word of greeting as he wended his way homeward with an armful of books. He enjoyed meeting people and even as increasing years began to weigh heavily on his shoulders he was able to get a lot out of life from day to day.

On the 19th of May, 1871, while working in New Bedford, Samuel P. Pitman took unto himself a wife, marrying Miss Abbie Tripp, and later bringing her to Nantucket with him to make their permanent home. For more than sixty-eight years the couple have lived together, happy in each other's company, loyal and devoted partners for nearly seventy years, doing their own housework, caring for themselves in every way, and holding the esteem and reverence of all.

Theirs has been a rare privilege—to live together as man and wife for sixty-eight long, happy years. And now that they have come to the parting of the ways, nothing but pleasant memories are left to her who now must carry on alone.

Besides his widow, Samuel P. Pitman is survived by a daughter, Mrs. George E. Grimes, and a son, Albert B. Pitman, both of Nantucket. He also leaves a grandson—George Robert Grimes—and three grand-daughters—Mrs. Elizabeth Frye, Mrs. Clara Donnell, and Mrs. Katherine Kelley, all of Nantucket. There are also several great-grand-children.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Fair street, Thursday afternoon, the Rev. Claude Bond, pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. Interment was in the Prospect Hill cemetery.

Dec. 30, 1939

102

'Sconset Notes.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

[With apologies to "Joe Lincoln"]

After supper, of an evenin', 'long 'bout h'af past six o'clock,
When I've fetched tomorrow's wood in, 'n I've milked, 'n seen 't the stock,
It's mos' ginally my custom, or my habit, you may say,
Ter stroll into the groc'ry, where the mail is left, and stay
An' meet the other fellers, 'round the stoop, and stan' an' smoke—
That is, smoke or chaw or sunthin', an' jes laff 'n crack a joke
With the res' the crowd. I tell yer, it's clean comfort to the core
Waitin' fer the mail er evenin's, down to Wally's groc'ry store.

Wheels an' hosses, fish an' farmin', they discuss most ev'ry night,
But wheels, they hev it most the time; arguments are keen and bright.
Last Tuesday evenin' a crowd was there, standin' aroun' the pump,
An' once 'n a while a cyclist'd come an' hop off on the jump.
Citizen Tom, he said, s'd he, "Now boys, ain't it the beater,
How they git 10,000 figgers in ter that wee cy-cler-meter!"
'Twas so good a joke, it nearly knocked 'the gang right through the door,
Waitin' fer the mail that evenin', down to Wally's groc'ry store.

Course, I don't expect a letter every time the mail comes in,
Though my son Allie writes me, an' others now n' agin;
An' the 'Nquirer n' Mirror comes reg'larly once er week;
But it's more the social sperrit I'm after, so to speak.
Why, you can't help feelin' woke up when Cap'n Folger'll tell
'Bout the cur'ous flyin' fishes he's seed 'bout Little Rip, an'—Well,
When Walt Pitman gits ter goin', Gosh! we might bust thro' the floor,
Waitin' fer the mail er evenin's, down to Wally's groc'ry store.

That there Pitman, by thunder! he's a hull camp meet'n team!
He knocks play-actin' silly when he really gits up steam.
Say, he did git off the best one on John Ransom's other night—
(John V. I not John P.—I think I've got it right)
He embellished the story, without er smile upon his face,
How Tommy Pitman's "Queenie" beat John's wheel in a race.
He told the facts so cute, yer know, we bust out in 'rbar,
Waitin' fer the mail that evenin', down to Wally's groc'ry store.

Now boys, you know about it? Wa'nat it great! I tell you what!
Never stopped to think nor nothin', but jest give it good an' hot;
An' when he see how 'twas takin', course, he said it over then,
An' jest emphasized a little, where it needed it; an' then
"Gosh!" sez to Walt, "I'm thinkin'," s'I, "I'd like ter bet a hat
'Twill be quite a spell, by gum, 'fore John hears the last of that."
Talk about yer wit an' humor; I git all I want, an' more,
Waitin' fer the mail er evenin's down to Wally's groc'ry store.

The Mayor has had the stairway leading to the bathing beach put in thorough repair, and the famed "Paddack Codfish" weather-vane re-gilded and placed upon the Bucknam barn, for the public benefit.

The nuisance of cattle roaming at large in the streets continues unabated. Owners deliberately defy the laws and statutes, in such cases made and provided. The authorities seem powerless to act, and the law becomes farcical.

Strangers daily make their appearance, and a steady demand for cottages is reported.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Stephens, after a fortnight's pleasant sojourn at 'Sconset, have returned to New York. Mr. Stephens having found the restful influence of the island climate so seductive as to impede certain literary work which he has contracted to finish shortly. He says that a 'Sconset cottage is the best residence in the world for a man on a vacation, but is too good a resting place for a worker. He will probably return later, when he is through with the work now in hand.
Engineer H. R. Brayton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brayton are sojourning here.

The public roads leading out of the village are in such poor condition that some of the ladies have put aside their wheels until the conditions are improved.

Mr. T. W. King displays the weather signals daily upon his flag-staff.

Mr. George W. Rogers, 2d, while cycling along the cycle path on top of Bean Hill, Thursday afternoon, collided with the team of Mr. Stillman Cash, which was passing across into the Hinsdale road, and his wheel was somewhat demoralized. Each party thought the other was about to give way. Mr. Rogers was thrown and miraculously escaped serious injury.

May 22, 1897

Struck by the Squall.

NARROW ESCAPE OF 'SCONSET FISHERMEN.

They Reach the Shore After a Desperate Struggle.

Just before going to press we received advices from 'Sconset announcing the narrow escape of the dory fishermen, who were surprised by the squall of yesterday morning. Nine dories left the shore at 6.30 o'clock in the morning, in the face of a dense fog, their occupants being as follows: Capt. C. B. Gardner, Charles S. Glidden, John Morris, Philip Josephs, James H. Wood, Manuel Thomas, Willie Jones, Thomas Whelden and Horace Orpin together, and Capt. Edward B. Hussey. The squall burst upon them about 7 o'clock, and the people on the bank watched their manœuvres with the closest attention. The water grew rapidly rough and fears were entertained for the safety of the hardy men off shore. Wood anchored his dory and got into that of Thomas; Glidden got in with Jones; all were pulling for the shore with their best energies except Josephs, who was so far off shore as to place him in the strength of the gale, against which he was unable to pull.

When some of the boats had landed, a large dory was procured and manned by John G. Orpin, George Orpin, James H. Wood and Manuel Thomas, who put off to the assistance of Josephs. They reached him after a hard pull, and Thomas got in and helped him row ashore. Glidden's boat sank after he left her, but Wood's was riding at anchor at the hour of our correspondent's writing. The dories arrived about 9 o'clock. The edge of the bank was thronged with people throughout the forenoon, who anxiously watched every movement.

WHO REMEMBERS?

When Wallie Brown kept a confectionary stand in a small frame building that stood about where the kitchen of the present post office is now? The establishment was presided over by Lincoln Ceely. The building did not have a window. One door to the east gave access to the store. When the place opened for its daily business in peanuts, lozenges, pop, etc., hooks released part of the front of the store, which allowed it to swing outward and upward, and hooked again to outside supports, thus forming an awning for the place and a shelter for the young hopefuls of the village.

Who remembers the Walker House fire on the bank in 1884? This was possibly the first real demonstration by the 'Sconset Volunteer Fire Department, using the old hand pumper. The fire started about supper time from a defective flue. The cry of "fire" spread through the village, bringing men, women and children to the scene of the "conflagration." The hand pumper, or "Tub", as it was more generally called, was stationed at the fire cistern at Pump Square, the line of hose being run through Mitchell street, up Broadway, and then through the alley beside Nonantum cottage.

To add to the efficiency of the department a bucket brigade of women and children was formed. Buckets and pitchers were brought into service and as fast as the young boys could pump the watering trough full at the village pump, the buckets and pitchers were filled and passed along the line of eager helpers to the scene of the fire. In the meantime ladders were placed against the burning building, gallant firemen hauled the hose up to the upper windows, word was yelled to the men at the tub to "start pumping" and soon a Niagara of 'Sconset water was pouring into the upper rooms.

It didn't take long to subdue the flames or make a wreck of some of the interior of the house, and likewise destroy most of the summer clothing of the two young ladies of the family; to say nothing of spoiling a perfectly good supper already on the table. One of the "survivors" of the fire speaks affectionately of a bowl of applesauce that was to have been a part of the supper, and which became hopelessly mixed into a gooey mass of uninviting food.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

SIASCONSET, June 25, 1883.

MESSENGERS EDITORS:—The beautiful hamlet of thirteen cottages that Mr. White has built here is as yet without a name. Some of us who take an interest in the subject have been deliberating, and have decided it shall be "White's Hamlet." Please make it known. I am sure you and all others will approve the recognition this will give to the gentleman whose capital and enterprise have created between one summer and another, on this breezy bluff by the sea, a refuge—aye, an absolute refuge—from all the discomforts and dangers with which summer heat afflicts the dwellers in cities.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM J. FLAGG.

The Old Great Gate.

Beloved Nantucket! She sits queen of the sea, beckoning all her sons and daughters to come and rest—rest from the dust, the toil and the automobiles of cities—and renew the old associations of childhood. These come to me with renewed force as I wonder in thought among the dear old lanes, for "we leave our home in youth and go, we know not where, and coming back in a few short years see the old home, the old elms, the old flat stone at the gate, and hear the latchet's self-same click—but lift that latchet and all is changed as doom."

But if all is changed as doom, there is a voice of the ones gone lingering at the doorway. The voice that sent me to Solomon Folger's at the end of Plumb lane for milk, where I saw the simple life—no frills about the tea table—no entres.

Again to Miss Stebbins, on Fair street, perhaps to change a slick nine-pence, for one with real pillars. Again to Davenport's cellar for "emptins" and to Samuel Meader's to have a hat bleached, and to Betsy Hiller's to have it trimmed with real lute string ribbon.

I remember, also, one call on the Newbegins. When we told them there was a bazaar in town, Mary exclaimed, "Is it coming out here?" G. S. Jr. ventured a low "yes, marm!"—and being much frightened, she called to Phebe, "Go and call the hens into the kitchen and hasp the door, and put Betty (le poulet) into the bureau drawer!" Then I recall Anne Newbegin going around Judy Riel's post, back and forth, until she got pointed north.

As I come to the old great gate at 'Sconset I see again the old people—Betsy Cary with her turban; Sally Mowry, who sold "emptins"; Anne Marcy Gibbs, who wanted to "retaliate kindnesses"; the horse and chaise at Mrs. Elkin's door; Franklin Folger with his genealogical stories; old "Uncle Nat" by the pump; Reuben Ramsdell, whose roof blew off one night and being deaf he never knew it until he awoke and beheld the stars.

The old great gate saved my mother from a perilous ride. She got into the chaise in town, but before she could secure the lines the fleet little pony started on the way. He seemed to know that she wished to go to 'Sconset, so over hill and dale he sped, through deep sand, just as fast as the wind, while she (being light) was bounding up and down like a shell. On and on he sped, faster and faster, until he reached the old great gate. I will preserve it for that, if nothing more, and hope the Coffins now living in Seattle may some day wish to see their great-grandfather Brown's old great gate. 'Sconset will ever be to me a blest abode, for I love the sea-beat shore, and when I get deaf and eighty-four I shall have become so accustomed to the ocean and its roar, I will hire that 'Sconset housekeeper's best friend, Henry Holmes, to pound on the door.

H. M. B.

AUGUST 10, 1912

Nov. 5, 1881

103.

'Sconset Now Served by New "Dial" Telephone System.

The official opening of 'Sconset's new telephone exchange was held on Tuesday morning when the cut-over to the dial system was made promptly at 11 o'clock. Harold Morris, local manager and wire chief, gave the signal for the maintenance men to disconnect the old circuits, which was done in one quick movement and the dial system was in operation.

Ernest R. Coffin, 'Sconset's member of the Board of Selectmen, made the first call, dialing the number of his home, where Mrs. Coffin answered. On the spur of the moment Mr. Coffin could think of little to say to his wife and finally asked her to remember his beans for dinner.

Mr. Morris then called the business office and test board in town to make sure that connections were clear and in order, and thus 'Sconset became the first locality on the island to have the latest in telephone service.

Several officials from the mainland were on hand for the ceremony. These included Messrs. Carroll Parker, district manager; Walter Rankin, district traffic superintendent; John Russell, district plant superintendent; Fred Scott, division office superintendent; Herbert Smith, central office installation supervisor; Charles Boonan, district cable supervisor; Robert Davis, district construction supervisor; Ronald Cowing, district engineer. Henry Backus, of the division staff in Providence, was the instructor who taught William Larkin, local test man, and Harold Anderson, local combination installer, the operation of the dial system.

The dial exchange at 'Sconset incorporates many new developments and improvements on the regular dial exchanges. There will be no need for operators or other full-time personnel at the 'Sconset office, for troubles throughout the system will be automatically recorded at the office in Nantucket by means of lights and different tones in the telephone receiver.

How leaks in transmission cables are found and how persons on a party line can call each other were among the many points explained to visitors at the opening ceremony.

However, much of the explanation was far too technical for the average person, who will probably be content to be his own operator, by using the new system, and leave the technical side of the discussion up to the telephone company.

At any rate, 'Sconset certainly got the jump on Nantucket as far as new and improved telephone service is concerned!

DECEMBER 6, 1947.

Siasconset Telephone Exchange Opens June First.

Arrangements have been completed to open the Siasconset Telephone Exchange on June 1st. Last spring, at the expense of more than \$15,000, the Telephone Company installed a complete office unit in Siasconset which included a switchboard, 11,025 feet of aerial cables, containing from 102 to 404 wires, 17,000 feet of paired wire and approximately 1100 pounds of iron work.

The new construction provided facilities for any kind of service in all parts of the village at a very low rate and although ready early in the summer, it was not put into service, as many of the subscribers affected thought the charge of ten cents for calls to and from Nantucket was not satisfactory.

Since that time, many conferences have been held between the Publicity Committee of Nantucket and officials of the Telephone Company which resulted in the recommendation for the same arrangement for service with the same rates as planned last summer, with the exception of the charge of calls to and from Nantucket which they recommended to be five cents instead of ten cents, as originally planned.

The exchange will be cut into service June 1st—and it will be operated until after the season business is over, which is expected to be about October 1st, after which the subscribers remaining will be connected to the Nantucket Exchange and the present rates will apply.

Following is the list of rates which will apply to all subscribers in 'Sconset when this exchange is opened:

Business service—monthly rate 1 party—\$3.25.

Business service—monthly rate 4 party—\$2.50.

Residence service—monthly rate 1 party—\$2.25.

Residence service—monthly rate 4 party—\$1.75.

The toll charge to and from Nantucket, 5 cents for five minutes.

Extension telephones can be provided at the rate of \$1.00 per month for business service and .75 cents per month for residence service.

The opening of the new central office will provide the much-needed service that the subscribers in the 'Sconset colony have been requesting for a long time.

International Radio Station Closed at 'Sconset.

The new station of the International Radio Telegraph Company, erected a year ago and equipped with the most modern wireless apparatus, has been ordered closed, the company having decided to combine the business heretofore handled at 'Sconset with that of the station at Chatham.

Harry H. Holden, manager of the 'Sconset station, received orders to close the station at midnight August 31st. The operators were relieved from duty at the time, but some of them may be taken on at the Chatham station. Whether the International station will be dismantled at once has not been announced. Its equipment is new in every detail—building, masts, engines, batteries, wireless apparatus—and the sudden announcement that the station was to be closed came as a big surprise.

TELEPHONIC.—Siasconset is now in telephonic communication with Nantucket, the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company having completed their line from 'Sconset, Thursday, connecting with the government wire, between Sankaty and town. The town office is at the store of Mr. H. S. Sweet, Federal street, and the 'Sconset end terminates in the Post office. The tariff has been fixed at fifteen cents for each communication, with extra charge for messenger service.

Mr. Taber, who has been in charge of the work, has also run a private line from the stable of Mr. W. H. H. Smith to the Nantucket, which also connects with the signal office, and it is probable will connect some of the other hotels with the latter place.

Two Decades of Service to 'Sconset

During the spring of 1926, the Nantucket Gas and Electric Company extended its light and power facilities along the Polpis Road to Siasconset, and, for the first time in the island's history, the electric current was sent over the wires through the villages of Polpis and 'Sconset on June 19. The street lights in 'Sconset were turned on for the first time on July 1st.

Thus, a new era in the history of the village began. During the more than two decades since that memorable year, the "light company" has continued to serve both the year-round and summer residents of Siasconset, making it possible for them to enjoy many of the conveniences, which have become necessities in modern living.

Nantucket Gas & Electric Co

Accident.

Mr. Frederick M. Pitman, of 'Sconset, while driving through Orange street a few days since, met with a peculiar accident, the details of which, as they reach us, were that the bit to the bridle broke, and Mr. Pitman essayed to crawl out upon the horse's back and check him, but he lost his balance and fell to the ground, being somewhat bruised, and suffering some contusions about the face. The horse drew up at the fountain voluntarily, and was secured.

PACIFIC CLUB VISITS 'SCONSET.

To See the Wireless Telegraph Plant is the Object of Their Trip.

The Pacific Club, of Nantucket, for the first time in its history we are told, made an excursion Wednesday afternoon, the main purpose being to inspect the New York Herald's wireless telegraph plant, at 'Sconset.

This organization, once composed almost entirely of master mariners, now numbers less than a half dozen sea-faring men on its roster, but does include many who were more or less contemporary with the whaling industry of Nantucket in its palmy days, and who have not escaped the infection of the salty flavor of the originators of the club. Their room in the brick building at the foot of Main street is the frequent centre of attraction to visitors, for the members are a hospitable collection of residents, many of them being of the old school type of gentlemen who have seen much of the world, and their stories are greatly enjoyed, and are mixed with a humor that is attractive and entertaining.

The installation of the wireless telegraph plant has been the topic of interest since the announcement that it was to be established, and a strong interest in it has been manifest among them, as well as skepticism on the part of some of the older members.

On Wednesday, by invitation of Mr. Mitchell, who is now in charge, the club, twenty-five strong, took the 1 p. m. train, first sitting for their picture in front of the club-room. They went forth in eager expectancy, and were not disappointed. The little operating room was too small to accommodate all at one time, and the company was taken in small groups by Mr. Bradfield, who explained in a clear way the general operation of the system, and held communication with the lightship, to show the practical working of the apparatus.

It was really a remarkable gathering, there being in the party one gentleman of 94 years—the Hon. James Easton; one of 90 years—Mr. Robert P. Pitman; and one of 86 years—Capt. William H. Tice. Besides these, there was Mr. Franklin Nickerson, 83 years of age, and several others bordering upon the octogenarian mark.

Before leaving for a little tour of inspection about the village, (which some of them had not visited in twenty years) several photographs were made of the party in groups, and one of the three oldest of the party, representing a total age of 270 years, which pictures will be reproduced in these columns next week, it being too late for us to secure plates for this number.

The following members were in the party: James Easton, William H. Tice, Joseph W. Clapp, Andrew M. Myrick, James H. Gibbs, Franklin Nickerson, John Killen, John Morissey, John W. Summerhayes, Josiah Folger, C. B. Dahlgren, John M. Winslow, Joseph C. Brock, Daniel Whitney, William H. Macy, Allen Coffin, B. C. Easton, Benjamin Sharp, David Parker, H. R. Coleman, George E. Grimes, Clinton Parker, E. B. Coleman, George W. Edwards, Alexander M. Myrick, Robert P. Pitman and C. W. Bunker.

Several of the older members were taken over to inspect the Casino, and altogether the afternoon was one of the greatest enjoyment to all concerned, they leaving for the return trip by the 5 p. m. train.



The Members of the Pacific Club at the New York Herald's Wireless Telegraph Station, Siasconset.



Our illustration above represents three veteran members of the Pacific Club on a visit of inspection to the Wireless Telegraph Station at Siasconset. On the right is Hon. James Easton, 94 years of age; sitting next him is Mr. Robert P. Pitman, 90 years; and at the left, Capt. William H. Tice, 86 years of age—a total of 270 years for the three. Standing aloof is the veteran auctioneer, Mr. Andrew M. Myrick.

Aug. 24, 1901

105

"The Path Along The Bluff"— An Unusual Island Trust.

BY EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.

The recent revival of questions relevant to the legal lay-out of the "Path Along the Bluff" has again brought attention of the public to this unusual and extensive foot-path which runs between Sankaty Head and the village of 'Sconset.

Situated as it is at the top of the bluff, always commanding intriguing glimpses of the sea and the heath-land on either side, the "Path" curves and dips as it follows the conformation of the bluff, and provides an entirely unique opportunity for a stroll to and from the famed lighthouse at Sankaty.

Undoubtedly, the most unusual feature of this way is that it is public (being owned by the Town) and yet that it leads directly across the front yards of all those owning property fronting on the bluff. Twenty years ago there was an attempt by one property owner to close that section of the path running through her front lawn, but a decision rendered by the late Judge Davis of the Land Court upheld the Town's contention that the "Path" was a public way.

The owners of the adjacent fronting property have, in most cases, had their grounds landscaped, so that the stroller apparently is walking on and across a series of front lawns and gardens, with only a gap in the hedges to locate the actual "Path." In other instances, the Path winds through natural terrain and thickets and in one case wanders through a thicket of Scotch broom. For at least half its mile-length, however, the adjoining property owners have actually maintained the Path for public use.

But the fact that it does lead into and across private property has not created a nuisance to the owners of the residences along the bluff. This result has been occasioned by a comparably simple fact, which is that those who take advantage of the opportunity to walk the mile-long Path are too deeply appreciative of the experience, and it is rare, indeed, that private property is not respected.

The story of the origin of the "Path Along the Bluff" is interesting from both the legal and esthetic viewpoints. It began three quarters of a century ago, when a summer resident of Nantucket, William J. Flagg, decided to invest in a real estate development at the east end of the island.

It was early in 1873 that Mr. Flagg obtained title to a large section of land between 'Sconset and Sankaty, in that portion of the island laid out by the original Proprietors as "Plainfield", bordering on Sesachacha lots. Although the original title gave him ownership to the foot of the bluff, itself, the "Proprietors" reserved for themselves the beach land from the foot of the bluff to mean high water.

At the same time, or soon after, Mr. Flagg acquired other land at the east end and made plans for dividing the section into house lots. He was careful, however, to run the easterly boundary of these lots at what he no doubt considered a safe distance from the edge of the bluff.

The "Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Land," controlling as they did the outlying land on the island, were petitioned in July, 1883, by Mr. Flagg for another set-off. The petition requested the Proprietors to:

"...set off to him (Flagg) by metes and bounds, all the common land lying eastward in the Plainfield division, and by the Atlantic house. Also, all lying between these lines and the lines of Squam division, except the Pond."

The Proprietors duly convened to consider this petition, but it was some months later—Dec. 8, 1883—that they agreed to "set off the land to said Flagg" at the same time requesting him to "account said Proprietors with an equivalent of ten sheep commons;" also, "to secure to said Proprietors a roadway two rods wide over and across those portions of land by him reserved as set forth in the quit claim deed from Flagg."

This set-off by the Proprietors is entered in the Town records under date of Dec. 8, 1883, although it was decided upon three months previous. The grant reads:

"Pursuant to a vote of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, passed Sept. 26, 1883, we have this day set off to William J. Flagg, of the city and State of New York, as follows:

"All the common land lying Eastward of the east line of the Plainfield Division and of the extension of said line northward and between the extension eastward of the South line of said division of Plainfield on the South, and of the south line of the Squam division on the North, with the understanding said Flagg will reconvey a certain portion thereof to said Proprietors, to be held in trust by them."

This was signed by Andrew Myrick, William C. Folger and Allen Coffin as lot-layers.

The "quit claim deed" referred to as given by Flagg is recorded in Book 68 of the Town's Registry records. It conveys the land requested by the Proprietors, with exceptions, as follows:

"First, all the land lying eastward of the land conveyed to me and Eliza Flagg, my wife, by deeds respectively of Frederick M. Pitman (see Book 62, Page 464), and James H. Wood (See Book 63, Page 498), and between the extension of the northern boundary line of the said land purchased of Pitman and the southern boundary line purchased of Wood.

"Second, all that tract of land lying eastward and between the extension of the northern and southern boundary lines of a certain tract of land conveyed by me and Eliza Flagg to William Ballantyne, by a deed recorded with the town records.

"The land hereby released to be forever held in trust by the said Proprietors and their successors for the purpose of roadways and other public uses and purposes and not to be granted or set off by them in severalty to any individual person or persons.

"And I also convey to said Proprietors a right-of-way two rods wide along the shore above the high water mark over and across the tracts of land hereinabove excepted and reserved, said right-of-way 2 rods wide being forever secured to said Proprietors notwithstanding any changes that may hereafter take place on the beach affecting the position of said line of high water mark."

There can be little doubt in the established purpose for the land that Flagg re-conveyed to the Proprietors, and which that corporate body agreed to guarantee.

It was in the spring of 1892 that Mr. Flagg sold to a Mr. Heath the most northerly of the lots which he had laid out ten years before. It was then recorded for the first time that the easterly boundary was "a foot path along the top of the bank." This lot was later owned by the Grice family.

Mr. Flagg called his real estate development "Sankaty Heights." He was aware of one fact that has not been fully appreciated—that there had been in existence for many years (perhaps as long as 'Sconset had existed) a foot-path along the bluff-top, which was used by the villagers and by farmers and fishermen.

Sheep grazed here by the hundreds, sometimes straying down the bluff. Fishermen used the gullies from the village to 'Sachacha Pond to haul up their dories and their catch of fish. The "Path" probably ran all the way along the bluff to the Pond. The government's erection of Sankaty Lighthouse in 1849 literally cut the length of the "Path" in half.

Mr. Flagg must have recognized this fact, for on August 11, 1892, he entered the following petition:

"The undersigned requests the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket to accept a certain tract of land in that part of Nantucket known as Sankaty Heights, but in perpetual trust nevertheless, for the residents and visitors of Nantucket, and to be used as a foot-path or foot promenade and for no other purpose or purposes whatsoever.

"It is provided, however, that the same Proprietors may, when they choose, to convey and transfer the said land in like perpetual trust and for the purpose above-named to the Town of Nantucket or other corporation or body known to control the highways of the Town of Nantucket.

William J. Flagg."

On Sept. 1, 1892, Mr. Flagg sold a block of three lots to the late Mary K. Mitchell, and the warranty deed stipulated that the easterly boundary was the foot path along the bank.

On Sept. 3—two days later—the Proprietors voted to accept the tract of land offered by Mr. Flagg as a foot path, and on Sept. 21, 1892, Flagg

In Sept., 1924, William S. Swift, made a survey for the town, and the plan was accepted by the Proprietors in its release to the town.

When the case came before the Land Court the Mitchell estate claimed the land fronting it (including the Path) by reason of adverse possession.

On December 1, 1929, Judge Davis of the Land Court rendered his decree which legally established the "Path Along the Bluff." In regard to the respondent's claim, he found:

"The Sankaty Path is in constant use, and is a matter of importance to all lot owners along the bluff. It is a well-defined path, but, owing to inroads from the sea, needs care and repair. It is in good condition in front of the respondent's house, and her lawn has in no way interfered with the path.

"There has been nothing in her care of the bluff that has been in any way adverse to the rights of the Proprietors, or of the Town as their successor in title, nor in any of the said acts of the respondent has there been anything adverse to the purpose of the trust under which title to the strip of land has been held, namely, the maintenance of the path. That portions of it have been used by the respondent for access to the beach and for bathing purposes, or for the housing of her gas engine for lighting her summer residence, has not been inconsistent with a reasonable inference of permission of the part of the Proprietors.

"...There is a decided difference between a user of open tracts of seashore property and similar user in a settled community. Title acquired by adverse possession rests practically on estoppel as a matter of public policy. When an owner has permitted himself to be ousted and another to be in open, notorious and exclusive occupation of his land under a claim of right for a period of twenty years, he has lost the right to assert his title. He does not lose it by a reasonable allowance of the use of a portion thereof by a neighbor and on the while to himself, which does not in any way interfere with his own control of the property for which he himself uses it.

"In such case permission is to be inferred; and the more so where title to land is in a public body like the Proprietor. On the facts of this case I find that title by adverse possession has not been acquired against the petitioner and its predecessor.

"The Sankaty path runs from the Sankaty Lighthouse southerly to a considerable distance beyond the limits of the Flagg land. The petition and accompanying plan cover the entire path. The southerly boundary line of the Flagg tract, title to which is now in the petitioners, is the northerly line of the public way shown on the filed plan immediately south of the Judkins lot, a little over one-half way down the plan. The northerly line of the strip owned by the petitioners is the southerly line of the respondent Grice which is to be shown on the decree plan."

A plan of the Path is on file with the Registry of deeds, being a survey made by William S. Swift in 1924.

Within the past few months, the question of obtaining a Land Court title for the entire Path has arisen.

The fact that the decree of some eighteen years ago shows that the

over

conveyed the tract to the Proprietors, the tract including that land lying between the easterly tier of lots on the west and the beach upland belonging to said Proprietors on the east, excepting certain lots previously sold and not material to this controversy; the strip of land so conveyed to be held by the Proprietors in trust for the purposes of a foot path along the bank, with authority to convey the land to the Town. This deed was recorded in Book 76, Page 342.

On Sept. 22, 1882, Mr. Flagg gave the Mitchell estate a quit-claim deed of all interest in the land lying eastward of the lots theretofore conveyed to her, with the condition that all of the land lying between the east line of said lots and the edge of the bank be kept open for a foot path along the bank; and further reciting:

"This deed being subject to my deed of Sept. 21, 1892, conveying the same premises to the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands in Nantucket in trust for uses and purposes therein specified, recorded in Book 76, Page 342."

From the fact that Mr. Flagg had made doubly sure that the "Path" would be preserved it appears that he was cognizant of the long use of the path as a traveled way. His efforts to protect it were further urged by his awareness of its appeal to the summer visitor as a perfect way for a stroll.

The second in the series of legal steps to protect the "Path" came in the next year. The Mitchell estate filed with the Land Court a petition for registration of title to her land, claiming easterly to the ocean. In that case, as in other cases, which followed out of this same tract, Judge Davis of the Land Court ruled that title to the strip between the easterly line of the tier of lots on the west and the line at the foot of the bank to the east, passed to the Proprietors under said deed of Sept. 21, 1892, and not to the respondent under her deed of Sept 22, 1892

Meanwhile, the Mitchell estate had extensively landscaped its grounds, including that portion occupied by the "Path," and had also erected a number of buildings on the beach below.

It was in 1924 that the Town voted to seek title to the "Path" through the Land Court. A conference between the late Joseph Kenney, of New Bedford, the town's counsel, and Franklin E. Smith representing the Proprietors, cleared away legal problems, with Mr. Smith suggesting that the Proprietors resign as trustee of the strip (as appointed by Flagg) and that the town be appointed as trustee.

The Proprietors met on May 1, 1925, and voted to give the town a "deed of release to not only the Path but all the land between the top and bottom of the Bluff along the Path," a distance of some 7,000 feet.

Path is actually only one-half legally registered for the Town by the Land Court has caused certain questions to be raised. In the opinion of the Town's attorney, Roy E. Sanguinetti, the fact that the Land Court decrees to owners of the properties from the former Judkins land south to 'Sconset contain a definitely defined "Path" across each plot is a guarantee that the Court's 1929 ruling preserves the entire Path.

Many readers are familiar with the late Bliss Carmen's famous poem on the "Path Along the Bluff"—"Have you ever heard of 'Sconset?'—but a poem written by Mrs. Abbie Ransom some thirty years ago deserves to be as widely known. In part, it reads:

"Have you ever followed the path along the bluff,

When the sky is gray and the sea is rough?

When, shoreward thickening, the fog drifts down

Until homes are the wraiths of a phantom town?

I have followed the path to Sankaty Light,

When the moors were brown and the frost was white,

With the sun a ball on the ocean rim, Where the Indian Summer breathes with Him.

From the north to the south, a curve is swept,

On the far horizon a soft haze slept. To the west the moorlands, above the sky,

In all the vast silence, just God and I."



THE "PATH" IN 1883.

At the time when William Flagg conceived his idea of a real estate development at "Sankaty Heights," the Path was a road along the bluff.

Dec. 4, 1918

Siasconset Has A Unique History

No one can deny that one of the finest places to watch a sunrise on the island is out at Siasconset, on the east coast of Nantucket. There the sun comes up out of a sea which stretches to Portugal and Spain "3000 miles" away.

The history of this village — of the island and county of Nantucket — is rather closely bound to the fishing industry. Old photographs show row boats drawn up on the beach with salty mariners, bearded and hatted for protection from the elements, taking a breather in the days when "fishin' was fishin'."

Spring and fall were the times when the cod were running for several weeks, and the fishermen threw up rude shelters of a single room with dirt floor, lapstraked roof, wooden chimney and rough wooden walls. As often as not these structures were built of salvage from wrecks, using odd discarded windows or doors from town houses, so that one of the later houses had thirteen windows, none of which matched.



Piles of weathered boards do not always connote a messy, cumulative character — just frugality, waiting for an opportunity to gather sufficient driftwood to build something worthwhile. At any rate the beach-combers of old 'Sconset had good opportunity to get choice pieces, since the Rose and Crown Shoals, and the lack of instrumental weather prediction, made the east coast of Nantucket a watery graveyard for many a vessel.

When foul weather drove the men ashore they took refuge in their rude huts, passing the time way in relaxation with a "tote o' rum," cards, checkers, and the inevitable fish stories, which gave rise to the SRAIL (spell it backwards) club of a later day.

They were busy in spring and fall when the fish were running, and even in August with the bluefish "striking on." But the men had found the little community of fishing shacks to their liking — peaceful, leisurely, and simple — so, more and more of them began to spend part of the summer in their shanties, taking advantage of the leisure time to put in improvements on their property. It is suspected they were prodded by their wives, who had discovered that it was a pleasant retreat from the more formal life in the Town.

Although the first shacks were only 10 feet high, earthen floored, haphazard and tiny, the advent of the children of the families required sleeping quarters for privacy. Thus came about the distinctively 'Sconsetese custom of "warts," which were protuberances built on one end of the shanty, with roof reaching front and back almost to the ground. Un-

der these eaves were placed rude bunks, equipped with rope springs and corn shuck mattress overlaid with a feather bed. But watch your head if wakened in a hurry!

It was the nearest thing to being on shipboard and sleeping in a seaman's berth. The peak of this roof was made into a loft, reached by cleats or ladder rungs set against the wall with a hole to crawl into it, a cozy spot to listen to the rain on the roof.

During the fishing season this loft often accommodated two or three weary men, but, in the off-season, more and more little boys found that it made a wonderful hideaway. With the advent of the wives, the cooking arrangements were changed from a pot hung over an open fire outdoors, to an indoor cookstove which required the building of a proper chimney. Floors were set in, the walls became plastered and the roofs were shingled over.

However, 'Sconset doors still swung to from the outside and the latchstring was in use, succeeding the wooden "button" which was the original closing on the batten doors of the first shanties. Sometimes portholes were inserted in the door for a bit of light and a view out to sea. A pot, kettle, spider, and skillet, all made of iron, were the crude necessities of cooking and many a chowder was made from the cod, fresh out of the water.

A rain barrel at the corner of the house gave the needed water for handwashing and he (or she) who used it up too fast had overstayed his welcome.

It was in 1776, during Revolutionary days, that the Old 'Sconset Pump was driven — through a community effort — and the money to pay for it was collected in a tricorn hat, so they say. At any rate the pump was used by all the people for generations, and many a choice morsel of gossip has been exchanged in the little square. It no longer serves as a watering place, but one may see the wooden pump as in days of old.

Strangely enough, the village of Sesachacha, which no longer exists, save in name, preceded the settlement

of 'Sconset. Some of the oldest houses extant had their origin at that old fishing stage spot and were moved along the bluff piecemeal, over cart tracks deep in ruts from the wheels and parted down the middle by the clopping horses' hooves.

To reach 'Sconset in the old days there were only the rutted roads which wandered vaguely across the moors, with no turnouts in case of emergency until one came to a soft spot. The wheels had cut deep into the sandy countryside and this may have been a help in foggy weather, though there was no turning back if you happened to veer off to Quidnet or Wauwinet by mistake.

At Bean Hill one has a fine view across the cranberry bog and the old Indian country to the white-red-white lighthouse marking Sankaty Head. In the near distance is the old 'Sconset (public) golf links, once part of an extensive recreation area laid out by the original owner of Moors' End in Town, and name "Bloomingdale."

Across the road is Corn Pond, famous as the site of a story involving Captain William Baxter (whose Town house was next to the present Old People's Home on Main Street, and who married Mrs. Carey's daughter in 'Sconset in the course of his service to the village of 'Sconset as the deliverer of US Mail.)

Billy Baxter was a "character," running the stage between 'Sconset and Town, he carried two footsore gentlemen to 'Sconset one hot summer's day. They complained of their aches and corns. Billy was weary and his horse felt the heat so he seized on the opportunity for a rest for them both. "This pond has special properties that cure corns if you soak your feet in it," he told the travelers.

They were impressed, and thought to take some of the water home in a jar, but Billy informed them that it only worked if you soaked your feet right there. So — the men soaked their feet, Billy took a snooze, and the horse got a drink and a chance to graze.

As Billy approached the town he would blow a horn, the signal for the folk to gather and secure their mail.



Front Street, looking north, 100 years ago



A corner near the South Gully in 'Sconset in 1860

over

108



A codfisherman combatting the surf at 'Sconset beach decades ago

for the universal price of one penny delivered. The children used to line up on top of the board fence to watch this transaction. Many stories are told about Captain Billy, and there are a few people living who remember him.

The first settlement was along the top of the bluff, where Broadway cuts its narrow path between the doll-sized homes today. At that time there was but a negligible beach below the bank, and one could throw a stone from the bank into the ocean. In fact, one street, with a row of houses, was eaten away in a severe storm in 1841.

Since then, however, there has been a change of shifting sands and the beach has gradually built out until there is ample room for quite a large group of houses in what is known as Codfish Park. This was well named, for the odor of drying salt cod upon the wooden tressles, or flakes, was strong when the wind blew. The fishermen sold them by the quintal or hundred pounds. In fact they used these for barter, a house being recorded as sold for a "quintal and a half" of codfish at one time, cash being scarce. Another changed hands with tea as the tender. How times have changed!

To really enjoy 'Sconset one must park the car and wander through the streets in order to feel the tiny architecture in relationship to an upright person. It is said that the ceiling of the Pitman house being only six feet, one inch high, "tall men could only dance the hornpipe except they enter bonds" to the effect that they "pay damages in case they break the plastering."

This time of year the architecture shows up in stark simplicity which is often well camouflaged in summer by the colorful vines of rambler and pillar roses, ivy, lace vine, and trumpet vine. The blue hydrangeas, hollyhocks, lilies and all flowers in their season seem to have a special glow in 'Sconset, especially to those who consider it their home — year 'round or by adoption.

Fortunately the innate charm of

antiquity in the form of the tiny fishing shanty has been recognized and the modern builder is apt to find requests for this old type of house. Even the old hotels, which were the direct result of the days when a tiny railroad plied traffic between Town and 'Sconset, have been razed and the low type of dwelling is favored above all. The tiny shacks, with dates in the seventeen hundreds, are at a premium.

The social life of the summer folk revolve around the Casino, with its tennis courts, dances, and entertainments. The swimming is excellent with lifeguards on hand. The Sankaty Head Golf Club affords one of the finest courses this side of Scotland and the Sankaty Head Beach Club offers exclusive social life which has found favor.

If you haven't been to 'Sconset, you haven't seen Nantucket. The ride out by the State Road will take you straight to the little village. Returning through the Polpis Road one has fine views of Sesachacha Pond, the moors, and the harbor. Some of the interesting sights along the way are the duck pond of the Maglathlin's Hollywood Farm, the Hidden Forest, the inlet from the harbor where Steve Peabody's two white swans have taken up regal residence and the view of town as you approach the Nantucket Dairy. You will have covered a large part of the island in a leisurely couple of hours, a journey which would have taken our ancestors all day.

There are a few books to read about 'Sconset, chief of which is the pamphlet called "The Evolution of 'Sconset," written by R. B. Hussey, in 1912. This is available at The Inquirer and Mirror, and makes fascinating reading. There is no doubt that this section of the island played many important roles in the development of Nantucket, from the fishing which fed the natives during the hard time of the War of 1812, to the actor's colony which brought the summer-boarder industry into full play.

"Good things come in small packages" could be the motto of 'Sconset.

March 18, 1960

109

The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY E. F. UNDERHILL.

The first house north of the bridge, "Svargaloka," belonging to the estate of Elijah Alley, occupies the site of an old house brought from Sesachacha early in the century, but which was subsequently removed.

On the site of Mr. H. K. White's residence there stood until 1884, a little cottage called by him the "Woodbine," and which he purchased in 1879 and there resided with his family during the summers for several seasons. It was in 1884 taken down and removed to the corner of Grand Avenue south of the gulley, and there put up and enlarged and sold to Mr. Isaac Hills. It is still called the Woodbine. It was brought from Sesachacha about 1820, and put up on the Bank, and stood there until its removal. It was a quaint little dwelling.

Mr. Henry Paddock's cottage, now occupied by Mrs. Reynolds, was owned by Abijah Swain and stood in its present position in 1814. Three years since it was enlarged by extending the bedrooms to the southward, but the alteration has not interfered with its characteristic appearance as a 'Sconset house. It is always admired both in its exterior and interior.

"Casa Marina" had its beginning in one of the most picturesque of the little fishermen's houses. Standing opposite the foot of Main street, it was the first of the old dwellings of the strict 'Sconset type to be seen. It was owned by John Russell, and stood in its present place in 1814. A few years since, it was remodeled and extended, and there is scarce anything left to remind one of its original form. Freeman and Wyer have excellent views of it taken years since, when the old board fence was in its front. It was owned for many years by "Aunt Sarah Coleman," who was particular about her household goods. Her plates and cups and saucers she marked by filing notches on their edges. A perpendicular ladder led into the little five-foot attic, and Mrs. Almy, the postmistress, in her girlhood days, many a time climbed up the ladder and slept in an old-fashioned cot bed, when visiting her aunt.

Next north is the house of Mrs. Harrison Gardner. It was owned by Charles Nichols and stood there in 1814 and was sold to Charles Mitchell before 1820. Within nine years it has been twice enlarged, and each enlargement has made it even more 'Sconsetly in appearance than before. It was occupied in 1880 by Judge Northrup, of Syracuse, and his family, and his experience was told in a charming little book printed the next year called "Sconset Cottage Life," now out of print.

George C. Gardner's house is the next to the north. It is a large one, without blinds, and for two seasons has not been occupied by reason of the advanced years of Mrs. Gardner. It was built by Mr. Gardner's grandfather, Prince Gardner. In the kitchen is the fire-place which was photographed by Wyer, and from which picture so many drawings have been made and printed. The house stood there in 1814.

At that time there was to the north, where Mr. Gardner's small barn now is, another house. It belonged to Jonathan Chase. It was known as the "Headache House," because of its incurable smoky chimney.

Capt. George Wilber's house, with the name in Greek letters over the door, and occupied by the Misses Wheeler, was owned in 1814 by Stephen Hussey. The south half is over a hundred years old. It was conveyed by him to Sylvanus Ewer, the grandfather of Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Ewer, the distinguished ritualistic clergyman of New York, who died a few years since. Mr. Wilber states that the beginning of the house dates far back in the 18th century. When, some years since, he was making some alterations, he found behind a diagonal beam four copper cents of the date of 1800, 1801, 1802 and 1803 and an old Spanish coin with the pillars of Hercules, worth 64 cents, and which was a current coin in the early part of this century.

"Snug Harbor," owned by Capt. George H. Brock, was owned by Seth Folger in 1814, and Capt. Joy thinks that it was built by Seth's father. It had its beginning in a fisherman's shanty, though it lacks the "warts" in the front.

Mr. Riddell's house, opposite the post office, had a similar origin. But it has been extended by a second story "wart," and extensive changes have been made within and without, and the fisherman's cottage is no longer seen. It belonged in 1814 to Griffin Barney.

Next to the north is the house belonging to the late Capt. Jos Mitchell—"Mizzen-top." It was modernized before 1879. Clapboards had taken the place of shingles. But inside, the joists supporting the second floor show its origin in a fisherman's house. In 1814 it was occupied by Capt. Joy's father when he was building "Castle Bandbox" on Shell street.

The "House of Lords" was a typical 'Sconset house of a larger size, and was built by Gershom Drew. It stood in its present position in 1814. It was sold by Capt. Brown Gardner to the present owner, who caused it to be enlarged, and it no longer has any resemblance to the quaint structure from which it was changed. It was purchased by Capt. Gardner after his return from California some time in the fifties for twenty-five dollars and four quintals of cod fish. In it, for years, the fishermen met at night during the season and swapped lies in reference to their experience on ship-board.

"Nonantum," in 1879, when purchased by its present owner, was a modest one-story structure with a warless front. It was built by Barzillai Folger and was owned by him in 1814. It was always called "Barzilla's" house.

"Columbia Cottage," belonging to Mrs. Cash is more than a hundred years old. It was built by Benjamin Bunker, who died forty years ago at the age of 90.

The dilapidated little house next to the north, and now owned by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy of New York, is very old, and has probably been changed less within and without than any of the old houses on the Bank. It is now being re-shingled. In 1814 it was owned by Eben Gardner. Previously it was owned by him and Tristram Pinkham together, but Eben so prospered that he wanted a house to himself, and he proposed to Tristram to name a price at which he would buy or sell. The suggestion came so sudden that Tristram asked until Saturday to make up his mind. Saturday came and Tristram said that he thought his share was fairly worth a quintal and a half (150 pounds) of fish. At this price it was sold. It has since changed hands at prices way up in the hundreds. The house is well worth an inspection. It is not now occupied. Its interior can be seen by looking in the rear windows. It has a little attic reached by cleats nailed to the partition, and has two little bedrooms about 8x6 feet at the south end.

"Eagle Cottage" was in its present place in 1814. In 1879 Capt. William Baxter was inclined to sell it for \$200 including its furniture, but on second thought he changed his mind, and four years after he sold it for \$900.

The beginning of Mr. Crosby's store was a stable, and was brought from Sesachacha by Elisha Clark. Subsequently, Cromwell Barney added the second story on the south end. For two or three years before his store was built, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby used to come from town and occupy the upper portion on Sundays and keep their horse in the barn, which was a part of the building to the north. At last Mr. Crosby saw that there was trade enough in the place to warrant a store, and he enlarged the south end and 'Sconset started in its wild career as a great commercial center!

The last house to the north on Broadway, belonging to Mrs. George Richardson, was brought from Sesachacha by Reuben Joy, a cousin of Capt. Joy's father. It was used as a public house, and was kept by Rachel Paddock, the widow of Jonathan Paddock, and a Quaker woman.

On the edge of the Bank, in the rear of Crosby's store, were two quaint old houses, both of which have been enlarged by add-

ing a second story. The one to the south, "Cleave's," was brought from Sesachacha by Nicholas Meader, between 1814 and 1815. It was a very old house. The one to the north, owned by Mr. Crosby, was brought from Sesachacha about the time by George Meader, the son of Nicholas. In 1879, by additions, it had an incongruous form, it being an addition to the west, and with a wart to the northern end.

A white clapboarded house surmounted by a "tucket" "walk," belonging to Mrs. Lull Folger, situated on the corner of Main street, had its beginning in an old house belonging to Peter Chase. It was a two-story structure, and in a photograph taken many years ago, a portion of the structure stands in the foreground to the west, with dilapidated shingles, and over to the westward. Capt. David the son of Peter, is still living in town, at his 93d year.

"Lodge," now owned by Mrs. also a very old structure. Over its roof the figures 1735, but Capt. Joy thinks much older. It was owned by Obed Joy, then a very old man, and then about his son-in-law, Jonathan Colesworthy, built and arranged in accordance with the 'Sconset type.

"Lang Syne" owned by the heirs of a Colman, is without doubt, the oldest on the Bank. It was built on its present site. It was first owned by Michael who employed several Indians to fish during the season, while he remained to do the cooking. Michael was the grandfather of Capt. Joy who is now in his 90th year. The house is as it has appeared back as human memory can go, that, within it, it was at some time lathed and plastered. Its rough and ragged shingle depressions in the roof tell of its age. In its battered front door are worn out key holes. Within are large alcoves leading into a heavy chimney. It is claimed to have been built in 1735 before a building had been erected on the site of the Town. In 1814 it was owned by Nathan Upham.

Probably older was "Rose Cottage," a four room house that was on the site of the Lodge. It was taken down in 1881 by Charles H. Rule. It was a squat, old down structure, but each year was used in the summer, and in the fishing season. In 1814 it stood in its present position and was owned by Benjamin Paddock. It had been twice removed from the edge of the Bank. It was so small that the change was easily effected, by rolling it on rollers.

There is a tradition it was once an wigwag, but Capt. Joy discredits it. The present post office belonging to Capt. James Baxter, views of which have been by the hundred, has a double history. The maller portion is near 200 years old, as brought from Sesachacha. It was built by Uriah Swain, the grandfather of Baxter. The higher portion was built a hundred years ago, and the lower was in its present position in 1814.

Its exterior illustrates the complete 'Sconset house of the larger size. The interior has been little changed, except on lath and plaster and paper, but its beginning can be seen in the exposed overhead. In the corner of the room the business of the post office is carried on in an ancient clock that has marked time for four or five generations. Mrs. the mother of Mrs. Baxter, for years he building for a public house. For before 1873 when the post office was moved, it was used for the distribution of mail matter brought from town by Baxter, who, as he came over the hill in street, tooted his fish horn and the of the day was the gathering of the e at the window to await their mail, and for each letter or paper received, hole cent went into the coffers of the old mariner! And yet there are who boldly assert that he did not get

old barn in the southwest corner of the probably what is left of a house once owned by an old man named John Beard.

A white house next north of the post-office belonging to Mrs. Eliza Mitchell, owned in 1814 by Latham Gardner, who owned to the westward, back of Capt. Pitman's place on the hill. The land covered with entangled brush and had to be wed by means of a tackle to get the heavy power. The highest part of the is probably the oldest, for in it are swung on wooden hinges. It is a very old house. In it Capt. Joseph H. Clapp, Collector of the Port of Nantucket, by grace of lent Cleveland and the Senate of the United States, has for a time, the memory of the South to the contrary, abused the Whig party and quoted scripture and facts with a vigor that has aroused the his political antagonists and excited the attention of orthodox believers by reason of his erudition!

A little house owned by Mrs. Aaron Coffin the "Martin Box" is very old and prettier than any on the Bank illustrates the gradual growth of a 'Sconset fisherman's house of the oddest shape. It was built by John Folger and its origin was a single extending from the chimney to the street. It is but ten feet high to the peak of the roof. The little bedrooms were then built. Then it was extended a few feet to the northward, and when old Aunt Ruth saw it she was so startled by its proportions, she said it was a "perfect rope." Then an extension containing two rooms was made to the westward and still an old boat house was moved and added to the east side, the wide door of which is with the street. It is one of the quaintest on the Bank.

"Horton Cottage" is another of the old ones, but it has been enlarged by putting on a half story. It was built by George Folger about 1818. George sent his son Philip to oversee the building. Philip said he knew nothing about the business and hence had an

onquint, Capt. Charles C. Mooers, is one of the old houses enlarged by a second story which was recently extended to the street. In 1814 it was owned by Obed Mitchell.

"Ellicite," owned by Capt. McCleave, a story house with gable flush with the street was a very old house in 1814, and then after was owned by John Emmett. The second story was added about 20 years

since, the last house on Broadway owned by Mrs. J. H. Belcher has a singular history. It was originally erected in 1790 in Town, and was a part of a factory. The kitchen was a winging to Mrs. Brown, Mrs. other and the bricks in the wall of the British Ship, Queen, shore on the island. A porch was taken to Madequet and the 'Sconset. It was moved to the first house on the height increased by a second story it had 13 windows, no two alike. The story of the writer to get further story of any of the old houses and he will esteem it a favor if others will give him information use.]

1898

It was made of boards given him by his uncle, old Benjamin Worth, then living in Asa P. Jones' house, from an old fence taken down in Plainfield. Old Sylvanus Coffin was much distressed at the innovation, because it compelled him to go perhaps 75 feet further to reach his lot.

The Beach.

In 1814, and thence forward for many years, the beach was so narrow in front of 'Sconset, that in heavy gales the surf washed over it to the foot of the Bank, and twice within Capt. Joy's recollection it was washed away and houses had to be removed. A street to the eastward of the one now on the edge of the Bank thus disappeared. The beach was narrow to the southward and far to the westward of Tom Never's Head, and in heavy storms the ocean washed over it into Tom Never's Pond, now hundreds of feet distant. A little daughter of Billy Ray, who had a farm on Tom Never's Head, with another girl, opened a sluice way for the water in the pond by digging out the sand with quahang shells. In 1852, when the ship Shanunga, laden with cotton, ran ashore at the head, it was so near that the cargo could be landed on the top of the Bank by a wind-tackle.

Sept. 8, 1898

110

The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY E. F. UNDERHILL.

Between Centre and Shell Streets.

Abutting Main street is a small barn belonging to Mrs. Cathcart. Capt. Joy believes it is a portion of a house which once stood on the same spot and which belonged to Obed Coffin.

Mrs. Cathcart's house to the north, a rather imposing cottage, with high "warts," was built by James Josiah Coffin, and was owned by him in 1814.

The little yellow cottage called "Sunny-side," and belonging to the heirs of Capt. Charles P. Swain, is very old. Capt. Swain told the writer that he knew the house in 1806, and that then it was known to be very old. In 1814 it was owned by William Gardner; and his and the family of Sylvanus Gardner were the only ones who remained in 'Sconset during the winter months. Sylvanus occupied a house on the bank in 1814 and long after, which was removed somewhere along in the forties.

North of the Pump is one of the most quaint of the ancient cottages. It now belongs to Mrs. Sharp, of Germantown, Penn. It was owned in 1814 by Shubael Barnard. Next to the old post-office, more views of it have been taken by artists and photographers than of any spot in the village. They are generally taken with the old pump in the foreground. Mrs. Sharp has given it the name of "Meeresheim."

The house of Mrs. Nancy Clark, the widow of Uriah, was built by Richard Swain. His son Richard lived in it 1814. It is a very old house.

The house of Capt. Obed Bunker was built by Sylvanus Coffin, and stood in its present place in 1814.

"Hearts Ease," owned by Capt. Edward B. Hussey, and for many seasons occupied by Mr. J. Ormand Wilson and family, of Washington, was owned in 1814 by Jonathan Jenkins. Subsequently, about 1820, Reuben Starbuck became possessed of it, and he added to it, and employed a mason to lath and plaster the interior. A little grandson of Sylvanus Gardner observed the operation and he ran home with the exclamation "Grandma, he is putting on the whole broadside of the house, at once." And Annie Gardner, Sylvanus' wife, said that Reuben had had a wife, a *wife*, and now he had got a dandy, and he supposed he must plaster his house.

Asa P. Jones' house, the long, wood colored structure, with vines climbing a lattice on the east side of the kitchen, was an old house in 1814, but was small in proportion to its present size, and is much altered in appearance. It was then covered with wide boards, clinker-built, and was owned by Matthew Barney, then an old man. Frederick Mitchell bought it about 1815.

The next house to the northward, belonging to the heirs of the late Edward R. Folger, was built by Felix Slocum Folger in 1815, or soon after. It was kept as a public house by Charles Elkins, from about 1830, for many years.

"Aurora Villa," owned by Mrs. P. A. Gardner, was built by Obed Joy, between 1824 and 1830. Its beginning was brought from Sesachacha. The late Josiah Macy enlarged it and put on clapboards so that its characteristic features as a fisherman's cottage were lost, and it has been further enlarged and is now a commodious little house.

Shell Street, West Side.

The little dark, odd-shaped house to the north of the Anchorage, and belonging to Fred Willets Folger, was put up about 1820, by Obed Luce. It was very small at its beginning. It was current talk among the boys in those days that Aunt Keziah Luce, favored by the darkness of the night, would take boards from fences and elsewhere, and bring to the place to be nailed on the building the next day during its construction.

To the north of it since 1841, stood a little house that had been brought from the edge of the bank to prevent it from falling over. It belonged to old Thomas Brock.

Capt. Joy states that "Castle Bandbox" was built by his father, in 1814, out of an old shop that stood in Mooers Lane in Town. The shop was taken to 'Sconset, and was then very old.

Back of Castle Bandbox is "Clovernook," a house of comparatively recent date. In the flush times on the island, it was used as a club house by the whaling captains and others visiting the Bank, and it had for their amusement a billiard table. On July 7, 1879, it was sold at auction to close the estate of Mrs. Jane Pitman. In the sale was included two acres of fine meadow land, and the price realized for the two pieces of property was \$127. Robert B. Coffin was the fortunate purchaser. The next year he sold the house and lot without the meadow for \$200, and today it is worth at least \$800, and the ten acres as much more. It was built by old Capt. Benjamin Worth, who about 1828 occupied the house now owned by Asa P. Jones.

The little house north of Asa P. Jones' barn and nearly opposite "Aurora Villa," was bought by George Gibbs, of Solomon Folger, in Sesachacha, and was brought to 'Sconset after 1824. About the same time, Samuel Gibbs, his brother, bought a house in Sesachacha, of Benjamin Folger, a brother of Solomon, and brought it to 'Sconset and put it to the north of George's house. It has since been removed.

Around the Gulley.

The north part of Capt. John C. Morris' house was originally a very old barn. It was altered by him to a house and he added the south part many years ago.

The house of Capt. Valentine Aldrich, to the west, is made up of the parts of two houses, one that was taken from the edge of the Bank to prevent it going over at the time of the October gale of 1841, when it was moved to its present location. It belonged originally to Nathaniel Coffin, the grandfather of Capt. George W. Coffin, who is now in his 84th year. It was bought by Capt. Aldrich's father before 1841. The other part of the house was the most southerly house in the village at that time. It was the Eben Barnard house, and stood near the edge of the Bank, and was owned for many years by Stephen Coleman, and then was bought by Gorham Coleman. The Captain has added to the building since.

The house of Frederick C. Sanford was in its present place in 1814, and was owned by Peter Myrick. Capt. Joy thinks that it was then clinker-built. It and Asa P. Jones' present house were then painted with red ochre.

On the site of James H. Gibbs' new cottage near the head of the gulley, there was in 1814, a little house which was taken down about twelve or fourteen years ago, and put together on the west side of Morey's Lane and is now owned by Billy Bowen. It was owned then by Obed Coleman and his son, and was called the hack-house, because Coleman ran a hack. There was a barn then north of the gulley near Capt. Aldrich's house.

THE OLD HOUSES ON 'SCONSET BANK.

BY E. F. UNDERHILL.

XL

The snug house next to the store of Wallace C. Brown, the "Daisy-Got," and belonging to Capt. David Bunker, was originally a little store owned by his father-in-law, David Wood, and was situated on the wharf in Town. Mr. Wood brought it to 'Sconset and set it up near its present position. Before its enlargement a few years since, it was one of the tiniest little houses on the Bank, and it is still quite small.

Charles Paddock's house, on the north side of the street, originally stood on the Bank and belonged to Uriah Bunker. It was removed to its present position and added to by a chaise house in Town which Capt. Joy brought to 'Sconset. The parlor is six feet and one inch between the floor and ceiling, and tall men are not allowed to dance hornpipes, except they enter into bonds to pay damages in case they break the plastering.

South of the Gulley.

A part of the house owned by Oliver F. Hussey, for several years occupied by Professor McDaniel, was taken from the house now belonging to Capt. Robert Pitman and then owned by Stephen Gibbs, and was used as a billiard saloon. When this used it belonged to Samuel Bunker, and was known as the Bunker Hill house.

There was, in 1814, an old house situated west of and near the foot of Morey's Lane north of where the old barn now stands. It was on the land of Peleg Mitchell, the grandfather of Maria Mitchell, late professor of astronomy in Vassar College.

There was also, in 1814, a house at considerable distance to the westward of Tom Never's Pond on the Roteh farm. The pole that is now standing in sight of the main road to Town, and by which the fishermen get a range for reaching the fishing grounds, is set where the chimney of the original farm house was.

In those days there was a farm house on Tom Never's Head, called the Billy Ray farm, but was torn down.

Franklin Folger now deceased, stated to Capt. Joy that an old Indian meeting house stood on the north side of Levi S. Coffin's farm. Old Tashma was the preacher and he lived in a house near the foot of Ben Hill north of the road and near the location

of the little house now standing, built by Albert Easton in 1880. The door stone of old Tashma's house is now in front of Capt. Joy's house on Liberty street.

On the Hill.

The Houses of Charles Pitman, next south of the school-house, was part of the old Brant Point light house, and is now twice its original size, for the second story of the original building as it stood before its removal here was put alongside the first story, making it double its original length. It was brought to 'Sconset by Edward F. Easton at the time the present light-house was built.

A portion of George C. Macy's little white house on the top of the hill, south of Main street, was one of the houses that was moved from the Bank. It originally belonged to old Solomon Smith. Job Coleman bought it when it was still there and added on a piece for a barn. During the gale of 1841 the barn was pulled back while the rest of the house went over. The barn was moved to near where Billy Bowen's house now stands on the west side of Morey's Lane and was again used as a barn. Thence it was moved to its present site, and with additions and improvements it has become the pretty little house that it is.

Main Street.

The beginning of the house on the north side of Main street, belonging to the heirs of Matthew Starbuck, was originally a cooper shop owned by David Huntington, and was moved by Thomas F. Mitchell down on the old north wharf in Town. Thomas A. Gardner bought it and brought it to 'Sconset and put it up in its present position, and made it into a house. Its origin would hardly be suspected in the neat modern cottage that it now is.

Mr. Dunham's modest little house, next west of Mrs. Brooks, was brought from Town.

Other Houses.

A part of the house of Capt. George W. Coffin, on the north side of New street, originally stood on the Bank near the gulley, and belonged to Ichabod Aldrich, who sold it to Capt. Coffin for \$30. It was removed at the time of the October gale in 1841, and set up in its present location and was added to.

On the site of George Frederick Coffin's house in old times stood a small house which was afterwards taken down.

William Owen's house on the south side of the street, was moved from under Mill Hill many years ago, and put up in a position further east, where it remained until a few years since he sold the land to Mr. A. W. Rice, when it was moved to its present position.

The little house east of John Pitman's lot, at the head of Broadway, was moved by Mr. Frederick Pitman from "Guinea," in town, and put up where it now stands.

The large house of Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, next south of Mr. Underhill's, and not occupied this year, is a recent accession to the place. It was built probably 75 years ago by Henry Barnard, the father-in-law of Capt. George W. Coffin, and stood on Darling street in Town. About 30 years ago it was taken down and moved to Andrew Gardner's lot a mile and a half distant, where it remained until 1881, when it was purchased by Mr. Lamberton, and again taken to pieces and brought to 'Sconset on box wagons, and put up by Edward Bennett and Asa P. Jones in its present situation.

Shingled Houses.

Capt. Joy remembers that in 1814 there were many houses in 'Sconset that were not shingled on their sides.

Fences.

There were no fences in 'Sconset up to 1830. The houses had been put up where ever there was available space with little passage ways between, some of which were only wide enough for a wheelbarrow, and others to admit of the passage of a cart, and many of them, in 1882, were dignified by naming them as streets, though some are scarce thirty feet long. Capt. Joy put up the first fence in the village around the house built by his father—Castle Bandbox. It was done by Capt. Joy under the advice of old Stephen Coleman, because the movement of the cows on his land annoyed him.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

THE EVOLUTION OF SIASCONSET.

A History of the Place, from Its Inception to the Present Day.
From Original Notes by E. F. Underhill, Revised and
Enlarged Upon by R. B. Hussey.

Copyright, 1912, by R. B. Hussey.

A miniature village, within the sound of the breakers. Big playhouses seemingly put down by children on the greensward of a level field, and, like children's work not arranged in right lines. So close together are the houses on the little streets and lanes,—sometimes not more than three feet apart,—one thinks still more that they might be the work of little ones. No sidewalks. The streets are travelled, for there are ruts in the centres, caused by the wheels of passing vehicles. Elsewhere, between the rows of houses, the grass grows, and is only kept from reaching proportions for mowing by the footsteps of summer residents.

Such was 'Sconset in 1879 (and "the village" of old 'Sconset is not greatly changed). There is an earnest effort to keep this old section as close to the original conditions as possible. At the date mentioned it was a hamlet of forty or fifty fishermen's cots lying between the ocean on the east and Shell street on the west, with the so-called North and South Gulleys its termini in those directions. Siasconset is its geographical name, though Nantucketers always speak of it as 'Sconset, for natives never waste anything, even breath, and bite off the first syllable. Situated on a bluff about twenty-five feet above sea level, on a level space practically devoid of trees, these cottages made a picturesque appearance. Most of them measured not more than fifteen feet from ground to ridge, and while of a uniform type of architecture, they varied in details.

Small as all of the original cottages at 'Sconset were (and some still are), they were not put into their completed shapes by those who began them. In the wildest day dreams of future magnificence in which their projectors indulged, it never occurred to them that, in time, the structures they reared might assume proportions so vast as to cover fifty or sixty feet square of Nantucket's lean soil, or that a super-imposed half-story addition might, some day, split the passing scuds.

The beginning of each ancient dwelling was a single room—a rude boarded enclosure—used for shelter at night and in stress of weather by the fishermen who went there from "The Town," (as Nantucket is known to the natives of the island), to follow their calling in spring and fall. It had no floor. The roof was of rough boards overlapping one another. A pot, a kettle, a "skillet" and an iron "spider" sufficed for cooking utensils. Meals were cooked out of doors over wood fires. The pot was suspended



Broadway in the 60's, with "Aunt Sally" Coleman's house in the foreground, and "Aunt Sally" at the gate. The little boy sitting on the grass at the left is William H. Jones, and beside him is Lawrence Coffin. View looking north.

to a sapling, supported by crotched sticks driven into the ground. The spider for frying fish and meat, and the skillet for chowders, or "boiled dinners," were placed on the live coals underneath. Their food was cooked as only men can cook. Women would hate themselves if they thought they were capable of doing it so badly. So for years it went on.

Now and then the wives of the fishermen, daring the perils of riding over the Nantucket commons, came to 'Sconset for a visit of a day or two, to take potluck in the rude "shanties" of their husbands. The experience was novel and even pleasant. In present times we know that tramping in the mountains and camping out under a tent, or even under the imperfect shelter of a bark or bough hut, is a pleasant episode to delicate and refined women. At such time the most dyspeptic among them take kindly and even ravenously to fried salt pork, fish and potatoes, topped off with flap-jacks and maple syrup, and washed down with coffee without milk. When the women came to 'Sconset they brought neatness and order to the dwellings. Slowly the idea made its way through the skulls of the men that women were important accessions. They lightened the cares of the men and gave dwellings the attributes of home life amid the rude surroundings. At last came the conviction that, far better than a visit of a day or two, would be a stay of the women prolonged through the fishing season.

Thus the rude structures came to be more comfortable. Floors were laid and fireplaces of stone erected, from which the smoke of wood and peat fires ascended through big board chimneys. The old "clinker-built" roofs were taken off, and the boards replaced on the rafters and covered with shingles, to discourage familiarity by the rain and wind with the snug interiors. Old windows were brought from Town. It mattered not that no two were alike in size or shape. It was enough that they admitted light, but not the ungentle zephyrs. Old doors that had been retired from active service on land, and others that had floated ashore from wrecks on "Bass Rip" or the "Old Man's Back," began new careers of usefulness. They were hung on wooden hinges and gudgeons, and the outer doors were



Broadway, Siasconset, in 1912. A comparison of this picture with that of the 60's shows how the village streets have changed with the lapse of years.

made to swing out,—never in. The fisherman reasoned that it would be easier to blow the door in, if hung in the usual manner, than to blow the whole house over if the door closed from without. First, the doors were fastened with wooden "buttons." Then a wooden latch was put on the outside and fitted into a wooden catch. On it one end of a strong bit of fish-line was fastened, and through a little hole in the door it was passed and a knot tied on the inner end to prevent it from slipping out. When a caller knocked (he was rarely so formal) the latch was lifted from the inside by pulling the string. A ship's hatch that had been washed on the beach from a wreck was sometimes placed before the door. An old hoghead, placed at the corner of the house, caught the rain water from the roof. At meal time man and wife, and perhaps son and daughter, sat on rudely made three-legged stools before a wide board fastened with hinges on the side of the room and lifted up for use as a table. Of table cloths and napkins, there were none. None were needed. The family ate with good appetites their plain but substantial food from wooden trenchers or pewter dishes,

using knives and two-tined iron forks, and pewter spoons. At night they turned into their bunks and slept soundly, careless of storm or gale.

Thus, in a generation social life and good neighborhood had been established at 'Sconset, the beginning of which was a simple "fishing-stage." Having attained the proportions of a hamlet made up of houses with a single room, the time was ripe for an advance. One generation is never satisfied with what was comfort and even luxury to the generation that preceded it. Bunks for beds will not satisfy forever. There came a time when such close quarters were felt to be too close. No fisherman, however brave or resolute, can withstand the concentrated fire of the batteries of persuasion pointed with certain aim by wife and daughters. So it came to pass, that on one end of the single room was put an extension, with a roof reaching front and rear, sometimes to within three or four feet of the ground. These projections, in 'Sconset talk, became known as "warts." The addition was



Front Street, Siasconset, in the 60's, looking north. The first fish-house is one that was owned by Charles Paddock. Note that vehicles did not then pass through the street.

divided into two bedrooms, each extending under a wart. Some were not more than seven feet square, but big enough to place a four-post bedstead, held together by cords on which was placed a straw bed and, in time, one of feathers over it. A chair, and perhaps a rough little shelf, were the only other articles of chamber furniture. Washstands were an unheard-of extravagance.

In the morning the members of the household, one after the other, went to the pewter wash basin or wooden bowl in the main room, or kept on a bench outside, and washed their faces and hands in the rain water. If needed, home-made soft soap was at hand. They dried themselves with a flaxen towel, perhaps woven on the island and used in common by all the members of the household. They arranged their hair with a family comb before the only mirror at best a little one, mounted in an antique frame hung in the living room. Perhaps it was only an irregular fragment of the original glass.

Their stock of clothing could be put in a small chest. An extra gown for the women, made of wool, grown, sheared, washed, carded, dyed, spun and woven on the island, and a few articles of underclothing for a change, were sufficient. These were hung on pegs driven into auger holes bored in the studs or plates, for cut nails had not been invented, and wrought nails were costly and had to be brought from "The Continent." The "continent," on Nantucket, means the mainland.

The 'Sconset fisherman had time at his disposal. He had little or no money. On rainy days he could bore holes and drive pegs. It was a luxury at such times to have something to do. Shelves, also supported by pegs driven into the upright timbers in the living room, held the table ware and odds and ends of tools and small articles. Fishing tackle hung around the interior. Now and then, if the fisherman was unusually well-to-do, a spy-glass was handy, and within sight.

Time passed, and 'Sconset families—there were some families, but their successors—were not yet happy. More room was demanded. Sometimes



Front Street, Siasconset, in 1869, looking north—a typical village scene of that period. Seated on the wheelbarrow

mid-day nap is Charles Sheffield, holding a little th the slouch hat on is the fence, with a spy-glass ar's right is Mrs. Valentine W. Lawrence (the one who tren in the picture are Philip Etta Holmes.

little three o it from the ae partition under- mes even when they had e cubby-hole, and at night slept ed by a frame in the form of an X. season, two or three men found rest on the second story.

is was not enough. 'Sconset nature was very much like Queens, and princesses, and duchesses, and the wives of s, always want something grander than they have inherited the 'Sconset housewife was not satisfied with the palatial the dwelling that her lord of the waters had vouchsafed unto o accede to a further demand. On the other end of the main s tacked an extension, generally with a shed roof. It became in Nantucket parlance as "the porch"; why, no one knows; in the wide world where English is spoken, it is called a it were carried table, and dishes, and cooking utensils, which eared in number and variety, and their places in the dining n by a chest of drawers, some odd chairs, a more elaborate of furniture, always useful and sometimes orna eaded (and it generally was), the ace was available; or if not, three feet, and made high k. Sometimes an old boat- arn in the Town taken down Sconset, on Nantucket tip-carts, a house.

of the 'Sconset fishermen were not all built there. Sesachacha, ("Sachacha" for short), was another "fishing stage," two miles and a half to the north; as old, perhaps older, than 'Sconset itself. At the height of its prosperity it had more dwellings. For some reason, there was a drift of life to the southward. Whether the fishing "off 'Sconset" was better, or the beach, even in those days, wider, or the site more desirable—whatever the cause—most of the fishermen who had grouped their homes around the old 'Sachacha well, took their houses down, and put sides, and roofs, and floors, and timbers aboard their carts, put helms a-port, steered around Sankaty Head, landed them at 'Sconset Bank.

"Codfish Park" Had Its Origin Back in 1886.

At recent meetings of the Board of Selectmen the subject of "Codfish Park" in the village of Siasconset, has a number of times entered into the conversation. From the comment it is apparent that the present residents of the vicinity do not like the fact that they cannot have title to their homes recorded because of the legal designation of the land as park land. The owners can not pay taxes under existing conditions.

The origin of the "Codfish Park" lay-out is in a quit-claim deed from Henry Coffin, of Nantucket, to the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket, in the year 1886, with the land to be held in trust. The deed reads as follows:

"A certain tract of land in said County of Nantucket, described by the Lot-layers of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, in their return dated Jan. 25, 1886, as follows:

"All the common land in and near the village of Siasconset, whether above or below the bank, contained and enclosed within the limits of the map or plan presented herewith; meaning to convey hereby all the right, title and interest set off to me by the Proprietors; to have and to hold the granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging to the said Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin and their heirs, successors and assigns forever, upon trust, to dedicate said land to the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket and to prescribe the regulations under which such use shall be enjoyed, and in the execution of said trust the following provisions shall be honored, viz:

"Firstly: The Trustees shall allow no building or other obstruction of any kind to be erected or maintained on the premises, except bath houses, to be used as such;

"Secondly: In case a vacancy occurs among the Trustees, such vacancy shall be filled by the Proprietors at a meeting duly called for that purpose, after 10 days' notice thereof by advertisement in some newspaper printed in Nantucket County."

As time wore on, the land became the site of many buildings, erected by various people. The collection of structures grew so that within a period of twenty-five years a sizable community came into being "below bank."

The original three trustees have long since passed away, and it is understood that the Proprietors appointed successors. The town has constructed roads there, and recently took land by eminent domain to improve a road. Fire and police protection is accorded the "Park" and it is apparent that the next step is to allow its residents the right to register their land and pay taxes.

Supreme Court Decree in Favor of Town in "Path" Case.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has made a decree in the case of the "path along the bluff" at 'Sconset in favor of the town of Nantucket. The case went to the Supreme Court on an appeal by Mrs. Mary Mitchell from the decision of Judge Davis in the Land Court, exceptions being taken to his rulings.

Judge Davis's decree favored the town of Nantucket and under it the "path along the bluff", which has been used for generations, was to become just what Nantucket has been seeking—open to the public as a foot-path between 'Sconset and Sankaty for all time. The decree of the Supreme Court upholding Judge Davis' decision will be appreciated by all who realize what this narrow, crooked path over-looking the broad Atlantic means to the public.

The case has been pending in the courts for a number of years and there has been considerable controversy with some of the property owners on the Sankaty bluff, in front of whose cottages the path runs. The case has been carried along in a more or less friendly attitude, however, for the main purpose of determining the actual rights of the town to the path and the right of the public to use it.

The decision of the Supreme Court would seem to be the final conclusion of the controversy and we trust the parties at interest will adjust themselves to the situation and accept the decree as an act under which the rights which the public has enjoyed these many years are to be preserved even though the path does run in front of so many fine cottages and summer homes.

The path can never be used for anything in the nature of a highway, however, but must always be maintained for foot passengers and for the use and enjoyment of the public at large, which of course includes both residents and summer visitors.

APRIL 5, 1930

The Path Along the Bluff.

Ha've you followed the path along the bluff
When the sky is gray and the sea is rough,
When, shoreward thickening, the fog drifts
down,

'Till homes are the wraiths of a phantom
town?

Have your feet marked time with the
marital surge,

Your gaze been fixed where the rider winds
urge

Their swift horses on, unfettered and free,
Whipping the rack from the crest of the
sea?

Do you know the path when the moon
roams high

Her wonder course in a fathomless sky,
And her silver sheen on the sea is spread
Like lilies of love o'er the shrouded dead?

Or again when the moorlands stretch away,
In the golden glow of an August day,
When the very air is a rhapsody
Of the Past, the Now, and the Yet-to-be?

I ha've followed the path to Sankaty Light
When the moors were brown and the frost
was white,

With the sun a ball on the ocean's rim,
Where the Indian summer breathed with
him.

From the north to the south a circle swept,
On the far horizon a soft haze slept;
To the west the moorlands; above, the
sky;

In all the vast silence, just God and I.

—Abbie F. Ransom.

June 22, 1912

SIASCONSET FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The villagers assembled Tuesday evening at Defiance Engine House, No. 1, for the purpose of forming a company and the following is a list of the members:

David Bunker, George F. Coffin, Levi S. Coffin, Edward F. Coffin, Roland H. Coffin, Alfred Folger, George F. Folger, Sidney B. Folger, William B. Gardner, Asa P. Jones, John Morris, Charles S. Norcross, William Owen, Frederick M. Pitman, Samuel P. Pitman, Charles H. Pitman, Augustus Pitman.

The company then organized as follows: Foreman, William B. Gardner; Assistant Foreman, Levi S. Coffin; Clerk and Treasurer, Sidney B. Folger; Foreman of leading hose, George F. Coffin; Assistant Foreman, William Owen; Suction Hosemen, Charles H. Pitman, Samuel Pitman, Sidney B. Folger, John Morris; Leading Hosemen, Frederick M. Pitman, Edward F. Coffin, Augustus Pitman, Charles S. Norcross, Roland H. Coffin, Asa P. Jones; Pipemen, Charles S. Norcross, Edward F. Coffin.

William B. Gardner, Asa P. Jones, and John Morris were chosen to draw up a list of By-Laws that shall be approved by the company. Voted, that the next meeting be held Saturday evening, May 31st.

May 29, 1884

The Land Below 'Sconset Bank.

In the year 1886 a large tract of land below 'Sconset bank, extending between the North and the South gulleys, was ceded to the Proprietors of Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket, by Henry Coffin, to be held in trust as cited in the quit-claim deed recorded at that time in the Nantucket Registry of Deeds, which reads as follows:

QUITCLAIM DEED.

Grantor—Henry Coffin.

Consideration—\$1.00 etc., paid by Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, of Nantucket, trustees.

Grantees—Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin.

Habendum to Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, trustees, their heirs, successors and assigns.

Dower and homesteads by Eliza Coffin, wife of Henry.

Signed and sealed by Henry Coffin and Eliza Coffin.

Acknowledged by Henry Coffin, before George W. Macy, Justice of the Peace.

Description.

"A certain tract of land in said County of Nantucket, described by the Lot-layers of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket in their return dated January 25, 1886, as follows:—

"All the common land in and near the village of Siasconset, whether above or below the bank, contained and enclosed within the limits of the map or plan herewith presented", (See Proprietors Records, Book 6, page 46, and also Book of Plans No. 2, page 44); meaning to convey hereby all the right, title and interest set off to me by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, January 25th, 1886; to have and to hold the granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging to the said Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin and their heirs, successors and assigns forever, upon trust, to dedicate said land to the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket and to prescribe the regulations under which such use shall be enjoyed, and in the execution of said trust the following provisions shall be followed, viz:

Firstly: The trustees shall allow no building or other obstruction of any kind to be erected or maintained on the premises, except bath houses, to be used as such.

Secondly: In case a vacancy occurs among the trustees, such vacancy shall be filled by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket at a meeting of said Proprietors duly called for that purpose, after ten days notice thereof by advertisement in some newspaper printed in Nantucket County."

Jan. 7, 1912

May 15, 1948

114

Siasconset for Siasconseters.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

An appeal to the voters of Nantucket to accept a special legislative act for the benefit of Siasconset in a matter of water supply for that village having failed, by two decisive votes taken under the Australian ballot system, it must be apparent that the town of Nantucket does not care to assume the indebtedness of establishing and maintaining water works for Siasconset. The arguments upon the matter have been exhausted, and the fact must be considered. I have conversed with several citizens interested in Siasconset property with reference to a division of the town so that Siasconset may have the right to assess itself, collect its own taxes and expend its receipts as it pleases. And if it desires improvements such as water-works and a system of sewerage, electric lights and gas, it can create a public debt as large as it thinks it can afford without submitting such propositions to the voters of the town of Nantucket. Its own voters can decide all such economic problems. Whether Siasconset gets its share of the public fund expended in the village need nevermore be a cause of contention if a separate township is established. Just where the line of separation should be drawn may be a puzzling matter, as the citizens of Polpis and Wauwinet and Quidnet might prefer to "bear the ills" of excessive taxation now endured in the old town "rather than flee to others they know not of" in a new town with economic notions not fully matured. But a line can doubtless be fixed somewhere that will make Siasconset people independent of the old town. It has been no trouble to divide towns upon our neighboring island of Martha's Vineyard, and in various other parts of the state no great inconvenience has been experienced from the formation of new townships where the population warrants it, or where different ideas prevail as to the expediency of local improvements. I own property both in Nantucket and Siasconset. I could go with the new town or remain with the old, and I apprehend there are many others who could do the same, with a tendency towards the new idea if it can be made to appear that taxes would be lower, inasmuch as the rate in Nantucket this year is burdensome, as we shall all become duly sensible of when the tax-gatherer presents his bills which the assessors have been compelled to doom us with. A meeting at Siasconset during the summer, when non-resident tax-payers are there, to obtain their views, might help the project on, if the new idea shall materialize. How does it strike you, Mr. Editor? Do the permanent residents of the village desire such separation? Will the non-resident taxpayers there, male and female, care about such a change?

Allen Coffin.

Siasconset, July 1st, 1903.

SIASCONSET!



NOW on hand, and in superior order, a lot of Siasconset, full-sized codfish, of this spring's catch. Can be packed in fifty or one hundred pound packages, in good matting, free of extra charge, and will be sold at the lowest price for cash, by
T. W. CALDER.

Ye Legend of Siasconset.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

Conset was an Indian maiden,
Who, with a little bucket,
Used to gather up the bright shells
On the island of Nantucket.
In her search for quahang, muscles,
She was never known to lag,
And into beads she carved them—
Whence the name of Wampum-oag.

She wasn't much in woodcraft,
Of boat-building knew no line;
Yet her canoe was birch—its trimmings
Of painted porcupine;
And perch-ed in it she went to fish,
A daughter brave and true,
And if she caught them not, her dad
Would beat her black and blue.

Her eyes were like the starfish,
Her skin as smooth as seal,
And her form was very lissome,
Which is saying a great deal!
Her voice, 'twas not a weak one,
But bass (so runs the tale),
And though she never studied music,
She could tell you every scale.

Her teeth were like the inside
Of the pearly oyster shell,
And she was up in all the scallops
Of a famous Indian belle;
She never flounder-ed in her walk,
Was graceful as could be,
And menhaden's fitting name for one
So kind and good as she.

The lovers flocked in schools around
Her wigwam night and day,
But cran-fish-ed when they saw her sire,
Who had a crab-ed way;
A chub-ed man who carp-ed at love—
Made light of home and wife,
He'd drum them off, and often went
Sword-fish-ing for their life.

He smelt them out when'er they came
To pike themselves around,
And the ling-o that he then did speak
Had no uncertain sound.
Yet for the sun-shine of her smile
The lovers often met,
But many a shad-ow silent fled
From the whale-ing it would get.

But she loved one more than the rest—
Her Starry-Ray was he,
And though she ne'er was taught to write,
A bark to him sent she;
And having never postage stamp,
What could she do, do you see,
But give it to a flying fish
And send it C. O. D.

Her father learned the secret
By a hook of adverse fate,
And caught the ardent lover
With the tender line for bait.
He beat him with a horseshoe
To a jelly in the dark,
And swore he was a sheep's head
And fed him to a shark.

When Conset learned the story
Of how her lover died,
She clam-ored wild and fearful,
And tore her hair and cried,
And longed for a torpedo,
A stingray fierce and grim,
A devil-fish, a—something,
To do the same for him.

But not getting what she wished for,
She sat down on the shore,
And vowed she'd sculpin any one
Who tried to move her more.
And every fish that swam along
She called her lover's grave,
And sat and sighed her life out
To the mourning of the wave.

This, the legend of the past time,
This what gave the place its name,
And even in the present
The result is just the same,
For all the pretty maidens,
When by their parents bid
To go back upon their lovers,
Always sigh-as-Conset did.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27th, 1884.

Siasconset.

2,500 LBS of the Spring catch Siasconset Cod Fish, all in fine order for shipping. Persons wishing to send some of the best to their Friends will find them THE article, for sale by T. W. CALDER.

The first meeting of the newly-formed Siasconset Historical Society was held at the residence of Mrs. Marjorie Smith on the first of August. The following officers were elected:

President, Clement Penrose; 1st vice-president, Stanley Swift; 2nd vice-president, Philip Williams; 3rd vice-president, Mrs. Marjorie Smith; secretary, John Grout; asst. secretary, Frank Jefferson.

The purpose of the Society will be to gather together all material relating to the history of 'Sconset, such as photographs, poems, letters and other such interesting articles. They will be made available to the public.

Aug. 9, 1947

'Sconset's First Publicity Agent, Edward F. Underhill.

In 1886, years before the Steve Hannigans, the high powered publicity men, the mass production advertising agencies, 'Sconset attracted a man who made it his life's work to see that the charms of Siasconset were placed in the columns of the newspapers all over the country. Architect Edward F. Underhill became a one-man Chamber of Commerce, presenting 'Sconset copy to the correspondents of the press. The village owes much of its present-day popularity to this lone and enterprising man.

Underhill's moving force was his development of some twenty-five cottages that he built as a colony on three tiny streets—Evelyn, Lily and Pochick. These miniature houses he modeled after the cosy and snug cod fishermen's cabins in the two-hundred-year-old hamlet of Siasconset. He was wise in preserving, in so far as possible, the quaint and peculiar style of architecture known nowhere else but in this strange little village. He caught and improved upon the compactness, making three Lilliputian lanes of squatty, shingled, rose-covered cottages.

Few real estate men of today can match his skill in presenting information either concerning property or community. During the early eighties he had published several booklets, brochures, and pamphlets giving intelligent, truthful and pertinent data about 'Sconset. He covered the location of Nantucket and Siasconset with reference to the New England Coast, and the location of various cottages in respect to the beach. Each person requesting information was sent an exterior view of the houses along with floor plans giving size and number of rooms. One pamphlet even gave names of previous tenants according to city and state. Under the name of Cap'n Shubael, Underhill sent out numerous press releases written in nautical language. Many of these are now collectors' items.

Although the new cottage colony now being built will carry out in spirit and design what Underhill so successfully did back in 1880, no one will attempt to surpass his efforts in placing the Village of Siasconset before the eyes of the reading public.

May 17, 1947

OBITUARY.

Edward F. Underhill, for more than thirty years chief stenographer of the surrogate's court of New York city, died suddenly Saturday morning at his home in New York, aged 68 years. He was born in Wolcott, Wayne county, New York, studied stenography while a boy, was a reporter, war correspondent and lawyer, and finally court stenographer for many years. For the past twenty years he has been a summer resident of Siasconset, and of the thousands who have visited Nantucket since it came into prominence as a summer resort no one has acquired a larger acquaintanceship among its people or done more than he to promote its growth and advertise its attractions. Particularly is this true of Siasconset, where he has invested extensively in real estate, and built a number of summer cottages following as far as possible the architecture of the fishermen's houses of the last century. He was a genial, whole-souled man and will be greatly missed.

June 23, 1898

1858

115

"The Path Along The Bluff" and the Coffin Grant.

The Selectmen are to carry out the instructions of the town and secure Land Court registration to the "path along the bluff," and to the bluff itself, between the village of 'Sconset and Sankaty. Some time ago a six-foot path was surveyed along the edge of the bluff—the path which is so popular for pedestrians, and which the general public wanted preserved for all time.

The survey shows how crooked this path really is—how it winds along the edge of the bluff in front of a long line of cottages with the long bank sloping below and the waters of the Atlantic washing the shore.

But something more than a mere survey is necessary in order to secure the rights of the public there forever and that is a Land Court title. This is what the Selectmen are to obtain, if possible, but it takes time and costs quite a lot of money. But whatever the trouble, and whatever the cost, it will be worth it in the end.

The town's attorney, Hon. Joseph T. Kenney, and Franklin E. Smith, representing the "proprietors," have been in consultation for some time, and this week Mr. Smith submitted a plan to the Selectmen, which the town's attorney approved, so that the final steps may be taken.

The intention is to petition for Land Court title not only to the path itself (which has been surveyed by the town), but to the bluff extending below.

It was in 1883 that the late William Flagg had the proprietors set off to him the path and the land extending to the foot of the bank. In 1892 Mr. Flagg turned this property over to the proprietors in trust, with the provision that it could later be transferred to the town, as trustee. This, Mr. Smith informed the Selectmen, could now be done, so that the trust would pass to the town and registration secured in the Land Court not only to the path but to the land extending to the foot of the bank, and the path and the bluff held for the benefit of the public for all time.

Mr. Smith suggested that the formality of transfer would be for the proprietors to resign as trustee, and for the Probate Court to appoint the town trustee. The town has already voted to take all possible steps to preserve "the path along the bluff" and instructed the Selectmen to have it registered. This suggestion of Mr. Smith, sanctioned by the town's attorney, now opens the way for the registration of the path and the bluff as well.

When accomplished, this will mean that no buildings can ever be erected below the bluff, as was done in the section known as "Codfish Park" by squatters. Sankaty bluff and its path, from the north gulley to the government land, will always be open to the public.

As to "Codfish Park," there are some thirty-eight squatters with buildings erected on land which was placed in trust for the inhabitants of Nantucket by Henry Coffin in 1884, with the stipulation that no buildings other than bath-houses should ever be erected thereon.

One by one, the buildings in Codfish Park have multiplied until now there are some thirty-eight buildings occupying land which was reserved as park land by the grantor forty years ago.

It hardly seems probable that the town will order all of these buildings removed, yet they have no right there. Some of them are fish-houses; others are dwellings; some are business places. Were they to be removed where would the buildings be put? Where would the residents of Codfish Park go? That would really be a problem for 'Sconset?

But at present it does not look as though Codfish Park would be bothered. The main thing which the town wants done is to prevent the springing up of another colony of buildings on any other land which has been set off for the public in trust. And it looks as though the bluff and the beach north of Codfish Park would within a few months be secure in its trust through registration in the Land Court.

When Henry Coffin gave his quitclaim deed in 1884, under which he set off the section of 'Sconset beach for the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket, he named Allen Coffin, David

W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin as trustees, and the three maintained the trust for a number of years. One by one they deceased, until a few years ago it became necessary to appoint three new trustees. Those appointed were Louis A. Watres, Frederick P. Hill and Wesley Woodruff, all summer residents of 'Sconset. These three are now the recognized trustees under the Henry Coffin grant, which reads as follows:

Quitclaim Deed.

Grantor—Henry Coffin.
Consideration—\$1.00 etc., paid by Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, of Nantucket, trustees.

Grantees—Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin.
Habendum to Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, trustees, their heirs, successors and assigns.

Dower and homesteads by Eliza Coffin, wife of Henry.

Signed and sealed by Henry Coffin and Eliza Coffin.

Acknowledged by Henry Coffin, before George W. Macy, Justice of the Peace.

Description.

"A certain tract of land in said County of Nantucket, described by the Lotlayers of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, in their return dated January 25, 1886, as follows:—

All the common land in and near the village of Siasconset, whether above or below the bank, contained and enclosed within the limits of the map or plan herewith presented,"

(See Proprietors' Records, Book 9, page 46, and also Book of Plans No. 2, page 44); "meaning to convey hereby all the right, title and interest set off to me by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of 1886; to have and to hold the granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, to the said Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin and their heirs, successors and assigns forever, upon trust, to dedicate said land to the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket and to prescribe the regulations under which such use shall be enjoyed, and in the execution of said trust the following provisions shall be followed, viz:

Firstly: The trustees shall allow no building or other obstruction of any kind to be erected or maintained on the premises, except bath houses, to be used as such.

Secondly: In case a vacancy occurs among the trustees, such vacancy shall be filled by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket at a meeting of said Proprietors duly called for that purpose, after ten days' notice thereof by advertisement in some newspaper printed in Nantucket County."

"The Path Along The Bluff" Before Land Court.

The five-year land dispute between the town of Nantucket and a number of summer owners at 'Sconset over the ownership of land affected by "the path along the bluff" will be renewed in the Land Court on Tuesday next, with former Attorney-General James M. Swift appearing as counsel for the town.

The case will probably be opened in Boston, but it is understood that it may be transferred to Nantucket, where it will be heard before Judge Charles Thornton Davis. The land in question was surveyed for the town in 1924 by William Swift, when the town took its first steps, through the selectmen, to preserve "the path along the bluff" for the use and enjoyment of the public, the claim being grants made by the proprietors of common and undivided lands of Nantucket.

At that time, the town's attorney was Hon. Joseph T. Kenney, who took steps to secure the registration of the land in the Land Court by a vote passed by the board June 3, 1925. That action brought forth a number of protests from those who claimed holdings in the land affected. The first case was filed by Attorney Kenney, December 22, 1925.

Answers protesting the action of the town and claiming their holdings have been made by Clara Wilson and Elinor Wilson of Nantucket; Isabel T. Mackay, Christopher Keller, Stanley H. Swift, Josephine A. Morris, Ruth M. Keller, Mary Sherman, Edwin Barbour Henry, William Taffe Henry, Ella Florine Henry, Old Colony Trust Company, trustee for estate of the late William C. Henry; Rev. Christopher Keller, of Highland Park, Ill.; Mrs. Gertrude H. Keller, of 588 Owentsie avenue, Highland Park, Ill.; Mrs. A. C. Sherman, 204 Popular avenue, Wayne, Pa.; Josephine Allston Morris, of Radnor Inn, Radnor, Pa.; Louise W. Grout, of Brookline; Elsie W. McKie, of 521 Clifton avenue, New York city; Alice R. Galvin, Arline F. Bulkley, Mary McCreary, Mary C. Newman, Anna Gwinn, Grace M. Manchett, Lewis S. M. Church, Martha A. A. Beer, Isabel Irving Church, Horace Grice, Mary K. Mitchell, Grace C. Dumper and Marie J. Reuche.

Judge Davis Renders Decision on Path Along The Bluff.

The controversy over the "path along the bluff" between the village of 'Sconset and Sankaty lighthouse, which has been pending for the past seven or eight years, seems to have finally reached a settlement through a decision rendered by Judge Charles Thornton Davis, of the Land Court, before whom the case has been pending for several years. A copy of Judge Davis' decision has been received this week by Chairman Ryder, of the Board of Selectmen, from Hon. James M. Swift, town counsel. It is a very interesting decision and we trust sets at rest the controversy over the path. To have the public's right of way to the path preserved for all time will be probably be worth all it has cost the town.

JANUARY 18, 1930

"The Path Along The Bluff."

Hon. James M. Swift, town counsel, came down on Monday in connection with the Land Court case pertaining to the "path along the bluff" at 'Sconset, Judge Davis also being on the island. Arguments in the case had been heard in Boston, but Judge Davis and the attorneys took this opportunity to make a view of the section affected by the "path along the bluff".

Nantucket has been pressing this case in the Land Court for several years, some property owners between 'Sconset and Sankaty entering formal objections to the town's petition asking that this path (which has been used for generations and enjoyed by both residents and summer visitors) be set apart by the Land Court for the use of the public for all time.

The Path to Sankaty.

It winds along the headlands
Above the open sea—
The lonely moorland footpath
That leads to Sankaty.

And grey to the world's rim,
The roiling sea spreads sailless
Where hang the reeking fog-banks
Primordial and dim.

There fret the ceaseless currents,
And the eternal tide
Crafes over hidden shallows
Where the white horses ride.

The wistful fragrant moorlands
Whose smile bids panic cease,
Lie treeless and cloud-shadowed
In grave and lonely peace.

Across their flowering bosom,
From the far end of day
Blow clean the great soft moor-winds
All sweet with rose and bay.

A world as large and simple
As first emerged for man,
Cleared for the human drama,
Before the play began.

O well the soul must treasure
The calm that sets it free—
The vast and tender skyline,
The searurn's wizardry,

Solace of swaying grasses,
The friendship of sweet-fern—
And in the world's confusion,
Remembering, must yearn.

To tread the moorland footpath
That leads to Sankaty,
Hearing the field-larks shrilling,
Beside the sailless sea.

A copyrighted poem written by the
late Bliss Carman, who had often
strolled along the path himself.

Village Clock at 'Sconset.

It is interesting to note the progress which 'Sconset is making at present and of the steady growth of the village from year to year. It already has its new stand-pipe and water mains will be laid through to all parts of the village in the early spring.

It is also to have electric service, day and night, through the extension of the lines from town. And now comes another interesting announcement:

The village is to have its "town clock", through the instrumentality of the management of the Siasconset Casino. An electric clock has been ordered, to be placed in the south gable, with a dial three feet in diameter, and to be lighted at night. The clock will be visible from Main street and Postoffice Square and will certainly be appreciated by the villagers.

WHO REMEMBERS?

When Wallie Brown kept a confectionary stand in a small frame building that stood about where the kitchen of the present post office is now? The establishment was presided over by Lincoln Ceely. The building did not have a window. One door to the east gave access to the store. When the place opened for its daily business in peanuts, lozenges, pop, etc., hooks released part of the front of the store, which allowed it to swing outward and upward, and hooked again to outside supports, thus forming an awning for the place and a shelter for the young hopefuls of the village.

Who remembers the Walker House fire on the bank in 1884? This was possibly the first real demonstration by the 'Sconset Volunteer Fire Department, using the old hand pumper. The fire started about supper time from a defective flue. The cry of "fire" spread through the village, bringing men, women and children to the scene of the "conflagration." The hand pumper, or "Tub", as it was more generally called, was stationed at the fire cistern at Pump Square, the line of hose being run through Mitchell street, up Broadway, and then through the alley beside Nonantum cottage.

To add to the efficiency of the department a bucket brigade of women and children was formed. Buckets and pitchers were brought into service and as fast as the young boys could pump the watering trough full at the village pump, the buckets and pitchers were filled and passed along the line of eager helpers to the scene of the fire. In the meantime ladders were placed against the burning building, gallant firemen hauled the hose up to the upper windows, word was yelled to the men at the tub to "start pumping" and soon a Niagara of 'Sconset water was pouring into the upper rooms.

It didn't take long to subdue the flames or make a wreck of some of the interior of the house, and likewise destroy most of the summer clothing of the two young ladies of the family; to say nothing of spoiling a perfectly good supper already on the table. One of the "survivors" of the fire speaks affectionately of a bowl of applesauce that was to have been a part of the supper, and which became hopelessly mixed into a gooey mass of uninviting food.

When The Ocean View Served a Real Dinner.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Going down the files of the 'Sconset paper, "The Town Pump", published in July, 1888, among the numerous highly interesting things noted was an advertisement of a dinner at the Ocean View Hotel run by Levi S. Coffin, for Sunday, July 15, 1888.

As I read it, my mouth began to water and is still at it. The price was not stated, but presumably it was modest. I doubt if one could duplicate it these days, forty years later, for ten dollars.

I will say that unfortunately I arrived at the same hotel twenty-five years later and then it was not so good.

The genial proprietor was Mr. Powers, whom everybody admired, even if they wanted to kill him when he got out in front of the hotel every morning at eight o'clock, and blew on his cornet to the tune of, "I can't get them up, I can't get them up in the morning", and roused his sleepy guests who wanted to stay until at least ten o'clock, but who had to get up or not eat.

Even if the food was not of the Coffin standard, the air was, and every one gained in health and happiness, as does every one who comes to Nantucket Island.

Clarence White.

Siasconset, Mass, July 15.

Dinner at Ocean View Hotel, Siasconset, Mass, July 15, 1888.

Soups	
Green Turtle	Clam Chowder
Consomme Clear	
Fish	
Blue Fish	Mackerel
Cold Dishes	
Roast Beef, Roast Lamb, Roast Mutton	
Lobster, Ham, Corned Beef, Tongue	
Smoked Beef	
Boiled	
Westphalia Ham, Champagne Sauce	
Leg of Mutton, Sauce, Broiled Tongue	
Roast	
Roast Beef, Turkey, Lamb or Veal	
Extras	
Filet of Turtle	Lobster
Pouletts American	Poisson Fonda
Brignets,	Souffle Vanilla
Vegetables	
Boiled Potatoes and Mashed, Beets	
Asparagus, Peas, Lima Beans, Onions	
Stewed Tomatoes, Cabbage and Rice	
Relishes	
Lettuce, Cucumbers, Mixed Pickles	
Chowchow, Gerkins	
Pastry and Sweets	
Plum Pudding, Apple, Blueberry	
Lemon, Washington Pie	
Rainbow, Marble, Chocolate,	
Fruit Cake	
Cocoanut Drops—Charlotte Russe	
Mixed Nuts, Raisins, Oranges, Pears	
Watermelon	
Strawberry Ice Cream	
Tea—Coffee	

JULY 21, 1928



Down "Hair Pin Turn" to "Codfish Park".

OBITUARY.

Charles H. Pitman, a leading citizen of the village of Siasconset, died at his home there early on Monday morning, after a protracted illness, and the little hamlet, which has felt the hand of Death among its residents and non-residents most severely during the past year, is now called to mourn the loss of a sterling citizen. Mr. Pitman was a native-born 'Sconseter (son of the late James and Amelia Pitman) where he had lived the larger portion of his sixty years, loved and respected by his fellows and a wide circle of the summer colony.

In earlier years he was for a time a resident of Somerville, in this state, where he was employed in the street car service. He returned to 'Sconset and entered the livery business, which he continued to within a few weeks of his demise, with success. He served the town many years in the capacity of Selectman and Fireward, and gave of his best to these offices. Deceased was of a social disposition, and had a host of friends in all walks of life, and his going is a distinct loss to Nantucket and particularly to the little community in which he resided.

Mr. Pitman married in October, 1877, Miss Nellie Gibbs, of Nantucket, who survives him, a daughter who was born to them, having deceased several years ago.

Funeral services were held in Nantucket, Thursday afternoon, from the home of his sister, Mrs. W. B. Stevens, Pine street, and was very largely attended by members of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Wanackmack Encampment, and Island Lodge, D. of R., of which organizations deceased was a member, while residents and summer residents of 'Sconset were in attendance in large numbers.

The services were conducted by the Rev. F. A. Sanborn, pastor of the Congregational church, interment being at Prospect Hill Cemetery under the rites of Odd Fellowship. Music was rendered by a quartet composed of Miss Emma Cook, Mrs. Albert R. Coffin, Peter M. Hussey and Harry E. Smith. The pall bearers were Willard B. Marden and Charles H. Blount, representing the Odd Fellows lodge, and Nathaniel E. Lowell and Edward Terry, representing the Encampment. The floral offerings were many and beautiful.

The daily papers of Tuesday announced the death in San Francisco, on Monday, of Allen Fawcett, manager for Miss Maude Adams. While details are lacking, it is supposed by his friends in 'Sconset, that it was a case of heart failure. Mr. Fawcett was another of 'Sconset's admirers—a brother of George Fawcett—and a young man most highly esteemed by this little community, where he was known and loved for charming traits of character, and where his loss will be mourned.

June 12, 1915

Oct. 1929

Aug. 11, 1928

Feb. 20, 1926

117

Land free for the taking has always been an American dream. One which turned the wagon wheels on the long trek Westward, brought hundreds of Europeans to our shores and even now stirs hundreds to dream of Alaska.

Back in the 1890's Nantucketers didn't have to go West for free land. They went East — about eight miles. There below the bank at 'Sconset there was land free for the taking and they took. Not only was the land they took easier to get to but they were able to hand down to their descendants land which, though served by paved roads, fire protection, free schools, and a public water service is held by those descendants tax-free.

There are today about 60 households resident in this tract of free land which is called Codfish Park. The present day development of the park is about as far from the original intent of the donor of land, Henry Coffin, as Nantucket is from Alaska. It is the result of a deed which although perfectly clear in intent left the land in what is legally termed a "Naked Trust," meaning one in which no means is left to enforce the intent of the donor. That lack has led Nantucket into the legal tangle in which it finds itself now.

In 1885 Henry Coffin evidently wishing to make a lasting gift to the inhabitants of Nantucket prevailed upon the proprietors to deed to him land below the bank at 'Sconset. He then deeded the land to three trustees, Alben Coffin, David W. Burgess, and Robert B. Coffin.

The trustees were to hold the land in trust with three stipulations. The first directed that the land was to be held forever for the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket, the second directed the order of electing new trustees and the third directed that no buildings other than bathhouses were to be erected on the land.

Significantly lacking in the deed was any mention as to how the trustees were to enforce the third stipulation, that no buildings other than bathhouses were to be erected. The deed is very clear that Henry Coffin did not intend the erection of buildings. It reads, "No buildings or other obstructions of any kind other than bathhouses to be used for such purposes and none other shall hereafter be erected or maintained there on."

Enforcement Lacking

The lack of any method of enforcement must have been noticed very soon but was not rectified. Building on park land is not criminal trespass which means that the trespasser may not be ejected by police order but only by an order handed down by civil court. To bring a case in civil court requires money for legal fees, etc. which the trustees did not have under the deed. Hence they must have been faced with the alternative of digging in their own pockets for a

Most Of 60 "Squatters" On Siasconset Land Enjoy Immunity From Paying Taxes To Town

by Carlton M. Singleton

civil court case every time a fisherman built a fishing shack on the land or be false to their duties as trustees. There were no civil cases brought of which there is any record.

The boundaries of the grant were more closely defined in two deeds filed on January 25, 1886 and February 7, 1886 both very closely paralleling the words of the original deed but with the difference that the grant contained "all limits of the land whether above or below the bank." The two deeds filed about two weeks apart appear to be identical.

Within a very few years after the gift fishing shacks began to appear on the grant. A great many Nantucketers of those days used to spend time in codfishing in dories from shore. They used the shacks first to house their gear. Before long "Fish Flakes" appeared surrounding the shacks. These were structures used for drying cod in the sun. They were built about three feet high of frames and laths and filets of cod were laid out on them, dry salted and cured in the sun.

The fishing shacks were very soon not enough and leantos began to appear; first one for the horse which brought the fisherman out from town, then one for the dory, and finally one with a rude bunk and stove where a man could stay for a few days or a week.

It does not appear definitely in any record but it would appear reasonable to assume that the park must have acquired its name during this period. For many years the beach there was full of fish heads removed in fileting the catch. At any rate Codfish park has been its name for many years.

The fishing shacks became regular living quarters as the years went on. Today while some vestiges of original shacks remain, many of the houses are comparable to their neighbors above the bank. Codfish Park has become, far from its original intent, a definite community.

Pays No Taxes

Unlike normal communities, however, it does not in most cases pay taxes. It enjoys paved roads, fire protection, free schools, a public water service, but paying for them is no concern of most of its inhabitants.

The situation has not always been thus. Until about 12 years ago taxes were assessed and paid. At that time it was discovered the town could not legally collect taxes since it could not seize the land in the event of non-payment. Since that time all but three or four of the inhabitants have enjoyed the

privilege of not paying. Some few feel that by paying taxes regularly they are improving their chances of gaining title to the land they use by virtue of "adverse possession or squatter's rights." One piece of the land, which may or may not have been a part of the original park, has been through Land Court and its owner, Margaret S. Wade, has a clear title to her land. Her piece is so close to the border of the land that opinion is divided as to whether it was ever part of the original grant.

The town is losing, according to Frederick P. Hill, one of the present trustees of the park, about \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year in taxes because of the present setup. The first attempt to gain clarification of the situation started back in 1922. At that time the then trustees petitioned the Land Court to grant the town possession of the land.

The case went to Judge Charles Thornton Davis who founded the Massachusetts Land Court which is celebrating its 50th anniversary this Winter. Judge Davis gathered all the facts and was just about to hand down his decision when he died. Evidently his notes were insufficient for another judge to carry on and so the case went back into the pending file.

About 1938 the case was brought up again this time under Judge Clarence C. Smith. He demanded a whole new set of papers including citations to all those residents in the park. At that time a survey was made of the property which showed all the boundaries of those who felt they had "squatter's rights." The survey was made by George Jones and Josiah Barrett. According to Roy Sanguinetti, town attorney, the town arranged with the Attorney General to allow the town to register the tract. The town then planned to deed to the "squatters" a clear title in accordance with the survey drawn up.

Everybody seemed to be in favor of the plan. All the legal requirements were complied with. Then one of those coincidences too strange to be believed occurred. Judge Smith, when just about to hand down his verdict, died. Once again no other judge was able to take it up and the case went once more back into the pending file.

During the war years, one more attempt was made to reach a solution but the attempt was short-lived since so many of those affected were in service that the court refused to take any step which might affect their interests.

At present, the case is still pending. It is filed under Land Court number 9499. According to Mr.

Sanguinetti, the judges are busy with many cases pending and the situation is such that Nantucket's best opportunity to correct it lies in interesting a judge in the case enough to be willing to hear it. Mr. Sanguinetti is working towards that end.

Frederick P. Hill and Wesley Woodruff are at present the trustees of the grant. The original deed outlined the selection of trustees in these words, "Said trustees are to be elected by the proprietors of the common and undivided land of Nantucket at a meeting of said proprietors duly called for that purpose after 10 days notice thereof by advertisement in some newspaper published in Nantucket county and all vacancies that occur are to be filled in the same manner."

There appears little likelihood that a third trustee will be elected to fill the vacancy since the proprietors who are to do the electing are embodied in one person, Franklin E. Smith, who by virtue of buying all the proprietor's rights he could find now owns about 98 per cent of all proprietors' rights. He has shown no interest in calling himself to a meeting and electing a third trustee.

One Active Trustee

Mr. Hill is the only active trustee since Mr. Woodruff a long time ago empowered the former to act for him in the trusteeship. "We have made only two real decisions", said Mr. Hill. "One was to redefine the boundary at the foot of the bank rather than trying to take in land above the bank and the other was to give permission to some of the residents to build fences around their establishments."

"We've had some contact with the proprietors as embodied in Franklin E. Smith," Mr. Hill continued. "He tried to get us to resign a few years back and we decided not to and he presented us with a bill for \$500 for legal services which we haven't paid."

The only treasury of the trustees contains \$25 which was gathered when they tried to assess the residents a certain amount each. Only one paid.

Nantucket's Board of Selectmen holds a power of attorney from the trustees now to bring the matter before the Land Court. This power was given them a few years ago by Mr. Hill.

Ernest Coffin, of the Board of Selectmen, is pressing for some solution of the case on behalf of the residents of the Park who are anxious, says Mr. Coffin, to gain clear title to their homes.

One Hydrant on Tract

Fire protection in Codfish Park is handled on the same basis as the rest of 'Sconset insofar as possible. There is only one hydrant on the tract and little possibility of more being added until taxes are collected. A hazard is a building situated on "Hairpin Turn", preventing a fire truck from passing. As the land does not come under town jurisdiction, nothing can be done about removing the building.

Such is the legal tangle into which Henry Coffin's generous but improperly safeguarded gift has plunged the town of Nantucket. The land was left to the inhabitants but in such a way that the town, which is the inhabitants, is unable to exercise any control over the development. Instead of becoming a public beach park for the benefit of all inhabitants, it has become the presumably private property of a few inhabitants who control the land not even to their own best interests.

Jan. 21, 1949

"Codfish Park" Will Become a Taxable Part of 'Sconset.

At the public hearings on articles in the warrant, held before the Finance Committee last week, the proposal of laying a new 6-inch water main in Codfish Park at 'Sconset was discussed at some length.

During the discussion, Frederick P. Hill explained to the Committee that this section of land below the 'Sconset bank could be legally deeded to those who have erected houses there if the Town would go through with the proposal that the section be put through the Land Court.

Mr. Hill told the Committee that he was the only surviving Trustee of the three appointed a number of years ago by Franklin E. Smith, representing the Proprietors. The other two, now deceased were Colonel Louis A. Watrous and Wesley Woodruff.

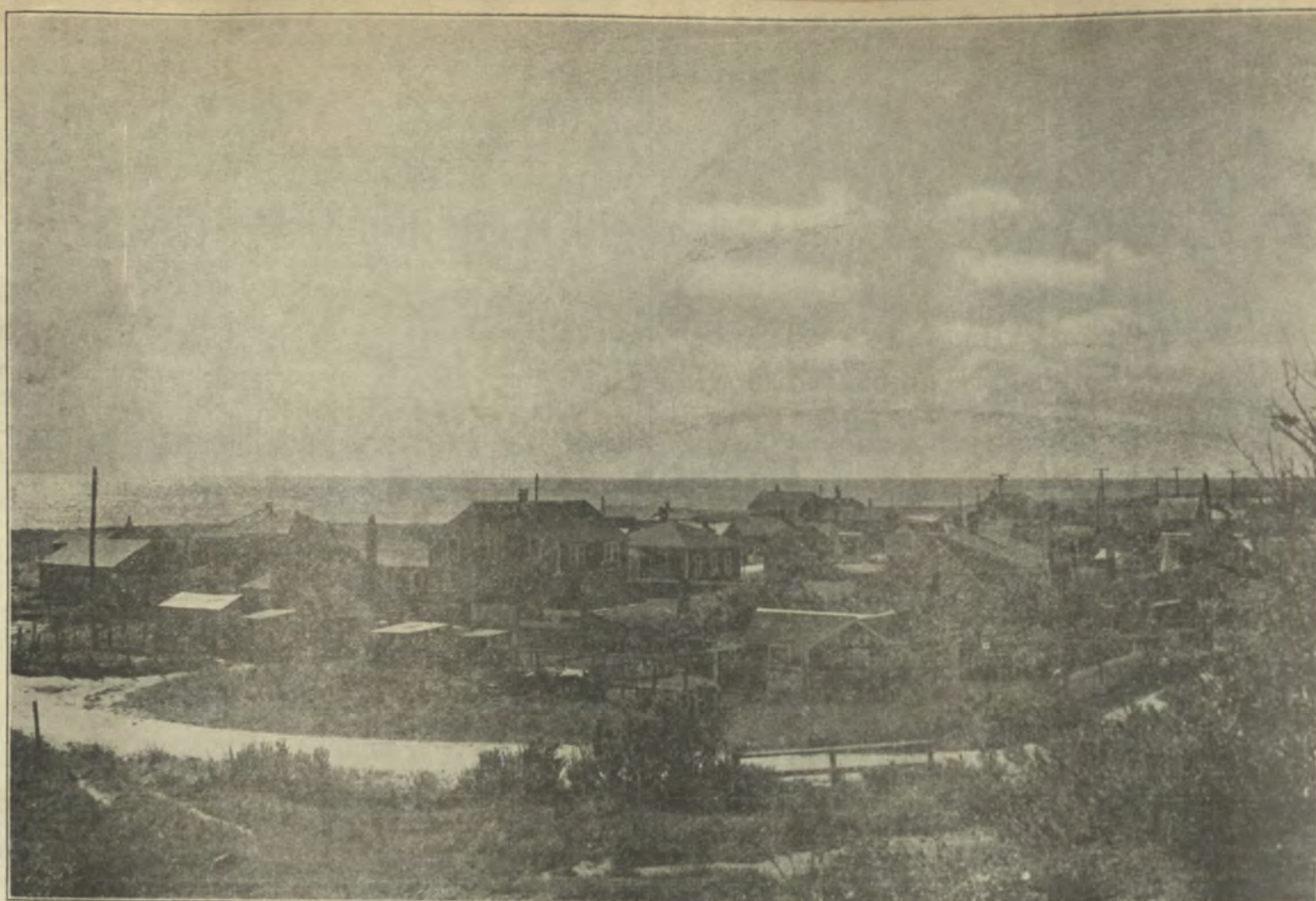
As the remaining Trustee, Mr. Hill had conferred with Proprietor Franklin E. Smith, town officials, and residents of 'Sconset, and had reached the important decision that the persons who had built residences on the park land should be allowed to own the land thereon. In consequence, the Town would receive some \$3,000 in taxes.

Having reached this decision, he told the Committee he had gone to the Board of Selectmen and requested formally that they make an effort to have "Codfish Park," so-called, put through the Land Court. In order to expedite matters, he gave the Board his power-of-attorney as Trustee.

Although several months have elapsed, Mr. Hill stated, nothing has as yet been done. He deplored the delay, and felt that the Town could be receiving taxes if the proposition had been acted upon with alacrity.

Mr. Hill stated that he was certain the present residents of the Park were anxious to pay their proportionate share in taxes. In this respect, it was stated by Selectmen Coffin that some residents do pay taxes, although not compelled to under the legal set-up.

The origin of "Codfish Park" goes back sixty-four years, although the actual beginning of the settlement antedates the date of 1886 by half a century. From material gleaned by the late Roland B. Hussey, the beach below 'Sconset bank during the first quarter of the 19th century, was so



BELOW THE BANK AT 'SCONSET

narrow that in heavy gales, the surf washed over it to the foot of the bank. On two occasions, gales drove the surf up the bank and houses had to be removed. One street to the eastward of the one now on the edge of the bank-top has disappeared.

From about the year 1870, the beach "below bank" began to widen. At first it was a slow increase of sand but in 1886 the strip had gained so much prominence the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands (a corporate body of individuals who had long since superseded the original purpose of the ancient Proprietary) was ceded the larger section by Henry Coffin of Nantucket.

This deed, which was officially recorded in the Proprietors' books, reads as follows:

"A certain tract of land in said County of Nantucket, described by the lot-layers of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, in their return dated January 25, 1886, as follows:

"All the common land in and near the village of Siasconset, whether above or below the bank, contained and enclosed within the limits of the map or plan herewith presented, meaning to convey hereby all the right, title and interest set off to me by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, Jan. 25, 1886; to have and to hold the granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, to the said Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin and their heirs, successors and assigns forever, upon trust, to dedicate said land to the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket and to prescribe the regulations under which such use shall be enjoyed, and in the execution of said trust the following provisions shall be followed, viz:

"Firstly: The trustees shall allow no building or other obstruction of any kind to be erected or maintained on the premises, except bath houses, to be used as such:

"Secondly: In case a vacancy occurs among the trustees, such vacancy shall be filled by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket at a meeting of said Proprietors duly called for that purpose, after ten days' notice thereof by advertisement in some newspaper printed in Nantucket County."

According to a plan filed at this time, the Park's south line extends east from "Aldrich's fence corner," (just under the foot-bridge over the Gully) to the Atlantic ocean some 500 feet; north from "Aldrich's fence corner" 1150 feet, the northern bound being in line with the southeast corner of the John Pitman land.

The Proprietors appointed three Trustees: Robert Coffin, Allen Coffin and David W. Burgess. Surveys were made and filed and there was action in the Courts to attempt to oust persons who had built fish-houses on the beach. But nothing was accomplished, as the beach had been the locale for fish-houses long before Henry Coffin claimed ownership of the land, and as the Trustees were without funds, legal action was not pressed. Upon the deaths of the three trustees, the Proprietors made no further appointment until Franklin E. Smith delegated Mr. Hill and his two colleagues to the posts.

While the present residents of the Park have, for the most part, built houses during the past four decades, they have merely taken possession of land pre-empted by the original "squatters." The appearance of these fish-houses or shanties came before the set-off by the Proprietors to Henry Coffin and his subsequent "grant" and for some time after the 1886 date.

With the ever increasing popularity of 'Sconset as a summer resort, the beach was used for the erection of

bath-houses. Soon the little collection of buildings became the nucleus of a colony, and dwellings were erected—at first unpretentious, but nonetheless homes.

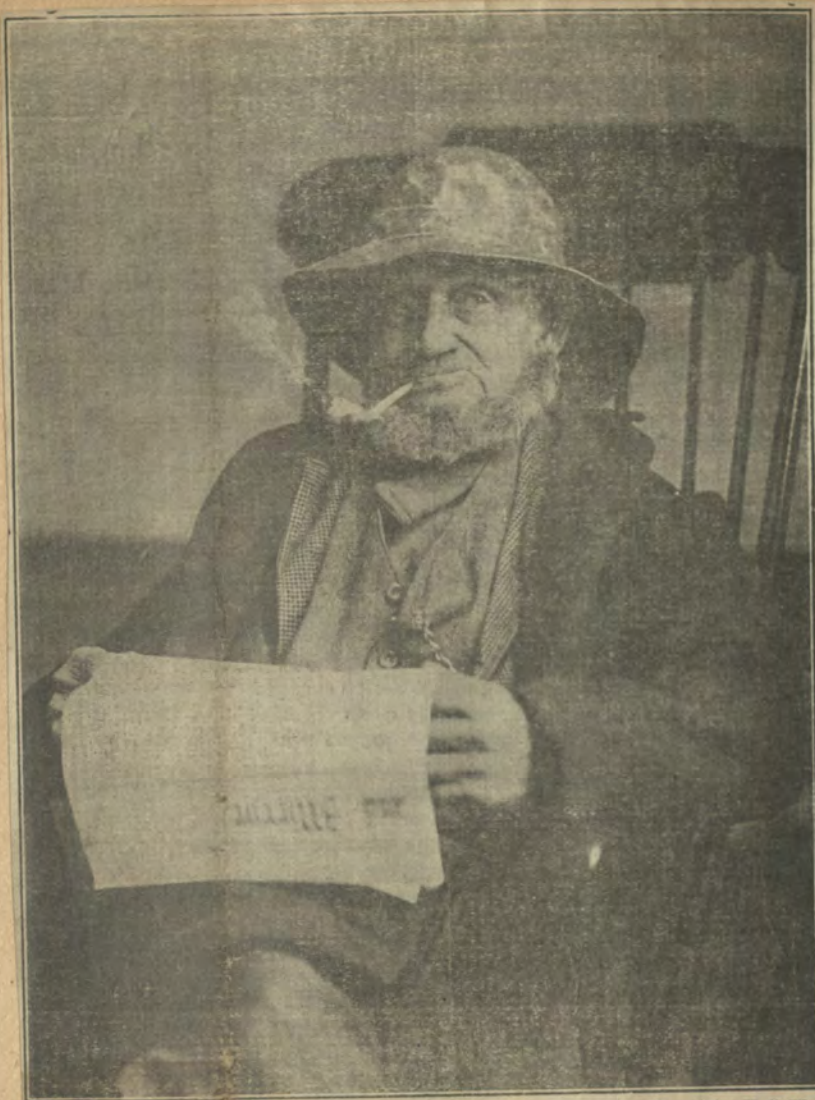
Early in this century, the Town in its corporate capacity, laid out a road 30 feet wide from the Middle Gully to the then high water mark, on which a cement walk was laid. This was followed by the laying out of a road across the Park, running north and south, which connects with the steep thoroughfares running down the bank, one of which is called "hairpin turn."

Today, "Codfish Park" is a sizable collection of dwellings, with a considerably improved condition over what it was thirty years ago. It has hard-surfaced roads, lights and water, and if present plans materialize the water supply will be considerably improved and fire protection enhanced by the laying of the new 6-inch main.

Providing for the legal acceptance of the land by the Land Court will make it possible for the lay-out and deeding of the individual properties to their respective owners. In turn, this will allowed assessment of taxes, and the legal annexation of "Codfish Park" to 'Sconset proper.

1950

119



THE LATE "BILLY" BOWEN.

Copyright H. S. Wve

Death of "Billy" Bowen, a 'Sconset Character.

William Henry Bowen—popularly known as "Billy" Bowen—who for many years has been a "character" in the village of 'Sconset, died suddenly Thursday evening at "Our Island Home," where he has been making his home each winter in recent years, when the weather got too cold for comfort in his little 'Sconset hut—the "Seashell." He had been in his usual good health and there was no warning of his death, which occurred during the supper hour in just the manner in which the genial old fellow had many times said he would like to "drop anchor at the end of the voyage."

"Billy" Bowen was a typical "old salt" and in recent years he had often posed as such before the camera, he being the subject of Henry S. Wyer's popular "Don't Worry" picture, from which the accompanying illustration was made. Of a most genial and sunny disposition, "Billy" was popular with all, and especially with the members of 'Sconset's summer colony, who always found his queer little domicile a very attractive spot. He was always an interesting conversationalist, replete with a keen wit and humor, and he will be missed by all.

He was born on the island of Nantucket, December 6, 1830, and had consequently recently passed his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary. His education was necessarily brief, and from the age of five to fourteen he attended a private school kept by William C. Folger, where he learned one thing in which he always took considerable pride—to write in a very

neat and legible manner his name, "William H. Bowen." Completing his education at the age of fourteen, he shipped on his first voyage, sailing "round the Horn" in the Monticello, which left this port October 13, 1845, with Capt. John M. Folger in command. He was at sea about four years and a half, returning to Nantucket on the 7th of May, 1850, the ship bringing home 1,800 barrels of oil, 1,671 barrels of which were sperm.

On this voyage he met with an accident which resulted in the loss of the little finger of his right hand. While lifting a three-gallon keg of oil he stumbled and fell, his finger catching so as to tear it from his hand. It was done so quickly that he did not know of his loss until one of the deck-hands called his attention to the fact that one of his fingers was missing.

After his voyage on the Monticello, Bowen stayed at home a little over two months and then left on his second and last whaling voyage—this time in the ship Apphia Maria, Capt. Hiram Folger, which sailed July 25, 1850. The cruise lasted nearly four years, the vessel reaching port again on March 24, 1854. Hard luck seemed to be with the ship, for it returned with a very small catch—340 barrels of sperm and 282 barrels of whale oil.

In September, 1855, Bowen married Nancy Ann Starbuck, and no children ever blessed the union. In February, 1861, just before the Civil War broke out, Bowen sailed from New York on the merchant bark Houqua, with Capt. William J. Cartwright (a brother of Benjamin Cartwright of Nantucket), bound for China, after a cargo of tea. The bark was not allowed to return for some time, because of the fear of

meeting cruising privateers, the crew being kept part of the time in Hong Kong and the rest of the time in Japan, so it was not until the middle of August, 1862, that "Billy" was again able to set foot on Nantucket's sands.

Upon his return home, however, he went to Quidnet, the little hamlet on the north side of Sesachacha pond, where he erected a small house and gained a livelihood by fishing, for eleven years.

From there, in 1877, he moved to 'Sconset, where he and his wife occupied a little one-room shack which stood on the site of the present village postoffice. The building was subsequently moved to a plot of land in Morey Lane and three rooms added, and for years it has been the summer residence of "Billy" and has been visited by hundreds of summer visitors each year, who have found its occupant an unique and original entertainer.

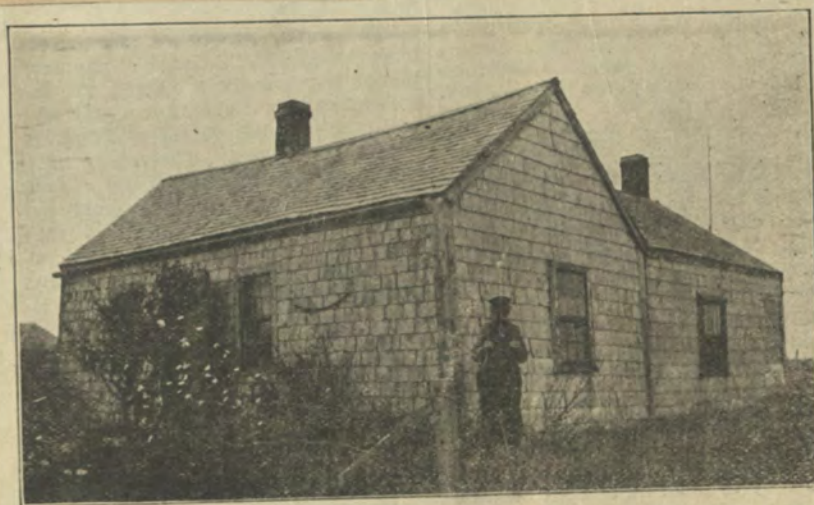
"Billy" Bowen's wife died in March, 1904, and since her death he has lived alone from spring until fall, going into town when the cold weather approached. Standing but 4 feet 11 inches "with his boots on" and weighing but 112 pounds, with a favorite "T. D." pipe always protruding from between his lips, "Billy" was clearly a "character" who will be greatly missed.

Burned to the Ground.

"The Sea Shell," for many years the home of the late "Billy" Bowen at 'Sconset, was destroyed by fire about 4.30 o'clock yesterday (Friday) morning. The blaze was discovered by the watchman at the Ocean View Hotel, who at once sounded the alarm and 'phoned to the central fire station in town. The auto-chemical responded to the call, but, although she made the run over to 'Sconset in twelve minutes, she was too late to save the building, which was a little one story structure and excellent food for the flames.

There is no doubt but the fire was of incendiary origin, as the house had not been occupied for some time and the blaze was started in the little shed at the rear, the building burning to the ground in a very short time.

The village fire apparatus was on the scene shortly after the fire was discovered, and when the chemical arrived from town quite a crowd of villagers and summer folks had collected about the premises. There seemed to be a double feeling of regret—one that the old historic "Sea Shell" had been devoured by the flames; the other that there was anyone in the village of an incendiary frame of mind.



"Sea Shell," the Home of the Late "Billy" Bowen, at Siasconset, Which Was Destroyed by Fire Early Yesterday Morning.

What 'Sconset is Like.

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND, Mass., Aug. 25.—I am in a place the oddity of oddities. Built on a bluff in full sight of the Atlantic billows, it was for nearly 200 years a nest of two-score little nondescript houses, begun no one knows when, and added to from time to time, until each house assumed a shape incongruous, conforming to no example of existing architecture; and yet no two are alike. The beginnings were made by one generation of fishermen; another generation enlarged the little structures, and still another further added to them, until they assumed the shapes they had reached a half century ago.

Except by natives of Nantucket Island the place was scarcely known until 1873. Then a contributor to Harper's Monthly drifted across the island from Nantucket town, saw and sketched the houses, village and surroundings, and thus they came to be known to the world. Tourists were attracted by the description and came to the village. Later the owners let them to tired-out people who came to rest and breathe the soft, cool and dry air. Any year, when you city folks are sweltering in midsummer with the mercury inconsiderate of the personal comfort of humanity up in the 90's, and the moisture is aiding and abetting the sun, here it is seldom above summer heat, and only two or three times in a season does the mercury reach the 80's. Ninety degrees would fry out the blubber of a fat Nantucket man who should lie down in his back yard.

The visitors were enchanted with the village, its climate and surroundings, and in time they began putting up summer residences of a more pretentious character for themselves. Now there are cottage owners from fifteen States, as far East as New Hampshire and New York, to Wisconsin, Illinois and Missouri in the West. From the forty primitive fishermen's huts and thirty dwellings built and occupied by the prosperous whaling merchants of Nantucket fifty or sixty years ago, the place has nearly 200 houses. New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are represented among the owners, and twenty States are represented by renters. They come with their families to pass the season during the heated term, and many reach here earlier and stay later.

But the little 'Sconset houses, designed and built by the fishermen and others, made in the same style, seem to have been dropped down upon the greensward. There are no sidewalks; the grass greets the eye even to the middle of street, with only a couple of ruts to indicate that vehicles pass. Many of the old ones have been altered into structures supposed to be in modern style. The change has spoiled the old, and in the new forms they are not nearly so attractive. New houses made in simulation of the quaint fishermen's cottages remind old visitors of the village as it was in past generations. Nearly 100 of the houses, old and new, quaint or ornate, are let to visitors, furnished, the rentals varying from \$75 to \$400 according to the size, situation and age. Very few let for more than \$200, and far the greater number at less.

The quaintness of the dwellings is added to by the outward ornamentation. Trailing vines cover the sides of some. Whale's ribs and sections of the vertebra are displayed on the porches or on the edges of the roofs. Figure-heads off the wrecks of vessels are either fastened to the sides of the houses or placed on brackets on the roofs. A bust of John Adams, which was on that old frigate, is now mounted on the veranda of a spacious cottage of a citizen of Detroit. A bust of Commodore Decatur and another of Simon Bolivar are on other old cottages. Eagles' beaks, and the busts of now unknown men and women whose names have been given to vessels that have been wrecked on the island or on the surrounding rips, are to be seen everywhere. A very large bust of Washington, carved after Stewart's portrait, is standing on the roof of one of the new fishermen's cottages. On a board underneath Washington's head is the word "Quarters." And thus the little dwelling becomes "Washington's Headquarters."

The quarterboards of many a wrecked vessel are also nailed up on the houses. Among them is that of the bark Osprey, a New Bedford whaler, which picked up the genuine Sir Roger Tichborne at sea and carried him to Montevideo, after which he was never seen or heard of. Steering wheels are nailed up on the gables of houses and barns. Spars from wrecks, kedges and anchors are lying on the grass, and old oars and harpoons are fastened under some of the eaves.

The cottager is sure to name his house. We have "The Double Decker," "Nippantucket," "The China Closet," "The House That Jack Built," "The Hungry Home," "Castle Band-box," "The Chicken Coop," "The Main Top," "The Quarter Deck," "Sleepy Hollow," "The First Cabin," "The Crow Nest," "The Cat's Cradle," "The Snuggery," "The Caboose," "Multum in Parvo," "The Observatory," "The Po'cas," "The Bo's'n's Bunt," "The Cap'n's Gig," "The Nutshell," "The Lookout," "Big-enough," "London Tower," "High Tide," "Ocean Spray," "Wild Wave," "Acadia," "The Kansas Dugout," "Felicite," "Sans Souci," "The Big Sunflower" and many more that I could mention.

The apartments of the houses are not much larger than the cabins and the state-rooms of a good-sized coaster. Antique furniture abounds in them, and ancient engravings are suspended on the walls.

There are in the village perhaps a dozen streets of 500 or more feet in length. The cross streets number perhaps two score. They are dignified with names, although many of them are not more than 30 or 40 feet in length, and perhaps not more than 10 feet wide.

Prolonged sleeps prevail. Tired doctors come for rest and to escape patients whom they cannot cure. The patients of other doctors come and are cured in spite of the prognostics of their professional advisers. The sound of the billows dashing on the beach falls pleasantly upon the ear and aids sleepiness. Persons with nervous energies exhausted build up under the tonic properties of the air. At night double blankets are needed for comfort, even though the mercury has been above Summer heat in the morning, which is the warmest portion of the day. Appetites are enormous. An invalid not infrequently, during his first two or three weeks' stay, increases five or six pounds a week in weight, and thirty-five pounds during the season.

For nearly 200 years 'Sconset was without an edifice for religious worship. Visitors were short on religion and they chipped in and built a beautiful little chapel, which will hold nearly 300 people. In it visiting clergymen hold services without reference to shades or belief, and a Catholic priest on alternate Sundays. But ministers are too sleepy to indulge in controversy. Some of the congregation hear the benediction, after which the sexton walks through the aisles and wakes up the others.

'Sconset is the laziest place that I was ever in. It would be more lively if there were more men. Bellamy, whose "Looking Backward" has been sold to the extent of more than half a million copies, twenty years ago wrote a little book on Nantucket, entitled "Six to One." The name indicated the then proportion of women to men among the visitors. Things have changed somewhat for the better since. Among the natives there are three females to two males, as shown by the last census. Male visitors are at a premium, from the timid youth to the old man nearing his four-score years. All are in demand except boy babies and masculine corpses. It is a tangle among the women to get in the graces of anybody in man shape.

I don't believe that 'Sconset (thus they shorten the name by biting off the first syllable, Sia) will ever become a fashionable resort. It is too far from our commercial centres for men to reach on Saturday and be back to business on Monday. For well-to-do families who seek quiet and refractory during the Summer, brain-workers and those wanting physical as well as mental rest, and especially sufferers from nervous exhaustion, it is a haven. It is a natural sanatorium. During the last week the variation of temperature was only six degrees on any day, and only seven on any night. The average of the days was 67 and the nights 65 1-2 degrees. As a health resort its popularity will increase. The season will be longer and more profitable to farmers, tradesmen, hotel and boarding-house keepers and fishermen, whose only hope of continuing to live on the island is based upon the patronage of Summer visitors.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

'Sconset's Growth—A Parallel Of Fifty Years Ago.

The following article appeared in *The Inquirer and Mirror* for October 31st, 1885. Touching on the changes that had taken place in 'Sconset during the decade just passed, it commented on the busy season of '85 and made a remarkable prophecy for the village's future. Believing it will be of interest not only to 'Sconseters but to islanders and summer visitors, who have seen the changes of this century eclipse even the growth of the 80's, we reprint it as follows:

Those who reside in Siasconset, in the midst of many changes that have been constantly in progress for the last ten years, and the unobserving class who visit the village for brief seasons of recreation, have perhaps not been struck with the steady growth and increasing popularity of 'Sconset, if one may judge from their conversation upon the subject.

But the observing element that has been attracted to the village and has had opportunities to satisfy curiosity, is forcibly impressed with the idea that a prosperous future is in store for the village, as the improvements of the past decade are carefully noted.

A few years ago 'Sconset was known only to Nantucketers and a meagre number of summer guests, and the population was then swelled only by light accessions during the fishing seasons. Later the property known as Sunset Heights was purchased by two enterprising gentlemen—C. H. Robinson and Dr. F. A. Ellis—who erected a small restaurant and one or two cottages. From this time on 'Sconset has been gaining a boom, and at the present date is one of the most popular and growing sections upon the island.

The little nucleus of a restaurant has been added to as demands for accommodations increased, until it has almost wholly lost its identity behind the new walls that have been erected around it, and now boasts of an annex many times its own original proportions. While the little dining room building has been gaining its present size, cottages and pretentious summer residences have been raising their roofs about it, the line of buildings stretching along the bank to the southwest not far from a half mile in extent.

The growth has been slow but healthy, and Sunset Heights, with the eight cottages built by Mr. E. F. Underhill, of New York, now numbers not far from thirty new buildings that have been erected in the time specified, and of various styles of architecture, as the builders' tastes have dictated.

Old 'Sconset has also undergone many transformations, and but comparatively few of the houses wholly retain that quaintness which has proved such an attraction to visitors. Yet the inroads of modern architecture have not entirely obliterated 'Sconset, which is still sought by many of our people as of yore.

Eight new dwellings have been erected in the village limits, while the number of houses that have been remodelled is many. Street lights are maintained; a fire department has been organized and fire cisterns and a hand engine furnished; and for four months there is a railroad communication with Nantucket.

Continuing north from the village, we first came upon what is known as White's Hamlet, a collection of fourteen small cottages erected by Mr. H. K. White, of Detroit, in which it is said he has invested the sum of \$20,000. These cottages are rented in the summer at good prices. Beyond this are four completed cottages, and two in process of construction. The present indications are that a number of other cottages are to be built during the ensuing year, and those who live another ten years will see a continuous line of cottages along the bank for at least three miles.

At present the shore line is not short of a mile in extent, and gradually extending towards Sankaty lighthouse, beyond which several parties have already erected cottages.

The cottages erected number fifty-eight. In the ten years mentioned, houselets have increased rapidly in value, and in places where an acre of land could have been bought at that time for \$50, houselets 50x100 feet are now held at from \$200 to \$500, and are finding purchasers more rapidly than at the old figures. The boom is strong and strengthening, and 'Sconset in another decade will be a town of no mean proportions.

While dwelling upon the subject of 'Sconset, another item in our 50 years ago issue relates an incident in close connection with the village's transformation from a fishermen's headquarters to a recreational center and summer resort. It reads:

"Uncle Brown's Senate" is a thing of the past, the ancient marine having disposed of his 'Sconset property, thus cutting off what has been the fall club room for a good many years. Capt. Gardner has retired from active fishing, but visits frequently the scenes of his exploits to catch a few "roasters." The spirit of fishing dies hard with Uncle Brown. He was presiding at the House of Representatives a few evenings ago when we happened into the spectators' gallery, and refreshed the hearers with new versions of old stories concerning his exploits at Little Rip and the "Rat Hole." The abolishing of the Senate removes another landmark, and with the inroads of summer visitors 'Sconset is changing. But there is yet much that is pleasant to those who yearly seek the bank for a few weeks' recreation, and it will be long before the increasing changes will entirely obliterate the pleasures of a sojourn in the village.

Will Siasconset Become a Separate Township?

A special town meeting has been called for this (Saturday) evening, and one of the matters to be considered is contained in the fourth article of the warrant, namely: "To see if the town will consent to the setting off of Siasconset and other portions of the eastern end of the island, as a separate township, provided a satisfactory basis of separation can be agreed upon, and appoint a committee of five to draw up a petition and bill for the approval by the town, at a meeting called for the purpose, preliminary to its presentation to the legislature of 1915."

It is not surprising that such a project bobs up at this time, and no one can question but there are some sane arguments in favor of the separation of 'Sconset from Nantucket town. Although the interests of the two places are general, there has for years been a feeling that "Sconset ought to be able to take care of itself," and the recent agitation against "Sconset water" is undoubtedly responsible for bringing the matter to a head at this time.

Although a part of the town of Nantucket, as well as a part of the county of Nantucket, 'Sconset is distinctly a separate community and the agitators of the "secession" will probably have some plans to present to the town at the special meeting this evening which will be worthy of consideration.

As we understand it, the idea is to set apart the east end of the island as a separate township—to include not only 'Sconset, but the villages of Polpis, Quidnet and Wauwinet. It has long been maintained that 'Sconset has been paying into the town treasury in taxes yearly far more than it has ever received in actual outlay within its borders. To be sure, it has enjoyed the benefits of the municipality of Nantucket in general, but it has never actually received a proportionate part of the expenditures for street lighting, fire and police protection, schools, etc., although usually receiving attention from the town when it asked for a direct appropriation for its needs.

The east end of the island is developing and the promoters of the movement for a separate township apparently feel that the time is ripe for action. The step to be taken at the meeting this evening is only preliminary, and the arguments to be presented pro and con will be interesting. Whether the owners of real estate on the east end will approve of the suggestion is a question. It is certain that there is a feeling in certain quarters in favor of separation, but whether this feeling is sufficiently strong to meet whatever opposition may arise can only be determined when the matter is up for discussion.

Mr. and Mrs. Pitman Married Sixty-eight Years.

Nantucketers everywhere will join with us in extending congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Pitman, who are today (Friday) observing the sixty-eighth anniversary of their marriage at their home on Fair street.

They were married in New Bedford (where Mr. Pitman was then employed) on the 19th of May, 1871, by the Rev. B. S. Batchelor, but have spent practically all of their married life on Nantucket, where Mr. Pitman was born. Before her marriage Mrs. Pitman was Miss Abbie Tripp. Until comparatively few years ago they made their home in Sconset, where they were known and highly respected by all, with a wide acquaintance among members of the summer colony.

Both are hale and hearty today and enjoying the sunset of life together in their own home, where they are today (Friday) receiving congratulations from their friends.

In his broadcast this morning, Howell Cullinan of Station WEEI, extended felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Pitman as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Pitman will today (Friday) observe the 68th anniversary of their wedding at their home on Fair Street, Nantucket. They are the oldest married couple in Massachusetts, having been married on the 19th of May, 1871. Both are in excellent health, keep house together, and Mrs. Pitman does her own work. Mr. Pitman walks down town every day and visits the Public Library, as they are both great readers."

POISONED.—A party of twelve young persons, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hussey, Misses Eliza Barney, Susie Winslow, Lydia Smith, Rebecca Smith and Susie Brock, and Messrs. Walter Burgess, Moses Joy, Jr., S. Heath Rich, Robert King and Alexander M. Myrick, left town on Thursday last, to pass the day and evening at Siasconset. Soon after dinner six of them were taken violently ill, and it soon became apparent that the whole party had partaken of something of a poisonous nature. Word was sent to town for a physician, and Dr. F. A. Ellis immediately hastened to the village to the relief of the sufferers. The proper remedies were administered, and yesterday morning all were apparently comfortable, and will probably be down to-day. Four of the party came down before dark, three of whom were taken sick shortly after getting in town. Three, Mrs. Hussey, Miss Susie Winslow and Mr. Alexander Myrick, were not effected.

There are various conjectures as to the cause of the trouble, some seeming to think it was occasioned by eating lemon pie, while others are of the opinion that it was caused by eating fish fried with pork which had stood for a long time in a glazed dish, and had acted upon the glazing, incorporating some poisonous matter, which had been used in the manufacture of the glazing, with the pork. But from whatever cause it was, it was a narrow escape, and the young people are to be congratulated that they came off so easily.

The villagers were unremitting in their kindnesses, and did everything that could possibly be done to relieve the sufferers.

Mournful Occurrence.

It is with mingled feelings of sadness and sympathy, that we take our pen in hand to chronicle the sudden death of our beloved and respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. James Pitman, who for some little time has lived with his family in Siasconset. In common with his neighbors, his habit has been to launch his dory during the fishing seasons, and to try with them the fortune, good or ill, of the uncertain ocean.

Alas, on Tuesday forenoon last, the shocking news was brought to our doors, that Mr. Pitman's boat was found by his saddened comrades, bottom up; but the hale and hearty sailor of the hour before, the good citizen, the kind father—where was he? Lost! Drowned! We will not invade the sacred grief of the wife; we cannot speak to the hearts of the bereaved children. Only we may feel the dispensation, commune with our own hearts, and be still!

"For it is sad when one thus link'd, departs!
When Death, that mighty severer of true hearts,
Sweeps thro' the halls so lately loud in mirth,
And leaves pale Sorrow weeping by the hearth."

One by one the villagers gathered together. The day grew silent while it waned, and the dark night heard only the voice of the moaning surf upon the shore made desolate by a dreadful loss. Robust in constitution, of an open and genial manner, Mr. Pitman was a favorite with his associates. He was a hardy sailor, and as first officer with Captain William Cash, of this town, in the bark Islander, he could lay claim to the most ample qualification for his responsible position. May God sanctify this great affliction, and comfort all who knew and loved the departed. For he was a man of noble and generous impulses, honorable and industrious.

TIN WEDDING AT SIASCONSET.—Mr. and Mrs. William Owen celebrated the tenth anniversary of their union, at Siasconset, on Monday evening last. About forty of their friends were assembled to do honor to the occasion; and many presents in the way, not only of tinware, but of other useful articles, were made to them. A violin was found, as also an artist to perform upon it, and a dance in which old and young joined, was added to the other attractions of the programme; and not least among these attractions was the *Valentine*—one not restricted to February, but always in season. Our Sconset friends know how to get up, and how to enjoy, a right good social gathering; and do not forget the printers at refreshment time.

W. C. BROWN,
FINE GROCERIES,
Fruit, Confectionery, Soda and
Cigars,
CHOICEST FLOUR, BUTTER,
TEA AND COFFEE.

SIASCONSET, MASS.

Telephone to Nantucket.

ap26-1f

DIED.

In this town, March 23, Phebe C. Pitman, aged 71 years. Services at her late residence, Saturday, at 10.30.

In Memoriam—Miss Phebe C. Pitman.

Men called it "blindness" that o'erspread her eyes
And made the lily only perfume sweet,
That shut out sun and moon and stars
And Earth's bright playground from her feet.

But she had sight of rarer, bluer skies
Than Earth's fair firmament could ever give;
God's love had opened up new portals to her sight
And gently taught her how to live.

No sight of eye could hide from her away
Sweet Memory, decked in garments light,
As she came tripping on her way
Her arms clasped full of blossoms bright.

Nor could the eye of man behold
The "open door" to God's Great Heart of Love,
That sent each hour sweet messengers of grace,
To bring good tidings from Above.

So, as we watched her patient, sweet control,
And longed in tenderness to lift her into sight,
She was already on the border land,
Where once again He'll say, "Let there be light."

Christiana Luther.

Nantucket, March 24, 1910.

1910

BLOOMINGDALE FARM.

FOR SALE—A good Farm, containing 40 acres of Land, Dwelling House, having eight good finished Rooms, good Cistern of water, Barn, 100 ft. long, and other Out-Houses, situated near Siasconset, and will be sold a bargain. Apply to me at 1.

GORMAN MACY.

1850

SIASCONSET!



NOW on hand, and in superior order, a lot of Siasconset, full sized codfish, of this fall's catch. Can be packed in fifty or one hundred pound packages, in good matting, free of extra charge, and will be sold at the lowest price for cash, by

T. W. CALDER.

1871

SIASCONSET FISH.—3,000 lbs superior Siasconset Fish, caught this spring, in fine order, for sale by

T. W. CALDER.

1853

ICE CREAM SALOON AT SIASCONSET.

THE subscriber informs the public that she will open her Ice Cream Saloon, at Siasconset, on the Fourth of July, where will be found at all times, day and evening, Ice Cream of various flavors, and made of the very best materials. Parties from town coming to Siasconset, can be furnished with cream by sending up their orders one day in advance. Thankful for the liberal patronage received last summer, she earnestly solicits a continuance of the same.

MRS. ALFRED FOLGER, JR.

Siasconset, June 27th, 1874.

The twelve houses Mr. Charles H. Robinson is erecting for Mr. H. K. White, of Detroit, are all framed, and work upon them is being pushed forward vigorously. The villagers have already named the locality "Detroit."

1882

SIASCONSET ITEMS.—The season for visitors at this new fashionable watering place has commenced. The Atlantic House is fast being filled, and from the demand for rooms at this excellent hotel, we predict a lively summer. We can assure all who place themselves under the care of Mrs. Parker that no pains will be spared or be wanting, to render them comfortable and happy. Among the distinguished guests at this house at the present time, we notice the name of Judge Mallon, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Baxter's Whaling Scene will be on exhibition at this village during the summer, and all who feel interested in the manner of catching and trying out the "leviathans," can obtain a correct idea of the work. This exhibition, a description of which was published in a former number of this paper, has been visited by thousands of people in our largest citizens, and excited universal admiration. Capt. B. is an old whaler, and a decidedly ingenious man, and we are told by those having experience in such matters that nothing but the reality can surpass this work of art. We recommend to all our friends to "take a peep" at the "Scene." They will be amply repaid.

Mr. James Worth, has a "nondescript" fish, that is also worth a visit. This fish was found dead on the beach, is about four feet long, and covered with scales about two inches square, hard as ivory, has two distinct pair of eyes, and is; in fact a curiosity, no fish of its kind ever having been seen by our fishermen.

The account of the "big calf" published in our columns a short time since created considerable discussion at the "White House," one incredulous individual assuring the frequenters of that building that it was a "manufactured yarn just to fill up the paper," and took great pains to inquire of us if we "did not want another calf for a like purpose." Don't trouble yourself, good friend when we do, we will send for your weight and dimensions.

July 15, 1847

FROM SIASCONSET.—In the New Bedford Standard of Saturday, we find the following sensible communication, dated

Siasconset, Aug. 5th, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—Seated upon the smooth beach at this place, watching the bathers and surf rolling in mountain high, close at my feet, the thought struck me that perchance you might have a spare corner for correspondence from this famous watering place. In my humble opinion this is one of the finest places for a watering place in the whole country—Newport and Saratoga not excepted. Here is one of the finest hotels in the country, attached to which is a commodious stable, bowling alley, &c. And of the beach and surf, they are unsurpassed. Here is found no snobbish aristocracy, but the most hospitable people in the world. There are here quite a number of pretty little villas, among the most conspicuous of which are those of Capt. E. H. Fisher, Matthew Crosby, Esq., J. W. Barrett, and a number of others, all residents of Nantucket, who with their families reside here during summer months. About 3 miles from here is "Sancoty Pond," famous for perch. So now friend A. drop the craft, take the little ones, procure a bathing suit, and come here and I will show you life at a watering place—cruises every day. We will go fishing, where you may catch perch as fast as you can haul, or, standing on the beach, with your blue fish line, haul as many as you desire of that delicious fish, or for still more excitement, step into a fish boat in company with some of these weather beaten fishermen, and catch sharks all day; or with a small party go out a short distance to a place provided, and have a Squantum, the definition of which I will explain hereafter. In fact to breathe fresh air, and have a good time come here at once. Yours truly, A. G. E.

Apr. 13, 1878

House Moved From 'Sconset to Town.

Every motorist traveling out the 'Sconset Road Friday morning pulled over to the side of the road without a single argument when local policeman Wendell Howes came along in the cruiser. In fact, they pulled as far over to the side as they possibly could, for Officer Howes was escorting nothing less than a house along the road.

The house was one of six cottages built on Sankaty Avenue in 'Sconset by the late Thomas H. Giffin some twenty years ago. Shortly before 8:00, Friday morning, the house, which had previously been lifted from its foundations and placed on the large trailer of Morin & Son, building movers from Falmouth, was pulled out into the road.

After waiting for the school bus to start for town, the "Giffin Cottage No. 4" followed along, quite often at a speed of 20 miles per hour.

Although representatives of both the Nantucket Gas & Electric Co. and the Telephone company were keeping close watch on the overhead wires, the building was low enough so that it cleared everything without difficulty.

School had just begun as the building proceeded along Sparks Avenue by the Cyrus Peirce School, and as had been expected the sight outside the classroom was far more interesting than lessons, the teachers not too reluctantly allowing the pupils to watch.

The route up by the Old Mill, along Prospect street and out Joy street was traveled without difficulty, and shortly after 9:00 the house reached its new location on Somers Farm Road.

The house will be the home of Thomas H. C. Giffin, and was moved at this time so that it will be ready for occupancy by the middle of April.

March 10, 1941

We have heard it suggested, that with suitable public accommodations at Siasconset, it could be made profitable during the summer months, to run an Omnibus thither. If such be the fact, we hope some of our stable-keepers will engage in the enterprise. It would be a convenience to many persons, affording pleasant excursions to those who do not feel able to hire a single team. The tendency of such a conveyance would be greatly to increase the visitors to that pleasant village, and also add to the number of summer residents. We believe the thing might be carried into effect, and result not only in profit to those engaged, but also be a great convenience to the "middling interest."

March 27, 1857

Siasconset.—The fishermen at this village have had good luck this season, more fish having been taken than for some ten years past. It is pleasant to witness the business air of that little community, and we trust that it may yet become a city famed for the enterprise of its inhabitants and the excellence of its "roasters," a portion of one of which gave us strength to pen this equib.

1858

'Sconset Cottage to Be Open For Scouts.

Next Wednesday afternoon, August 23rd, Miss Dorothy Gardner is opening her cottage for the benefit of the Nantucket Girl Scout Association, from 2:30 to 4:30 in the afternoon.

This picturesque cottage on Broadway in Siasconset was built about 1734 and is one of the low rambling cottages that were used originally as fishing shacks. It has been changed very little since it was purchased by Captain Sanford Wilber, Miss Gardner's great-great-grandfather, and has been in the family for five generations.

The cottage has much of its original furniture and charm. Its name is "Dexioma", the Greek word for "Welcome".

The Girl Scout Association sincerely hopes that everyone will take advantage of this opportunity to visit a real old Siasconset cottage.

Aug. 18, 1951

On the first page we have placed the Ballad, descriptive of 'Sconset, mentioned last week. It was written by a Mr. Leonard, at that time a resident here, who wielded the birchen rod, and taught the young ideas how to shoot. The simplicity and sociability there spoken of, remains to a great degree to the present day, although the sage, whose wisdom is exceeding great, the "oldest inhabitant," says there has been great innovations since he was a boy.—Pianos and knockers, straps and bustles, gontees and polkas, were not tolerated at that time. The latch string was always out, the girls could milk and spin, the young men catch the cod and dance a four-hander. Formality and hat-raising abode not there, but the hearty "how are you" was the only salutation. Foppery and La' Normas would have been scouted from the village, loose trousers and the social pipe was then in vogue; the men could pitch quoits without fear of *rents*, and the girls saddle a horse or clear a five rail fence. But, and tears gathered in our ancient friend's eyes, as he spake, "things ain't so now; a man can't drink his mug of hip and smoke his pipe, without being laughed at; it won't do to kiss your intended before folks, or even go to see her without taking off the red shirt and fish boots, and what is worse, knocking at the door before you can go in. It wasn't so in my young days. No, that's what it wasn't. Folks were sensible then, but now they are *refined*, which is almost the same as being fools." The old man thumped his cane angrily upon the ground, and tottered off, muttering "fools, yes refined fools, with their pesky city fashions."

After all, even now, there is in 'Sconset a degree of social equality and freedom, which would astonish, and if sensible, charm the city buck or belle.

Jan. 12, 1849

Siasconset.
4,000 LB. Superior Siasconset Cod Fish, cured in fine order for Shipping. Persons wishing to send Fish to their Friends abroad will do well to call and examine these. For sale by T. W. CALDER.

July 22, 1857

Lightning's Freaks.

A thunder storm, the most disastrous in effects and protracted in duration experienced here for years, visited us on Monday last. It not only visited but stayed with us from early morn until the going down of the sun, and while it varied in intensity, there was not an hour of the day when the rumble of thunder was not heard. Rain fell the greater part of the day and at times poured down in torrents, the total rainfall being a fraction less than three inches.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon lightning struck the Atlantic House, Siasconset completely demolishing it and leaving it looking as if it had been visited by a western cyclone. The proprietor, Mr. William H. Harrison, who was in the office at the time, was knocked senseless and badly cut and bruised by the flying debris which was hurled in every direction.

The bolt apparently entered at the office boring a hole as if made by a cannon ball, and thence passed through the house exploding and scattering devastation and ruin on every hand. Of 14 rooms on the second story 7 were completely wrecked, furniture splintered into kindling wood beds and bedding hurled in every direction and mingled indiscriminately with plastering and broken glass.

The rooms in the third story were untouched but in the attic the lightning played havoc bursting large holes in the roof, wrenching off rafters, etc.—Throughout the house windows and door casings were wrenched out and in two places apertures opened in the broadside large enough to drive a team through.

There were some forty guests in the house at the time but singularly enough with the exception of the proprietor, every one escaped without a scratch. Some of the escapes were narrow enough, however. In one of the rooms that was wrecked a lady had just taken her infant from the cradle to place on the bed. Ere she could lay it down the cradle was smashed into kindling wood. A waiter passing through one of the lower rooms with a pile of dishes had them smashed in her hands and was clinging to the fragments. For a season the utmost consternation prevailed among the inmates. The house was rendered uninhabitable and the guests sought shelter at the Ocean View House.

The damage to the house will probably exceed \$500. It is fully insured in the Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, through the agency of Mr. C. Hadwen Crowley. By his direction snails have been drawn over the openings in the roof to keep out the weather and render it habitable.

About the same time two of Mr. E. F. Underhill's cottages on the Heights proved a target for the lightning, one being slightly and the other badly damaged. Standing near the latter was the ice team of Capt. John Killen. The horse was instantly killed, but the driver, Mr. Arthur Folger, escaped, the rubber clothing in which he was encased doubtless acting as a shield.

During the day lightning struck and burst the water tank on the farm of Mr. Alfred Starbuck at the southwest end of the island. Lightning also entered the residence of Dr. Benjamin Sharp, on Gorham's Court, Orange street doing some damage.

Just before 5 o'clock there was a blinding flash accompanied by a terrific report. Several parties aver they saw the bolt strike the ground near the fountain in the lower Square and explode. Effects of the shock were felt within a large radius.

Aug. 15, 1895

"Everett Lane."

On Friday, August 7th, Miner Lane in 'Sconset was renamed Everett Lane with a fitting ceremony.

Everett Lane was named, by her neighbors, in honor of Miss Agnes Everett who has lived for over 70 years in the "Kansas Dugout" at the corner of McKinley Avenue and the old Miner Lane.

The unveiling of the new sign took place at five o'clock.

Miss Everett cut the colored streamers that roped off the road.

She was presented with a bottle of fine wine, beautifully decorated with ribbons and flowers—to keep—not to break!

The covering was removed from the sign and the following poem, composed especially for the ceremony, was read.

When 'Sconset bowered the fairest girls,
With Gibson shirts and lovely curls.
The "Kansas Dugout" lured the throng
Of guests well known on stage and song.
Come sunshine, wind, or heavy rain,
They all paid court at Miner Lane.
So now your friends have changed the name
To add to 'Sconset's world-wide fame.

Refreshments were served at "The Knoll". Most of those present live in the Lane, they are: Mrs. Donald Grimason, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Buttrick, Mrs. Edward Kern, Mrs. Gerald Blake, Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong, Mrs. Louis Dean, and the honored guest, Miss Agnes Everett.

The changing of the name of the street had the full approval of The Siasconset Civic Association.

Aug. 15, 1893

Cottage at 'Sconset.

FOR sale, in the village, a small House, fronting Broadway, and very handy to the pump. The land under and adjoining goes with it. Also another piece of land, not adjoining, but about the same distance from the pump, and suitable for a barn.
Apply to MRS. HANNAH B. BROWN, at Dr. J. B. King's, Union Street. [29-31.

July 6, 1858

123

1852 - 1885

A GALA DAY FOR THE CHILDREN.—The idea conceived by the Railroad Company of giving the children of the island a free ride over the road on the last day trains were run (Saturday), was a decidedly happy thought, and proved the source of unbounded pleasure to about five hundred children who accepted the kind invitation. The day was all that could be wished for, but was not brighter than the faces of the happy little ones who took passage on the 10, A. M. train, their merry voices ringing cheerfully along the entire route. It was pleasant to older ones to watch them embark, and still pleasanter to observe them romping in complete unrestraint over the level Surf-side bluff. The trains ran out hourly during the day, adding to the already large company at each trip, many older ones being among the passengers. The little ones were landed in town at 4.45, no accident occurring to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

Sept. 30, 1882

THE RAILROAD.—Superintendent P. H. Folger, of the Nantucket Railroad, accompanied by treasurer Norton, was in town Wednesday to look over the road and make a few preliminary arrangements for the coming season. Mr. Stansbury has been doing a good work this spring, having very materially lessened the grade across the Nobadeer and Madequecham fills, shouldered out the road-bed at those points, and levelled the track at numerous places. It is now the intention of the company to move a portion of the Surf-side depot building to the road terminus at 'Seonset (which will be just below the Ocean View House) and re-erect it there for the shelter of passengers. The new iron for extending the road to that point is daily expected, and will be laid at once. Another locomotive and centre-aisle car have been purchased, and it is hoped to get them here by the 10th of June. Everything looks propitious for a successful season, and if the weather proves right the superintendent is in hopes to open up business by the 8th proximo, and give 'Seonset visitors an opportunity for rapid transit by the more line.

May 23, 1885

RAILROAD NOTES.—The track has been laid to the terminus. The new piece of track must be inspected by the Commissioners before it can be used for travel, though there is but about one thousand feet of new road.

The following will be the time schedule on the Nantucket Railroad, commencing on Monday next and continuing until further notice is given: Trains will leave for Surf-side and Siasconset at 10, A. M., 2 and 6.45 (or on arrival of steamer) P. M. Leave 'Seonset for Surf-side and Nantucket at 11.15, A. M., 3.15 and 8, P. M. Leave Surf-side for Nantucket at 11.30, A. M., 3.30 and 8.15, P. M.

The new engine and car will probably be shipped to Woods Holl from Boston and brought here by vessel from the latter place. It will not reach here before next week.

June 18, 1885

In the last issue of the *Journal* the following advertisement appeared:

NOTICE.

HAVING learned that a report is current that my family are supported by the Nantucket R. R. company and that my doctor's bills have been paid by them, I desire to state in justice to myself that I have never received any pecuniary assistance whatever from the company since my unfortunate accident.

THOMAS W. BARRALLY.

That the above has created considerable comment is not strange; but there are statements embodied in it that, whether made through misunderstanding or intent, should be corrected. A letter from the superintendent of the Railroad Company to a party in town, which we have seen, and which can again be produced if necessary, ordered that a certain sum of money be paid Mr. Barrally every week on the company's account, through an agent, and we are told upon the very best authority that payment or payments have already been made. The letter in question, which is under date of the 14th inst., expresses the company's desire to contribute to Mr. Barrally's comfort, though believing that it is in no way bound so to do. Considering these facts, it will seem to the public an ungrateful act on the part of the designer of the above notice to thus openly slur the company, who have done what appears to be right in the matter. The report should have been passed by unnoticed,—at least until an investigation proved to the writer that he was in every way correct in the matter.

Dec. 30, 1882

Nantucket Railroad.



ON and after July 1st, trains will run to Surf-side and way stations as follows:
Leave corner of Main and Candle Streets daily at 8, 9, 10 and 11, A. M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 8, P. M. Returning, leave Surf-side at 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 and 11.30, A. M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 8.30, P. M.

SUNDAYS:

Trains will leave station at 10 and 11, A. M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 8, P. M.
Returning, leave Surf-side at 10.30 and 11.30, A. M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 6.30, 7.30 and 8.30, P. M.

Fares for Round Trips.

Hooper's,	-	-	-	-	15 cts.
Surf-side,	-	-	-	-	35 "
Three Tickets,	-	-	-	-	\$1.00

Special rates to Picnic parties and Sunday Schools.
P. H. FOLGER, Supt.

INQUEST—Thomas J. Hall's Death.—The following direction of Medical Examiner John B. King, M. D., and the verdict or finding in the case of the death of Thomas J. Hall, killed upon the Nantucket Railroad last week, we are permitted to copy from the records of the Trial Justice's Court:

To Allen Coffin, Esq., Trial Justice:
SIR:—I have this day made an examination of the body of Thomas J. Hall, whose death was caused by being run over by a loaded platform car, about 8 o'clock this forenoon. His neck was broken, and he was otherwise much mangled. His death was instantaneous. He was a native of Ireland. I do not find there was any carelessness on the part of the Railroad Company.

JOHN B. KING,
Medical Examiner.

NANTUCKET, June 18, 1884.

VERDICT OR FINDING.

I find that the said Thomas J. Hall came to his death at about 7.15 o'clock A. M., on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1884, near a place called Hooper's Station, in Nantucket, in consequence of the breaking of a coupling-pin connecting the locomotive tender with the first car of the train, on its outward-bound trip, whereby the said Thomas J. Hall, who was sitting upon the bunker of the locomotive, with his feet upon the first car, was thrown between the locomotive and the cars, both of which passed over his body, and that death must have ensued almost instantaneously. The breaking of the coupling-pin was an unforeseen accident of which neither the Nantucket Railroad Company nor any of its employees could have had knowledge, consequently no blame for carelessness on the part of the said Railroad can be found.

I further find, that the said Thomas J. Hall, and all other employees on the said railroad, had been often cautioned and admonished by the engineer of the locomotive, and by other employees not to ride upon the bunker, because of the danger to life in case of a parting of the train; and that, on the very morning of the accident, the said Thomas J. Hall was advised by one of his fellow employees, not to ride upon the bunker. And I further find, that the death of the said Thomas J. Hall was owing to the want of due care on the part of the deceased, after being sufficiently warned of the risk he was incurring by riding upon the bunker, with his feet upon the following car.

ALLEN COFFIN, Trial Justice.

NANTUCKET, June 19, 1884.

June 28, 1884

124

FATAL ACCIDENT.—At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning the construction train of the Nantucket Railroad, comprising one engine, and two flat cars loaded with rails and ties, left town for the scene of operations at the base of Tom Never's Head, the laborers taking up such positions on the cars as best suited their respective tastes. John Robertson, Thomas J. Hall and Arthur Linden seated themselves on the bunker box on the rear of the tender, bracing themselves with their feet against the forward part of the first car, which gave them an easy seat as long as everything went smoothly. When on the curve in the road just previous to reaching Hooper's, the coupling pin of the tender broke, and the engine drew away from the car, leaving the three men on the bunker box without support for their feet. Robertson, who was outside, with a quick backward movement of his arm succeeded in gaining hold of the tender, where he clung tenaciously; Linden who was occupying the opposite end of the box was thrown forward and struck by the car, which precipitated him down the bank, and strange as it may appear, escaped with slight injuries, which Dr. C. D. Marsh attended to. Hall was the centre of the three, and was hurled forward to the track, striking upon his head, and was crushed beneath the wheels of the cars, his neck being broken, head cut, arm crushed and foot lacerated. His death was instantaneous. When the men on the cars realized the awful catastrophe that had befallen one of their number, they made the wildest appeals to the engineer to stop his engine, but he, knowing full well that that would involve still more serious results, shut off the engine after the heavy cars came to a standstill. Word was returned for Medical Examiner King, who ordered the body to town, where he viewed the remains, giving his opinion that the unfortunate man came to his death through his own carelessness in not heeding the warnings given by the engineer every time the train started, that they should not ride on the bunker box as it was unsafe. The men had taken the position unknown to the engineer, and were completely hidden from him. They had been cautioned only a few moments previous by a fellow-workman.

There can be no blame attached to the Railroad Company or its employees for this accident, which was the result of circumstances which it is impossible to foresee, the breaking of a coupling pin being a matter of frequent occurrence on all freight trains.

Work was suspended for the day, and the employees attended the funeral of their unfortunate companion in a body in the afternoon, the remains being laid in the Catholic cemetery. Thomas J. Hall was about 23 years of age and a native of Ireland, having been in this country only a short time.

Those on the train who witnessed the fatality made affidavit as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, } ss.
COUNTY OF NANTUCKET,

On the 18th day of June, A. D. 1884, personally appeared before me the undersigned, who, being duly sworn according to law, depose and say:

That they were on the train of two cars with the locomotive of the Nantucket Railroad Company which left Nantucket at 7 o'clock this A. M., for the point of operations on said road. That when just north of Hooper's station, at about 7.15, A. M., the coupling pin used in connecting the locomotive with the forward car broke, and Mr. Thomas J. Hall, who was sitting on the back bunker of the tender with his feet on the forward car was thrown between the tender and the forward car, both the cars passing over him, killing him instantly. That the position of said Thomas J. Hall

at the time of the accident was not within the view of the engineer of the train. That the engineer has often cautioned the workmen not to sit upon the place where said Thomas J. Hall was at the time of said accident. That on this morning the workmen were again cautioned by some of their fellow-workmen not to occupy that place because of danger. That the breaking of said coupling pin was one of the unforeseen accidents to which no blame can be properly ascribed to the Railroad Company or any of its employees:

FRANCIS S. SYLVIA,
JOHN ROBERTSON,
ANDREW MOORE,
GEORGE STEVENS,
JOHN HENDRICKS,
PETER NELSON,
CHARLES EDGERLY,
JOSEPH A. HENDRICKS,
FREDERICK W. MARVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to by the above-named, Francis S. Sylvia, John Robertson, Andrew Moore, George Stevens, John Hendricks, Peter Nelson, Charles Edgerly, Joseph A. Hendricks, Frederick W. Marvin, this 18th day of June, A. D. 1884.

Before me,

GEORGE W. MACY,
Justice of the Peace.

The accident caused a feeling of sadness that pervaded the entire community.

An inquest was held before Allen Coffin, Esq., Trial Justice, as provided for by the Statutes, the facts there adduced being substantially as given above, and the probability is that a verdict will be returned in accordance with the facts.

FOURTH OF JULY!

Surf-side Attractions!



Grand Gala Day for Nantucket!

EXTRA TRAINS WILL BE RUN!

PROGRAMME:

THE DINNER will be served in the Depot Building at about 12 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Patterson, of the Bay View House, and will comprise all the substantial of a first-class dinner, and will be afforded at the very moderate price of fifty cents.

Literary Exercises.

After the dinner, and at about 2 o'clock, P. M., the patriotic exercises will commence, consisting of the following:

1. Star Spangled Banner, Glee Club.
2. Prayer, Rev. M. Ransom.
3. Ode, Glee Club.
4. Reading of the Declaration of Independence, Glee Club.
5. The Red, White and Blue, Rev. J. A. Savage.
6. Oration, Glee Club.
7. Ode, Dr. Arthur E. Jenks.
8. Original Poem, Congregation.
9. America, Congregation.

Other short addresses may be expected.

Balloon Ascensions.

During the day and evening numerous fire-balloons will be sent up, some of which will contain appropriate sentiments.

Brilliant Display of Fireworks.

In the evening, a skillful and accomplished pyrotechnist from Boston, will send off some of the modern novel wonders in this domain of science.

The Grand Ball!

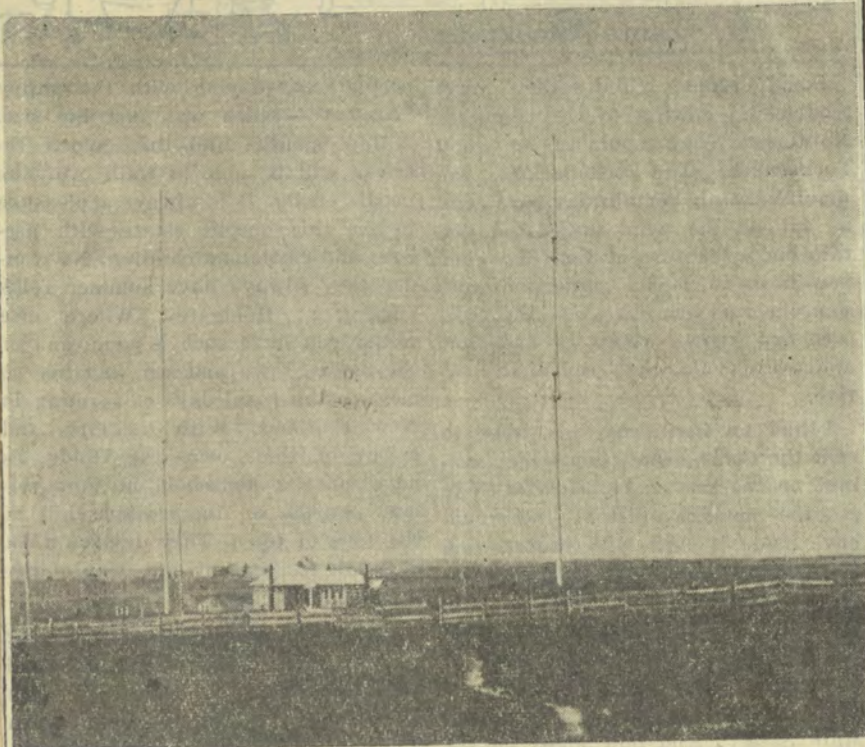
There will be a grand ball given in the Depot Building, commencing immediately after the display of fireworks. Messrs. R. B. Hussey, Alexander M. Myrick and Walter H. Burgess will act as floor directors.

Every arrangement has been perfected for a grand gala day at Surf-side, in commemoration of the nation's birthday, as also the anniversary of the opening of the railroad, when the first train of cars was run.

1882

125

First Commercial Wireless Message Received at 'Sconset 60 Years Ago



What the wireless means in the annals of history will always be of interest to the world, but for Nantucket, Marconi's wireless telegraphy system will always be something special.

It was exactly 60 years and two days ago that the first commercial message this side of the Atlantic was sent to the Marconi Wireless station in Siasconset. The historic structure no longer remains. Arthur Egan's house stands on the approximate site. Except for a couple of other small houses, the rest of the land has run wild, with bushes, etc. But what does stand is the memory of what happened.

It was 1901. The New York Herald was trying to launch a successful communications system. It erected a three-part mast 170 feet from the ground at Bunker Hill, in Siasconset. It was ready to operate. All it needed was a bit of luck and science.

The *Lucania* was also ready to go. The transatlantic Cunard liner was equipped with a group of excited people who knew that they would perhaps take part in a slice of history. Men trained by Marconi were on board. A man from the Herald was on board, along with a captain named McKay and a crew of passengers who were ready to roll.

And roll they did, from the shores of Ireland. As they moved on, the fading, receding land lay in sunlight. This was believed to be a good omen.

Onboard, the passengers bypassed the usual pool of the ship's run. Instead, they engaged in drawing lots involving the actual time for successful wireless communication.

A notice was posted on the *Lucania's* bulletin board that passengers would be able to send messages onshore, once contact had been established.

this side of the Atlantic, perhaps we in Nantucket can look back on the efforts of Marconi and go in for just a bit of flag waving ourselves.

The following letters from two of those who "were on the scene" should be of particular interest to our readers:

The passengers were enjoying the voyage, when the good omen seemed to fade with the sunlight from which it came. It began to rain.

When the rain continued, it became necessary to lower the communications aerial from the mast. The ride became more rocky and rough, culminating in a strong tidal wave. The passengers grew panicky. It kept raining. For three days out of the five-day mission, there was weather trouble.

The calm after the storm finally came and at noon on Friday, August 16, the aerial was raised. Six hours later, from the *Lucania* to the lightship in Nantucket, came this message: "All well on board. We are 287 miles from Sandy Hook, and with clear weather, expect to reach New York Harbor Saturday. Please inform Cunard agents."

Ship-to-shore communication between the *Lucania* and the Nantucket lightship continued for over eight hours.



NEW SIASCONSET POOL, which opened over the holiday weekend, features heated salt water,

a spacious sun deck, lawn chairs and chaise lounges.

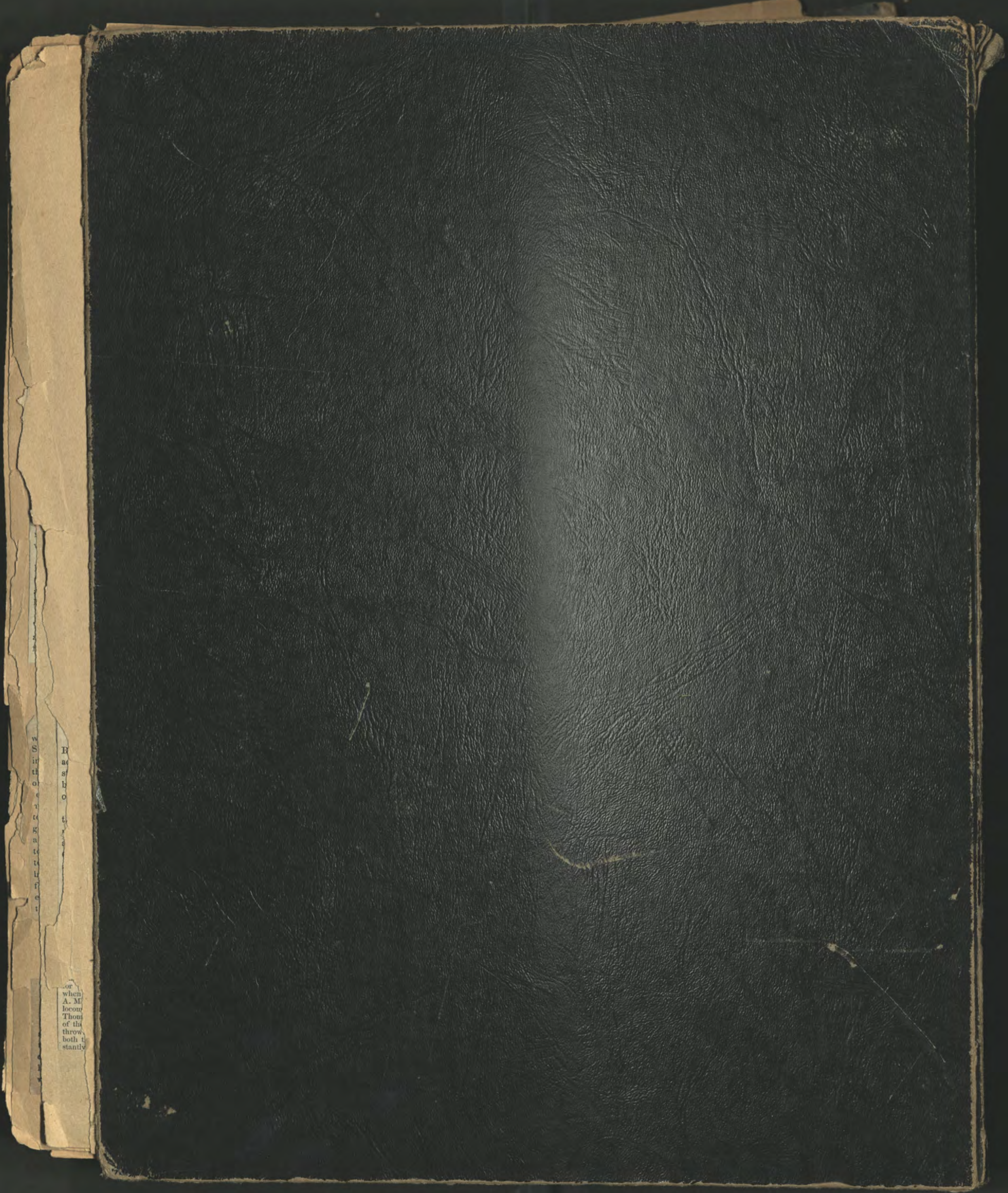
—Standard-Times Staff Photo
(Story on Page 21)

July 7, 1961

Aug. 18, 1961

126

S.S. KRESGE CO.
294



Racine
when
A. M.
locom
Thom
of the
throw
both t
stantly

when
A. M.
locom
Thom
of the
throw
both t
stantly